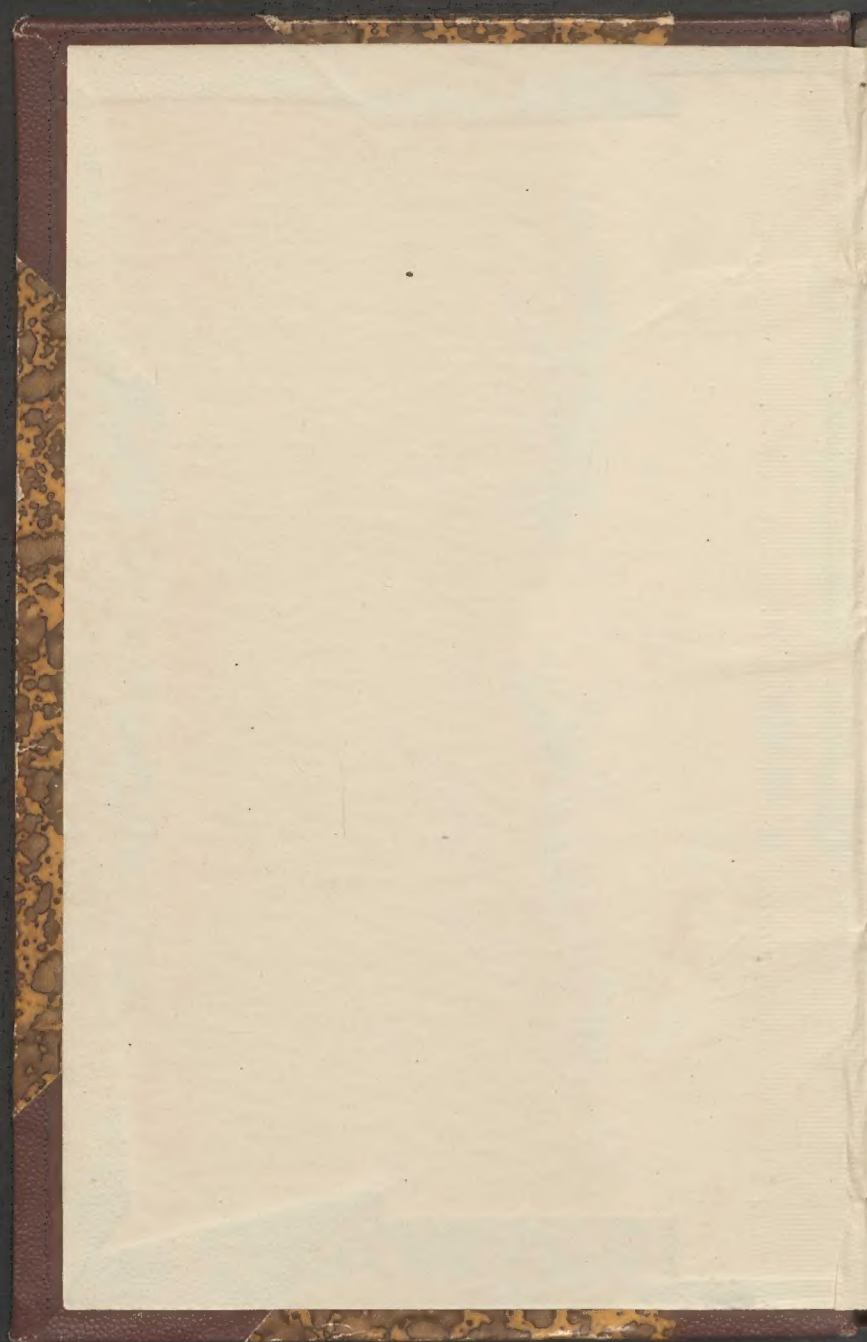


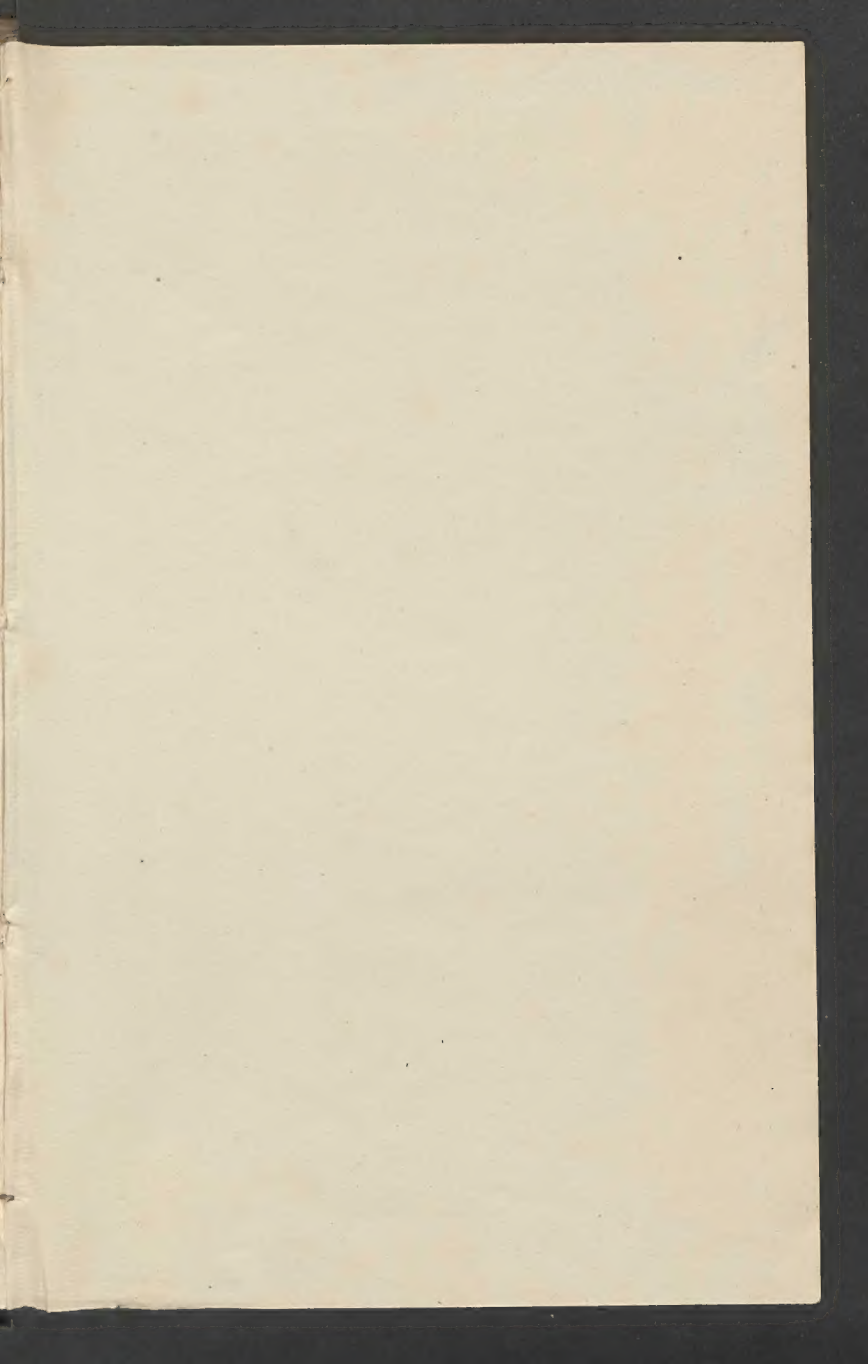
English Stories

edited by

Thorl. Gudm. Ropp

Copenhagen 1858





~~138 Magnússon~~

Jón Luciusson

gef
Hallgr. Mátel.

Hann aftur

Sigtryggi Sigurðssyni

Sonur hans Sigurður

gef

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ENGLISH STORIES.

EDITED BY

THORL. GUDM. REPP,

AUTHOR OF "TREATISE ON TRIAL BY JURY" OF THE DANISH
VERSION OF THE LITURGY, EDITOR OF SELECT
ENGLISH POEMS &c.

Third Edition,

CORRECTED AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

COPENHAGEN.

PUBLISHED BY C. A. REITZEL.

1857.

HÁSKÓLABÓKASAFN
ÚR BÓKUM SIGFÚSS BLÖNDALS

ENGLISH STORIES.

EDITED BY

THE EDITOR.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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PREFACE TO THE 3d EDITION.

The publication of this 3d edition has been much retarded by the editor's severe illness; but it is hoped that the additions now made to this little work will be found to be real improvements. The Editor has long considered it as a desideratum, that at least a part of the book should more particularly be adapted to the taste of young ladies, and with that view „My Country Town” has been added. „The Land-Shark”, which really is a good story, and all founded on fact, was designed to be a sample of life and manners in one of the British colonies; but as it is printed in the „Household Words” it is, in point of language, very faulty. Some of the worst faults I have corrected, but several awkward expressions I have left untouched on Mr. C. Dickens' responsibility.

The book as it now is, is progressive in its plan, and well suited for use in three classes. P. 1—58 is designed for a first, or beginner's class: p. 58—117 for a 2d class: and p. 117—175 for a third class.

The next edition will, in all probability, be prepared by my children, and that, I feel well assured, will be still more enlarged and improved.

THORL. GUDM. REPP.

Copenhagen, Aug. 1. 1857.

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE TO THE 1st EDITION 1842.

— — It is indispensable for every English scholar to make himself thoroughly acquainted with some one or other of the English orthoepical systems; he will most probably, on mature consideration, give the preference to Walker's, although not faultless, or even quite complete, because it is the most generally known, as well in England as on the Continent, and besides it is so constructed, that modern improvements may be ingrafted upon it without doing any violence to the system as a whole: the learner should therefore, at the outset, get Walker's table by heart, which is a task of no greater difficulty than may be accomplished in an hour or two, under the guidance of a competent teacher, and it is a remunerating task, since it is the key to every English dictionary published in the last five or six years.

An attempt has been made to accentuate a part of the first tale in this collection according to Walker's system; but lack of types rendered it almost abortive. The acute accent here denotes that sound of each vowel which Walker has marked Nr. 1 (i. e. $\overset{1}{a}$, $\overset{1}{o}$, &c.); the grave denotes the second sound ($\overset{2}{a}$, $\overset{2}{o}$ &c.); the circumflex the third sound ($\overset{3}{a}$, $\overset{3}{o}$ &c.), but for the fourth no mark could be given: still it is hoped that this accentuation, such as it is, may afford some assistance to the memory of beginners, and it is a point of paramount importance to be thoroughly grounded in the pronunciation of the earliest lessons.

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE TO THE 2d EDITION. 1851.

— — Walker's Table adapted for Danish pupils has been added. This addition it is hoped will prove very useful, since it enables the pupil to use the modern Dictionaries with profit. I would kindly recommend to Teachers to insist on the pupils making themselves very familiar with it, at the very outset, and the Teacher would do well in thoroughly explaining it to pupils that were very young or of inferior capacity. To prevent misunderstanding I shall observe that it is not expected that the pupils shall be enabled to master the pronunciation of English only by Walker's Table: *viva voce* instruction will always be indispensable, but when the Teacher has taught the pupil the right pronunciation of every element, the table with the subjoined Danish notes will afford great aid in fixing it in the memory.

WALKERR'S TABEL.

INDRETTET FOR DANSKE.

a	1. $\overset{1}{a}$	å	Det lange Engelske a forekommer i fate, paper, ligner Dansk e i Peber.
	2. $\overset{2}{a}$	â	Det lange Italienske a — — i far, father, — — a i Skade.
	3. $\overset{3}{a}$	ã	Det brede a — — i fall, wall, water. — — aa i Aare.
	4. $\overset{4}{a}$	ä	Det korte a — — i fat, marry er kortere end noget Dansk a.
e	1. $\overset{1}{e}$	é	Det lange Engelske e — — i me, here, metre, ligner Dansk i i Spire.
	2. $\overset{2}{e}$	è	Det korte e — — i hen, get, let — — e i slet.
i	1. $\overset{1}{i}$	f	Det lange Engelske i — — i pine, title — — ei i steil.
	2. $\overset{2}{i}$	î	Det korte i — — i pin, tittle — — i i Minde.
o	1. $\overset{1}{o}$	ó	Det lange Engelske o — — i no, note, notice — — o i stole ¹⁾ .
	2. $\overset{2}{o}$	ò	Det lukte o — — i move, prove — — u i Huus.
	3. $\overset{3}{o}$	ô	Det korte Engelske o — — i nor, for, or — — o i for.
	4. $\overset{4}{o}$	ö	Det allerkorteste o — — i not, hot, got er kortere end noget Dansk o.
u	1. $\overset{1}{u}$	û	Det lange Engelske u — — i tube, cube, cupid, ligner Dansk ju i skjule.
	2. $\overset{2}{u}$	ù	Det korte Engelske u — — i tub, cub, cup, but, ligner noget et overmaade kort Dansk o, men ikke et ö ²⁾ .
	2. $\overset{3}{u}$	û	Det sløve Engelske u — — i bull, full, bush, ligner ikke meget nogen Dansk Vokal ³⁾ .
oi, nemlig $\overset{32}{oi}$			— — i oil, ointment, ligner Dansk öi i höi.
$\overset{33}{ou}$			— — i thou, rouse — — i Auction.
th Det haardt beaandede			— — i think, month, ligner Græsk θ og islandsk þ ⁴⁾ .
th Det svagt beaandede			— — i that, sheathe, thither, ligner Dansk d i blid, röd, söd ⁵⁾ .

1) Dette o er dog aabnere end det lange Danske o, og ligner mere et Tydsk o.

2) Angaaende de korte Vokaler $\overset{4}{a}$, $\overset{4}{o}$ og $\overset{2}{u}$ mærke man sig, at disse, især naar de ingen Tone have, ikke ere nogen egentlige Vokaler, men karakterløse Vokalpladse eller Schwaer, som dog have mere Farve af o eller a, end af e eller i.

3) Dog siger Rask, at det ligner det Danske u i Bud, Hul, Puf. Det har altsaa en større Lighed med deune end nogen anden Lyd.

4) Dette er et aandede Tandbogstav, og dannes ved at lægge Tungespidsen flad, og uden Tryk, mod Roden af Overtænderne, og udaande med det samme.

5) Er ogsaa et aandede Tandbogstav, som dannes ved den samme Stilling af Tungespidsen som den foregaaende Artikulation, men med Induandning. Begge disse svare ganske til f og d, kun dannes disse sidstnævnte Artikulationer ved haardt Tryk af Tungespidsen og en skarp Paa-aanden og Ind-aanden.

Mærk: For Danske er det vigtigt at iagttage at den Engelske Medlyd **d** er, med Undtagelse af nogle ganske faa Ord, i hvilke det ikke høres, altid uforanderlig og *haard*, omtrent som i Svensk. I intet Tilfælde faaer den Lyden af det Danske **d** (Eng. **th**) i de Danske Ord *god, ved, med, Fryd*. Det har den samme Lyd i Ordenes Slutning og Midte som det har i deres Begyndelse. Dog har det ikke, som i Tydsk, nogen **t** Lyd i Ordenes Slutning; hvorvel i visse Tilfælde, f. Ex. efter skarpt eller stærkt beaandede Hvide-Bogstaver (aspirerede Sibilanter) den rette Udtale af **d** i en saadan Grad falder sammen med **t**, at intet Öre kan høre nogen Forskjæl derimellem. De Engelske Ord, *pressed* og *pushed* lyde ganske som om man skrev *presst pusht*, og der gives virkelig Engelske Forfattere som bruge den sidste Bogstavering. Danske Lærlinge kunne aldrig anvende for megen Opmærksomhed og Flid paa Udtalen af Slutnings **d**'er; thi hvis de udtale disse i Engelsk som i deres eget Sprog bliver Talen ofte aldeles uforstaaelig for en Engelskmand. Man kan ved en saadan fejlagtig Udtale komme til at st sige: „*Jeg er i Færd med at tabe Veiret*” hvor man vilde sige: „*Jeg har ikke mere Brød*”.

Den Engelske Medlyd **v** er ogsaa uforanderlig og skarp, eens i Ordenes Begyndelse, Midte og Slutning. Den bliver aldrig til en Halv-Vokal, eller et **w**. Den er et Læbe-Bogstav og kan aldrig udtales rigtigt med mindre Læberne berøre hinauden.

Det Engelske **w** derimod er en Halv-Vokal og ved dens Udtalelse skulle Læberne aldrig berøre hinanden. Det har i intet Tilfælde det mindste af en **v** Lyd i sig. **W** dannes ved en god Mundfuld Luft, samlet foran i Mundhulen mellem Læberne og Tænderne. Dets Navn *double u* (ikke *double v*) betegner dets Væsen.

Den accentuerede Colonne i Tabellen viser, hvorledes **Walker's** Talfigurer over Vokalerne kunne i Læse-bøger og Grammatiker nogenlunde erstattes med Accenter. De faa Accenter som ere anvendte paa de første Sider af denne Bog have den Gyldighed som Tabellen viser.

ENGLISH STORIES.

THE FORTY THIEVES.

IN a large town, on the borders of Persia, lived two brothers, whose fortunes were very different. Ali Baba, the eldest, was miserably poor, and earned his bread by the laborious employment of a woodcutter: while Cassim, the youngest, who had married a rich widow, lived at his ease, and was one of the richest merchants in the town. Though Cassim possessed such great abundance, he forgot the name of a brother, and suffered Ali Baba and his distressed family to remain in the most abject poverty, without rendering them the least assistance.

One day Ali Baba went, as usual, with three asses to the neighbouring forest, to bring home some wood to sell. He had just cut faggots enough to load his asses, when he perceived, through the trees, a large party of horsemen advancing towards him. Ali Baba felt some alarm, thinking they might be thieves; so, letting his asses wander about as they pleased, he hid himself by climbing into a large tree, which was thickly covered with leaves. This tree stood at the foot of a rock, so steep and high, as to be perfectly inaccessible.

The troop of horsemen, who were all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock, and alighted from their steeds. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and knew, by their air and equipment, that they were robbers. They tied their horses to the neighbouring trees, and followed a man who, from his superior deportment, appeared to be their captain. This person led them under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid, and, approaching the rock, went behind some bushes, and pronounced, in a loud voice, „Open,

Sèsame!" (which is the náme of a spécies of grain.) At thèse words, a dòor in the rock flew ópen, and the captain entered, followed by áll his tróop. Whén they wère in the rock, the dòor shut áfter them.

They stáyed some tíme in this cáve. At lást the dòor ópened again, and the captain appéared. Whén áll his mèn had lèft the pláce, hé commanded the cáve tò clóse again, by sáying, „Shùt, Sèsame!" The robbers then mounted their hôrses, and returned by the wáy they cáme. Ali Bàba sat pátiently on his trée, till the tróop had béeñ long out of sight; and thén, béing desírous of knówing whèther the cáve wòuld unclóse at his command, hé descènded from his trée, and pronounced the words, „Open Sèsame!" In a móment the dòor flew wíde ópen.

Ali Bàba, whò had expècted tò sée a dàrk dísmal pláce, wás mùch surprísed tò find the intérior of the rock spácious and áiry, and néatly cut into the fòrm of a dóme, which recéived líght from an ópening máde in the top. Hére wère stóred ùp áll sòrts of provisions, rich báles of mèrchandise, and immènse quantities of góld and silver, in gréat bags, píled one on the other. This síght máde him suppóse (what wás actually the fact) that this cáve had béeñ possèssed, not ónly yéars, but áges by robbers whò succéded one another, and had hére depósited thèir spoils.

The moment Ali Bàba entered the cave, the door shut; but he was not alarmed, as he knew the sècret by which he could unclose it again. After he had examined the riches of the pláce, he commanded the door to open, and went out tò sée k his asses, which had wandered tò some dístance. Whén they wère found, he loaded them with as mány bags of góld as they could carry, and then covered over the treasure with green boughs. After ordering the door tò clóse, he hástened back tò the town.

Whén he arríved at home, he informed his wífe of this adventure, áfter chàrging her tò sècrésy. He then brought in the bags of góld, and emptied them before her; and they fòrmed such a héap of treasure as dazzled her eyes. The poor woman dírectly began tò count the píeces of money, that shé might know the extent of their riches;

but Ali Baba, who was fearful of a discovery, determined to dig a hole in his garden, and bury the gold immediately: he therefore refused to wait till she had counted the money. Still his wife was anxious to form some idea of their wealth: at last she resolved to borrow a measure, that, while her husband dug the hole, she might by that means ascertain how much was in the heap. Away ran the wife to the house of Cassim, and asked her sister-in-law to lend her a small measure. Cassim's wife immediately complied with her request; but, being well aware of Ali Baba's poverty, she was desirous of knowing what sort of corn his wife wanted to measure. To satisfy her curiosity in this particular, she privately rubbed a little suet on the bottom of the measure.

Ali Baba's wife returned home without suspecting the artful contrivance of her sister-in-law, and setting the vessel on the heap of gold, proceeded to measure her money. By the time she had finished, her husband had prepared the hole; and, while he buried the treasure, she returned the measure to her sister-in-law. As soon as she was gone, Cassim's wife examined the measure, and, to her inexpressible surprise, found a small piece of gold adhering to the bottom. Her husband was absent from home; but, the moment he returned, she said to him, „Cassim, you have hitherto thought yourself much richer than your brother, Ali Baba, but you are mistaken; for he is so wealthy that he does not count his money, but measures it.”

Cassim bade her explain her meaning, which she did, by relating her stratagem, and showing him the piece of gold. Instead of rejoicing at his brother's prosperity, envy seized the soul of Cassim: this uneasy passion made him so restless all night, that he could not close his eyes, but rose by dawn of day, and hastened to his brother's cottage. „Ali Baba”, said he, „you pretend to be very poor, and yet you possess such a profusion of wealth that you measure gold”. He then showed him the little coin, and told him how his wife found it at the bottom of the measure.

By this discourse Ali Baba found that his brother and sister-in-law had discovered that he possessed a large sum

of money. He was vexed at his wife's imprudence; but, as he was apprehensive lest his brother should think he gained the gold by dishonest means, he thought it best to reveal to him the whole adventure. He explained the manner in which he found the retreat of the robbers, and offered to give him a share of the gold he had brought from the cave, if he would keep the secret. But this did not content the avaricious mind of Cassim. He threatened his brother to inform the magistrates of his discovery, if he did not immediately tell him where the great mass of treasure lay, that he might approach it when he liked, and take away as much as he pleased.

Compelled by the menaces of this unnatural brother, Ali Baba gave him a full description of the cave, and told him the words by which he could obtain entrance.

Cassim rose early the next morning, and went to the forest, taking with him ten mules, loaded with large chests, which he intended to fill, and then return for another cargo, hoping by this means to forestall his brother, and appropriate all the treasure to his own use.

He found the rock which Ali Baba had described, without much difficulty. Directly he pronounced the words, „Open, Sesame!” the door of the cave unclosed, and, when he entered it, shut after him.

After feasting his eyes, for some time, with the contemplation of the immense treasure before him, he conveyed a great many bags of gold to the door (ready to place on his mules); but, when he wished to open it, he found that the proper word had escaped his memory.

Cassim was aware that the word signified some sort of corn. He said, „Open, Barley!” but, to his great alarm, the door continued fast shut. He then named every kind of grain he could remember, but to no purpose; and, the more he strove to recollect the right word, the farther it fled from his memory. He then tried to force the door, but it resisted his most powerful efforts. When he found his escape hopeless, he walked frettingly about the cave, bemoaning his unhappy destiny, regardless of the riches by which he was surrounded.

About midnight the thieves returned; but, before they approached the cave, they met Cassim's mules, wandering about the wood with empty chests on their backs. This causing some alarm to the robbers, they were anxious to find the owner of the mules. They immediately alighted; and, while some of the party searched the vicinity of the cave, others approached the door with their drawn sabres in their hands. The captain then pronounced the words, „Open, Sesame”, and the door unclosed in an instant.

Cassim knew, by the trampling of horses' feet without the cave, that the robbers were returned. The moment he heard them pronounce the word he had forgotten, and saw the door open, he sprang out of the cave, and tried to rush past them resolving to make a bold effort to save his life. In his sudden egress, he knocked down the captain, but could not escape the sabres of the other robbers.

After they had put him to death, they entered the cave, and soon perceived the bags of gold he had conveyed to the door. By this circumstance the thieves supposed, they had luckily returned, when the intruder was in the very act of carrying off their treasure; but they were perfectly at a loss to know by what means he had obtained entrance. Their opinions were various on this head: some supposed that he had descended through the opening above; but others, who considered the height of the dome, and the steepness of the rock, concluded that he had by some unaccountable means learnt the secret words which opened the door. It was a matter of still greater importance for them to know whether this man had an accomplice; but as he had no person with him to take care of his mules, they rather supposed he had not. However, to guard against the worst, and terrify any other person who might enter their retreat, they cut the body of Cassim into four quarters, and hung two on one side of the door, and two on the other, within the cave. After closing the door, they drove away Cassim's mules, and returned to their usual occupation of lurking on the roads to plunder travellers.

When Cassim's wife found that her husband did not

come back at night, she became very uneasy, and in the morning went to Ali Baba in great distress, saying that his brother had not returned from the forest, and she feared that some harm had befallen him. Ali Baba, generously forgetting all Cassim's unkind treatment, told his sister-in-law to moderate her grief, for he would go to the forest, and see what had become of his brother.

He took his three asses, and went immediately to the cave. He was alarmed to see blood spilt at the entrance, which he thought foreboded something fatal, but he was much more startled when the door opened at his command, and he beheld the dismal spectacle of his brother's mangled body. He guessed that the robbers had murdered Cassim, and, being determined his remains should receive decent burial, he wrapped the body in a piece of brocade, and laid it on one of his asses. He then loaded the other two with bags of gold, and, covering all over with green boughs, he returned as soon as possible to the town. When he arrived at home, he left the asses which were laden with gold to the care of his wife, and led the other to the house of his sister-in-law.

The moment the wife of Cassim saw Ali Baba, she knew by his countenance that he was the bearer of ill tidings; and when he related her husband's death, she began to make the most bitter lamentations. Ali Baba begged her to suppress her cries and sobs as much as possible, since it was requisite that the murder of Cassim should be kept a profound secret, for, if all the circumstances of his death became public, the robbers would know, he was the person, whom they had killed in the cave, and, out of revenge, would murder the whole family. This argument had a great effect on the widow; she stifled her grief as well as she could, and Ali Baba resolved to make every thing appear as if his brother had died a natural death.

There was a female slave in Cassim's family called Morgiana, whom Ali Baba knew to be very faithful, and of a disposition so shrewd and clever, that she could succeed in the most difficult undertakings: to her Ali Baba

confided the peculiar circumstances of her master's death. Morgiána promised that she would observe the most inviolable secrecy, and use her utmost dexterity in managing the business.

That evening Morgiana went to the shop of a neighbouring apothecary, saying that her master was taken ill, and she wanted some lozenges which were sold as a remedy for dangerous complaints. In the morning she came again, with a very sorrowful countenance, to purchase an essence which was used to rub sick people when at the last extremity; but she said she feared it would be of as little use as the lozenges. By this means Cassim was supposed to be at the point of death, and no one was surprised to hear in a little time the doleful cries and lamentations of the widow, who was now permitted to give vent to her grief.

Morgiana's next care was to contrive how the body should be properly arranged to receive burial. For this purpose, she went the next morning, very early, to a distant part of the town, where she remembered to have seen a certain old cobbler, called Mustapha, at work in his stall by peep of day. She gave this man a piece of gold, on condition that he would take his sewing apparatus, and accompany her, to do some work that required secrecy. Mustapha consented, and accompanied Morgiana; but, before they approached the street where she lived, Morgiana took the precaution of blindfolding the cobbler, lest he should remember the house, and prate of the matter.

She then brought him into the room where the dismembered body lay, and told him to stitch the quarters together. After he had performed this task to her satisfaction, she gave him another piece of gold, and, again covering his eyes, led him back to his stall, and returned by such perplexed and circuitous ways, that it was impossible for Mustapha to watch her home.

When this was done, Morgiana assisted Ali Baba to lay the body in a coffin, and when the lid was nailed down, the neighbours of the deceased and the imams of

the mosque*) were summoned to assist at the funeral, and the burial rites were performed with all due solemnity.

As Cassim had left no children, his widow found living by herself so lonely, and was besides in such perpetual dread of the robbers, that she persuaded Ali Baba and his family to reside with her in Cassim's house. Ali Baba had now the satisfaction of enjoying his good fortune without exciting wonder at his sudden wealth, since it was generally supposed that his rich brother had left him part of his property.

In the meantime the thieves came to visit their retreat, and were greatly surprised to find Cassim's body gone, and some of their gold taken away. It was very apparent to them that the secret of opening the cave was known to some person connected with the murdered man; and they resolved to lay aside every other enterprise, till they had succeeded in discovering him.

The captain then proposed that one of the troop should go as a spy to the town, and learn whether there was a rumour afloat of any person having been lately murdered; and, if he could gain any such intelligence, to find out the house where his family lived, and all particulars relating to him. The thieves unanimously agreed to this plan, as the best means of enabling them to guess the unknown person who was in possession of their secret. They then made a law, that whosoever should undertake this office, and prove unsuccessful in the attempt, should instantly suffer death.

One of the bravest young men of the troop immediately offered his services in this dangerous employment, and agreed to forfeit his life if he should fail in the enterprise.

The next morning the robber completely disguised himself, and entered the town by break of day: at that early hour all shops were shut up, and he found no one stirring excepting the cobbler Mustapha, who had already opened his stall, and begun to work. The thief thought

*) Imams of the mosque are priests of Mahometan places of worship

that he was a likely person to know all the news of the town, and therefore entered into discóurse with him. Mustapha told him a great variety of gossiping stories; but, notwithstanding all his artful inquiries, he could hear no report of any person having been lately murdered. At last he happened to say, in course of conversation, that he wondered such an old man could see to stitch before it was well daylight.

„Ah! ah!” said the old man, „you must own that I have remarkably good eyes; but, perhaps, you will scarcely believe me, when I tell you that I stitched together a dead body in a place where there was much less light than I have at present.”

The spy comprehended in a moment that this must be the body of the man they had killed, and was overjoyed to find that he had met, by accident, the only person capable of giving him the intèlligence he wanted. „How!” said he, pretending great amazement, „do you say that you stitched up a dead body? You mean that you sewed up its winding-sheet?”

„No, no;” replied Mustapha, „I mean what I say; I see you want to learn all I know: but you will hear no more from me.”

The robber then put a piece of gold in the cobbler's hand, and said to him, — „I don't wish you to tell me your secret, though, if you did, I would not divulge it. I only ask you to show me the house where you stitched together the dead body.”

„That is out of my power,” replied the cobbler, „for I was employed by a person tóttally unknown to me, and blíndfólded when I came to a certain part of the town, then conducted to a house at some distance, and, when I had finished my singular task, I was led back in the same manner as I came.”

„Well”, returned the thief, „but perhaps you may guess the number of stèps you took, und remember the turnings of the streets through which you were led blíndfóld. Here is another piece of gold, if you will shów me the way, to the best of your ability.”

This was a temptation too great for Mustapha to resist, and he immediately conducted the thief to the place where Morgiana had blindfolded him. „Here”, said the cobbler, „my eyes were covered, and I turned to the right hand.” The robber then tied a handkerchief over Mustapha’s eyes, and the old man guessed the way so well, that he took every turning the same, as when he was guided by Morgiana; and stopped directly opposite to Cassim’s house, which was now occupied by Ali Baba. „I think,” said Mustapha, „I went no farther than this spot.”

The robber then marked the door with a piece of chalk, that he might know it again, and, taking the bandage from Mustapha’s eyes, asked him whether he knew who lived in that house. To which he replied that, as he did not reside in the neighbourhood, he could not tell him. The thief, finding he could learn nothing more of Mustapha, left him, and returned to the forest.

— A little while after this, Morgiana happened to go out of the house: in a moment she espied, the white mark on the door, and did not like its appearance. „It may be only the trick of some idle boy,” said she to herself: „but, nevertheless, it is as well to guard against the worst.” Accordingly, she fetched a piece of chalk, and marked in a similar manner the doors of several dwellings on each side of her master’s house.

Meantime the spy rejoined his companions in the forest, and gave them an account of his proceedings. They listened to him with great satisfaction, and resolved that some of their party should enter the town in the evening, and, having ascertained the house, beset it after dark, and put all the inhabitants to death.

When night came, the spy led the captain and several of the troop to the street where Ali Baba lived; but, when he endeavoured to find the house, he was so perplexed by the multiplicity of marks, that he found it impossible to point out the right door. He was obliged to explain this circumstance to the captain, and owned that he had failed in his undertaking. The captain, who dared not make an attack at an uncertainty, was forced to lead back his men

to the forest. On their return, the spy was considered worthy of death, and he submitted without repining to the fatal stroke.

Another of the troop, who thought that he should succeed better, immediately offered himself to supply the place of his deceased companion. He went to the town, and bribed Mustapha to show him the house, which he marked in a place more remote from sight with a bit of red chalk.

But nothing could escape the piercing eyes of Morgiana; she discovered the new mark the moment she went out, and chalked all the neighbouring houses in the same manner.

By this precaution, the captain and his party were again baffled, and according to the law they had agreed on, the second robber suffered death.

The captain so much regretted the loss of these two men, who were the bravest in his troop, that he declared he would no longer trust this important affair to any other person, but take it solely on himself.

He went immediately to the town and applied to Mustapha, who conducted him to Ali Baba's dwelling. The captain did not amuse himself by setting any mark on the house, but examined it so long and attentively, that he was sure he could not be mistaken: he then went to a shop in the neighbourhood, and made every inquiry possible, respecting the master of the house, and having heard that he gained his living before his brother's death by cutting wood in the neighbouring forest he concluded, to a certainty, that he was the man, who had discovered their retreat.

When he returned to the cave, where his men waited for him, he said to them, „I have now discovered the person who has invaded our treasure, and nothing can prevent our revenge, for, in my way home, I have thought of a project which I am certain will be successful.

He then ordered his men to go to a distant town, and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight jars (each large enough to contain a man), and fill one of them with oil.

When these were procured, the captain caused an armed robber to get into each jar, and then loaded the nineteen mules with thirty-seven men and one jar of oil.

The captain, attired like an oil-merchant, drove the mules to the town, and in this disguise they entered the street where Ali Baba lived, about nightfall.

Ali Baba was sitting at the door, enjoying the cool of the evening, when the disguised captain of robbers accosted him, saying that he was a merchant who had brought some oil to the town, to offer in the market next day, and, as he was a stranger, he did not know, at that late hour, where to lodge or place his property in safety; he therefore requested Ali Baba to let him put his mules and jars in his court-yard, and permit him to pass the night by them.

Ali Baba very hospitably granted his request; for, though he had seen the captain of banditti, and even heard him speak in the forest, yet he was far from recognising him in the disguise of an oil-merchant.

When the captain had unloaded his mules and led them to the stable, Ali Baba went to him, and very kindly invited him to take a bed and supper in the house, and, while Morgiana was preparing them, he diverted his guest by agreeable conversation.

Before the captain went to bed, he made a pretence of going into the stable to look after his mules, instead of which he opened each jar, and told the robber within the signal he meant to use when it was time to break into the house.

While he was gone, Ali Baba told Morgiana that, as he intended to bathe next morning, she must make some broth that night, ready for him to take after he came out of the bath. He then bade her pay every attention to his guest, and retired for the night. When the pretended oil-merchant returned to the house, Morgiana gave him a light, and conducted him to his chamber. He very soon put out his light, but only lay down in his clothes, intending to rise as soon as the family were asleep, and let his men into the house.

Before Morgiana went to bed, she knew it was necessary to prepare her master's broth for the morning; but, as she was in the midst of making it, her lamp went out; this circumstance greatly perplexed her, as she knew there was no more oil in the house. While she was fretting at the inconvenience, she suddenly recollected the great jars of oil that stood in the yard, and determined to supply her lamp from one of them: so, taking her oil-pot, she went out, and, opening the jar that stood first, she heard a voice from within say, in a deep hollow tone — „Is it time?”

Any woman but Morgiana would have made a terrible outcry, and roused the rest of the troop by her shrieks, but she instantly guessed the danger of making an alarm, and replied, with admirable presence of mind, in a whisper, — „Not yet, but presently.”

Morgiana ascertained, by opening thirty-seven jars, and answering the same question, that Ali Baba had admitted the same gang of thieves that had murdered her master, Cassim.

When she came to the last jar, and found it full of oil, she supplied her lamp, and returned to the house.

In this dilemma she paused for a few moments, to consider what was best to be done; but, as she possessed uncommon energy of mind, she soon formed a resolution, and put it in execution.

She had been brought up, when a child, in the house of a Jewish physician, and had learned from him many valuable secrets. Among others, she knew a drug which was of so stupifying and deleterious a nature, that, if it was shut up with any living creature in a close place, it would cause instant death. Morgiana softly quitted the house, and, going to the apothecary that lived close by (who was still up), she purchased a sufficient quantity of this drug, then returned to the court-yard, and, speaking a few words, in the captain's voice, to each robber, she at the same time artfully introduced a portion of this drug into every jar, and replaced the cover.

She then went back to the house and sat down in

an obscure place, to watch the proceedings of the pretended oil-merchant, whom she rightly supposed to be captain of the gang.

She had not waited more than half an hour before the captain of the thieves gave the signal to his men, by throwing stones against the jars, but he was astonished to find that they did not stir. He threw a second and a third time, but with no better success; he could not comprehend the reason that not one of his troop chose to answer the signal upon which they had agreed.

He stole softly into the yard, and going to the first jar, he opened it, and asked the dead thief within, if he was asleep. Dreadfully alarmed at receiving no answer, he spoke again, and then discovered that the man was dead. In this manner he examined every jar, and found that all his troop were lifeless. He supposed that his plot was known to Ali Baba, who had, by some mysterious means, put all his gang to death. The captain was in despair at the loss of so many faithful followers, and, though he longed to revenge them, he considered that he must await a fitter opportunity: so, climbing over the garden wall, he escaped into the fields, and from thence to the forest.

When Morgiana found that the treacherous merchant was entirely gone, she called her master; when he got up, she led him to one of the jars, and asked him to look within. By the light of the moon, which was just rising, Ali Baba beheld a man in the jar. He started back with an exclamation of horror: „Do not be alarmed”, said Morgiana, „the man you see there can neither hurt you nor any one else, — he is dead.”

Ali Baba begged her to explain herself, which she did, by relating every thing that had happened.

Ali Baba then found, to his infinite astonishment, that the courage of his female slave had preserved him, his wife, and family, from destruction. He expressed the warmest gratitude to Morgiana, made her free from that moment, and promised to consider her, for the future, as a daughter.

After his first surprise was over, Ali Baba began to consider what he should do with the dead bodies of the thieves. He had a large garden, thickly, studded with trees: at the lower end, with the assistance of his son, Ali Baba dug a deep trench, in which he interred the robbers; after this, he hid the jars, and sent his son to a distant village to sell the mules. By these precautions he effectually concealed from the world his adventure in the cave.

In the mean time, the captain of the robbers returned to his retreat in the forest. The loneliness of the place seemed frightful to him. „Where are you, my brave lads, — my old companions?” he exclaimed. „Alas! you have perished in a manner unworthy your courage. Had you died like brave men, with your sabres in your hands, I should not have regretted your fate. I will first revenge you on your destroyer, and then provide new masters for the treasure contained in this cave.”

His first care was to disguise himself in so artful a manner that it was impossible for any one to recognise his person; after this he returned to the town, hired a shop, and furnished it from some of the stores in the cave; he then took the name of Cogia Housain, pretending to be a merchant from Ispahân.

Ali Baba had given his son the shop of his late uncle Cassim, and this being next door to the shop hired by the disguised captain of banditti, an acquaintance was soon formed between him and the son of Ali Baba. As it was the object of the pretended Cogia Housain to gain an introduction to the family of Ali Baba, that he might with greater facility execute his intended vengeance, he paid much attention to the young man, frequently made him presents, and invited him to his house.

The son of Ali Baba of course wished to make some return for these civilities, and, after mentioning the matter to his father, Ali Baba gave him leave to invite his friend to an entertainment at his house.

Cogia Housain pretended to decline this invitation, and, when his young friend demanded the reason, he replied, „that he had a great objection to supping from

home, since his taste was so singular, that he could partake of no provisions that were seasoned with salt." The young man assured him that the viands should be prepared according to his peculiar taste, and, at last Cogia Housain consented to accompany the son of Ali Baba to his father's house that evening.

Morgiana was entrusted with the preparation of this banquet, but was greatly perplexed when her master told her that she was to put no salt in the ragouts. She meditated a long time on this circumstance, but took care to obey her master's orders.

When supper was served up, Morgiana took the opportunity of looking attentively at the guest, and immediately knew him to be the protended oil merchant. „Ah!" said she, „no wonder this vile wretch refuses to eat salt with my master*) since he has entered his house with the intention of assassinating him."

This was certainly a fact, for Cogia Housain meant to persuade both father and son to drink too much wine, and, when they were so much intoxicated that they could not defend themselves, he intended to spare the son, but stab the father to the heart, and then make his escape, as before, over the garden wall.

When the supper was removed, Ali Baba requested Morgiana to dance for the amusement of his guest: in obedience to her master, Morgiana presently made her appearance, dressed as a dancer; her waist was girded with a silver belt, to which hung a poniard with a sheath of the same metal; she had a mask on her face, and carried a tambarine in her hand.

After she had danced to the sound of the tambarine some time, she drew her poniard and performed a dance

*) This passage alludes to a peculiar custom of the east. Salt is considered as a sacred pledge of hospitality both by the guest and host: no Arab who has once shared bread and salt with another person will attempt to injure him; should any Arabian be found base enough to violate this law, he would be considered as infamous by his whole tribe.

remarkable for the variety of fine movements it required. In the course of the figure she sometimes pointed her poniard to the breast of one, and sometimes to that of another, and oftentimes seemed to strike her own. After she had made these feigned attacks several times, she watched her opportunity, and suddenly plunged her dagger to the hilt in the bosom of the captain of banditti, who expired in a moment.

„What madness has seized you, unhappy Morgiana?” exclaimed Ali Baba. „Wherefore have you murdered my guest?”

„Look well at him”, said Morgiana, „and you will see who it is you have so hospitably entertained. He is the same person as the captain of the banditti, and the pretended oil-merchant; it is true he had disguised himself so artfully that I should not have known him, if my suspicions had not been roused by his refusal to eat salt with you: I then remembered that I had observed the false oil-merchant abstained from eating salt at table. These circumstances drew my attention to him; I immediately recognised your deadly enemy, and determined to save you from his malice.”

Ali Baba and his son were now convinced that they owed their lives a second time to the courage and fidelity of Morgiana. Ali Baba, penetrated by gratitude, offered Morgiana in marriage to his son, who was so much charmed with her virtue and good qualities, that he cheerfully received her as his wife.

For many years Ali Baba lived in great happiness and wealth: he had undisturbed possession of the cave, and used the treasure with moderation, applying a great part in liberal alms to the poor. He discovered the secret to his son, who transmitted it to his posterity, and Ali Baba's descendants became, in time, the first people in the country.

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

A poor porter was passing through the streets of Bagdad one very hot day, under a heavy burden: he came, at length, to a portico where the pavement was sprinkled with rose-water, and a cool western breeze blew full in his face. As he was very weary and desirous of resting himself, he threw off his burden, and sat down under the shade of the portico, close to the open windows of a great house.

He was glad that he had chosen this resting place, for an agreeable perfume of aloes and pastiles came from the windows, together with the sound of music and the melody of singing birds. From this charming concert, and the smell of various sorts of viands, the porter supposed there was a costly banquet preparing in the mansion. As he did not remember the name of the owner of the house, he asked one of the servants who stood in the portico, who lived there? „How”, said the man, „is it possible that you live in Bagdad and know not that this is the house of my master, Sinbad, the great sailor, that famous voyager, who has sailed round the world?”*)

The porter, who had heard the fame of Sinbad's riches, was seized with envy at comparing his grandeur with his own miserable condition. In this frame of mind, he raised his eyes to heaven and complained aloud, — „Almighty Creator of the universe, consider the difference between my lot and that of Sinbad. I am every day exposed to hardships and fatigues, whilst this happy Sinbad leads a life of continual pleasure. What has he done to obtain from thee a destiny so agreeable? And what have I done to deserve one so miserable?”

The porter had scarcely finished this expostulation, when a servant came out of the house, and told him that his master wished to speak to him. The poor man would

*) The Arabians must have had very confined notions of the world, when we consider that Sinbad only sailed in the Indian Ocean.

willingly have excused himself, for he feared that Sinbad had overheard his complaints, and meant to punish him; however, the servant would take no denial, and he was obliged to follow him into the house. They presently entered a magnificent saloon, at the upper end of which sat Sinbad, who was a man somewhat advanced in years, of a very majestic appearance. He immediately asked the porter if he was the man whom he had heard bewailing himself under the window. He acknowledged that he was the same. Sinbad then demanded his name and business.

He said that his name was Hindbad, and that he was one of the poorest porters in Bagdad, adding, that he hoped Sinbad would consider his misery with compassion, and not resent the indiscreet expressions he had used when repining at his own laborious lot.

„I am not angry with you”, replied Sinbad mildly, „but I am anxious to undeceive you respecting the partiality of providence in our several destinies. The riches I possess, which occasion you so much repining, were gained by extreme toil and danger. Sit down and refresh yourself, and, when I have given you an account of my voyages, I think you will acknowledge that my wealth was obtained by labours severer than your own.”

After the porter had been regaled with a sumptuous banquet, Sinbad began to relate the particulars of his first voyage, as follows: —

FIRST VOYAGE.

My father left me a good estate, which I inconsiderately wasted in the pursuit of pleasure. When I had nearly expended my own patrimony, I became alarmed by the approaches of poverty, and determined to seek some profession by which I could avoid so great an evil. With this intention, I sold the small remainder of my property, and purchased merchandize, with which I meant to trade in the Indian Ocean.

I sailed in company with several other merchants, from the port of Balsora*), through the Persian Gulf, which is formed by the coasts of Arabia Felix, on the right hand, and by the shores of Persia on the left. We entered the Indian Ocean and touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our commodities.

One day we were becalmed, near a little island which was almost level with the surface of the water, and resembled a green meadow. The captain of our ship had a boat lowered, and permitted me, with several others, to land on this island.

We kindled a fire, and began to cook some provisions we had brought from the ship; but, while we were diverting ourselves and eating and drinking, the island began suddenly to tremble beneath our feet. We now found that we had mistaken an enormous whale for an island, and that, directly the creature felt the heat of the fire we had kindled, she began to put herself in motion.

Some betook themselves to swimming, others got into the boat; but, for my part, I was still on the back of the whale, when she dived into the sea, and had only time to cling to a piece of wood we had brought from the ship for the purpose of making a fire. The captain and crew did not perceive my danger, for, after they had received the boat, and taken in those that swam, a favourable breeze sprang up, and they hoisted all their sails and pursued their voyage.

Thus was I exposed to the mercy of the waves. I struggled hard for life all that night, and next morning, when I found my strength gone, a billow threw me luckily on an island. Here I found both wholesome fruits and fresh water, and, after I had refreshed myself, I climbed a very large tree, in order to look about me. I found that the island was totally uninhabited, but, looking to-

*) Balsora, or Basra, is a celebrated port in the Persian Gulf. It is about a day's journey from the mouth of the Tigris, and stands on a stony soil, as the word, *basra*, imports in Arabic. Through this city the richest commodities of India pass to Arabia and Persia.

wards the sea-shore, I discovered, at a distance, something very large, that had a white appearance, like a bowl of prodigious size. I approached it, and found that it was very hard and smooth, and at least fifty paces round. Presently the sun became suddenly darkened, as if it was covered with a very thick cloud. I was much surprised at this obscurity, and the more so when I found it was occasioned by a bird of monstrous size that came flying towards me. I remembered, then, hearing mariners speak of an enormous bird called the roc*), and I presumed that this was one, and the round bowl must be its egg. In short, the roc presently alighted, and sat over the egg to hatch it. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as large as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that, when the roc flew, she would carry me with her out of this desert island. The bird flew away the next morning, and carried me so high that I lost sight of the earth; she afterwards descended suddenly, with so much rapidity, that I lost my senses. But when the roc alighted on the ground, I recovered myself and speedily untied the knot, and set myself at liberty. Directly I had done this, the bird took a monstrous serpent in her bill, and flew away.

The place where the roc left me was a very deep valley, encompassed with mountains so high, they seemed to reach to the clouds; so that there was no outlet by which I could escape from the valley. When I compared this place with the desert island, I found that I had gained nothing by the change. As I walked through the valley, however, I perceived the bottom was strewn with diamonds of a surprising bigness. I took a great deal of pleasure in looking upon them, but my satisfaction was much diminished when I saw, at a little distance, in the clefts of

*) Marco Polo, an Italian traveller, who spent many years in the east, makes mention of the roc; and he says that this bird is large enough to carry away an elephant — but Marco Polo is much given to romancing.

the rock, serpents of such a size, that the smallest of them were capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and only came abroad in the night.

I spent the day in walking about the valley; but, when night came on, I went into a cave, and stopped the mouth with a stone. I supped on some fruits I had brought from the island in my girdle; but I heard the serpents hissing about my cave, which put me in such fear that I could not sleep all night.

When day appeared, the serpents retired, and I came out of my cave, trembling. I walked a long time over diamonds, without wishing to touch them. I was presently startled by something heavy that fell close by me, and I found it was a large piece of meat, that had been thrown from the tops of the surrounding rocks.

This piece of meat was followed by several others, which were thrown by merchants from the top of the rocks, for they had no other way of getting at the diamonds, but going to the top of the rocks that overhung the valley, and throwing pieces of flesh into the depth below. The diamonds on whose points they fall stick to the meat, and the eagles (which are of immense strength in that country), carry off the flesh, to feed their young ones. The merchants then frighten the eagles from their nests, and take away the diamonds that adhere to the meat.

I had believed till then that it was impossible to escape from the valley, but I now formed a plan to save my life, which I put immediately into execution. I began to gather up the largest diamonds I could find, of which I secured a great number in my sash; I then took the largest piece of meat I could find, tied myself fast to it with the cloth of my turban, and laid myself on the ground, with my face downwards. I had scarcely lain down, when the eagles came, and one of the strongest took me up, with the piece of meat on my back, and carried me to his nest, on the top of the mountain.

The merchants immediately began to shout, in order to frighten the eagles, and, when they had obliged them

to quit their prey, one of the party came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me, but presently, instead of inquiring how I came there, he began to quarrel, and asked, „Why I stole his property?”

„You will treat me with more civility”, said I, „when you know me better. I have diamonds enough for us both; if the other merchants gain any it is but by accident, while I have chosen the largest from the bottom of the valley.”

I then showed him a few, which I took from my girdle; he was astonished at their size and beauty, and assured me that, in all the courts he had visited, he had never seen any to compare to them in bigness or lustre. As the nest to which I was carried belonged to this merchant, I offered him as many of my diamonds as he chose to take; but he contented himself with one, and that not the largest, which he declared would raise him a fortune sufficient for his desires.

The other merchants then came round us: I told them my story, and they greatly admired both my courage and the stratagem I had used to save my life. The merchants took me to their quarters, and treated me very kindly. When they had gained as many diamonds from the valley as they wished, I travelled homewards in their company.

We embarked at the first port, and arrived at the isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphor. This tree is so large, and the branches so thick, that a hundred men may sit in its shade. The juice runs out of the tree from a hole that is bored in the trunk, and hardens into camphor; and, when it is all drawn out, the tree withers and dies.

I pass over many things relating to this island, lest I should be tedious. I exchanged here some of my diamonds for valuable merchandize, and embarked for Balsora. From this place I went to Bagdad, where I arrived safely, with immense riches. I immediately gave great alms to the poor, and lived splendidly upon the wealth I had gained with such danger and fatigue.

Here Sinbad ceased speaking; and, when he had thus

ended the particulars of his first voyage, he gave Hindbad a purse, in which was a hundred sequins*), and bade him return at the same time next day, when he would give him an account of his second voyage.

The porter went home, transported with joy at his good fortune, and his family did not fail to return thanks to Heaven for the relief providence had sent them by the hands of Sinbad.

The next day Hindbad returned to the house of the bountiful voyager, who thus proceeded with his adventures.

SECOND VOYAGE.

The desire of visiting foreign countries soon effaced the remembrance of the dangers of my former voyage, and I began to be impatient of leading an indolent life; I therefore purchased a large stock of merchandize, and proceeded to Balsora, where I again embarked. After a long navigation, we were overtaken by a violent tempest, in the main ocean, which drove us out of our course, and brought us into the port of an island, where the captain was very unwilling to cast anchor. He told us that this and some other islands were inhabited by savages, who were dwarfs, but of amazing strength, and so numerous, that it was vain to make any resistance, for, if we happened to kill one of them, they would murder every man in the ship. We soon found that he told us truth; for an innumerable multitude of little savages, not more than two feet in height, and covered with red hair, came swimming to the ship. These mischievous creatures directly seized upon our vessel, and put us ashore on a neighbouring island, where they left us, and carried away the ship to the place they inhabited. We went forward, till we came to a large pile of building, that had a gate immensely high, made of ebony. We entered into a court that led to a

*) Sequin or Zechin is a Venetian coin, about nine shillings Sterl., or a ducat in value.

vast apartment, which had a large fireplace; on one side lay several spits for roasting, and on the other a great many dead men's bones. While we were gazing on this dreadful spectacle, a horrible black giant entered the room, who was as tall as a palm-tree: he had but one eye, and that was in the middle of his forehead, as red as a burning coal; his fore-teeth were very long and sharp, and stuck out of his mouth, which was as deep as that of a horse; his under lip hung down upon his breast; his ears resembled those of an elephant, and covered his shoulders; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of a vulture. At the sight of so frightful a giant, we became insensible from terror.

When we regained our senses, we saw the monster looking at us attentively; at last he seized me, and, holding me by the nape of my neck, he turned me round, as a cook would examine a fowl, but, finding that I was too lean, he let me go. He then took the captain, and, seeing that he was the fattest of the party, he killed him as easily as I could kill a sparrow; then, thrusting a spit through him, he kindled a fire, and roasted and devoured him for supper. After this atrocious meal, he locked the door, laid himself down to sleep, and snored louder than thunder. You may suppose it was not in our power to close our eyes; but, instead of resting, we passed the night in the most bitter lamentations.

When day broke, the giant rose up, went out, and locked the door after him; leaving us unhappy prisoners abandoned to the most frightful despair.

The giant failed not to return in the evening, when he again made his supper on one of our unhappy companions: he left us as usual in the morning. You may, perhaps, imagine that we suffered from hunger, but we found plenty of rice and fruit in the apartment: yet terror and despair took from us all inclination for eating. Some of our company proposed that we should kill one another, to avoid a death so frightful, and so abhorred a grave as the stomach of a barbarous cannibal. I would not agree to this proposal, but advised my comrades to form some

bold project, by which we might rid ourselves of this gluttonous monster.

That night we had the anguish of seeing another of our companions devoured; but we at last punished the cruel giant. After he had made an end of this shocking meal, he lay down, as usual, on his back, and fell asleep; as soon as we heard him snore, nine of the boldest of our number, with myself, took each of us a spit, and blinded him, by all thrusting them into his eye at once: the pain occasioned him to raise a frightful cry, and to rise and stretch out his hands to find us, in order to sacrifice some of us to his rage; but we easily avoided him. Having searched for us in vain, he groped for the gate, and went out, howling dreadfully; fortunately, he left the entrance unfastened, and we instantly quitted his abominable den, and ran down to the shore. Here we found plenty of timber fit for rafts, and the night being moonlight, we formed, as well as we could, a few floats, on which we determined to commit ourselves to the mercy of the waves. We had scarcely finished these rafts, when the sun rose, and we saw our cruel enemy appear, led by two other giants, of the same monstrous size as himself. We immediately launched our floats, got on them as quickly as possible, and put out to sea. As soon as these new allies of our enemy perceived our escape, they ran to the beach, and, seizing great stones*), threw them with so exact an aim at our rafts, that they sunk every one but that which I was on; and all my companions were drowned, except two who were with me on my raft. We rowed with all our might, and at last got out of the reach of the giants; but we were exposed, in a frightful manner, to the violence of the winds and waves, which tossed us about for a day and night. The next morning we had the good luck to be thrown on an island. We found here plenty of cocoa-

*) The whole of this story bears such a strong resemblance to the adventures of Ulysses, in Homer's *Odyssey*, Book IX, that the likeness cannot be accidental.

nuts, which greatly refreshed us, and we soon recovered our strength.

In the evening we lay down to sleep on the sea-beach, but we were awoke by the hissing of a serpent close by us. He seemed of an enormous size, and his scales made a loud rustling as he crept along. He seized one of my comrades, notwithstanding his loud cries, and the violent efforts he made to rid himself of the serpent; for the horrid reptile, by dashing him several times against the ground, killed him, and we could hear him crush the bones of the poor victim after we had fled to a great distance.

We passed the next day in the utmost horror, and towards night, when we expected the serpent would again come abroad, we climbed a large tree, where we hoped that we should be safe from his attacks. A little while after, the serpent came hissing to the root of the tree, raised himself up against the trunk, and, meeting with my companion, who sat somewhat lower than I did, he swallowed him at once, and went away.

I sat upon the tree, expecting the same fate as my companions, till day dawned, and then came down, more dead than alive.

When I had a little recovered my spirits, I gathered together a large quantity of faggots and brambles, and made with them a strong enclosure round the trunk of the tree; and I secured the top by tying down the branches of the tree to meet the wall that encircled it, and then weaving brushwood to form a strong roof. In the evening I retired within this fence, and the serpent did not fail to come at the usual hour, to devour me, but was prevented by the rampart I had formed. He went round the tree many times, and tried to force every weak place in my enclosure, but he found it was in vain; he then coiled himself round the whole of my fortress, and encircled it till daybreak, waiting for my appearance as a cat watches for a mouse that has retired to a place of security. When day broke, the reptile returned to his den, but I dared

not venture from my enclosure till the sun was high in the heavens.

I suffered so much from the poisonous breath of the serpent, and the terror I had undergone during the night, that I scarcely wished to prolong my life. Going down to the sea-shore in this gloomy frame of mind, you may suppose there was an instant change in my feelings on beholding a ship at a distance. I immediately unfolded the linen of my turban, and made all the signals I could to attract attention. Fortunately, the captain discovered me, and instantly sent a boat to fetch me from the island. When I arrived on deck, the merchants and seamen crowded round me, and testified the greatest astonishment at my escape from this cluster of islands, which were much dreaded by mariners on account of the giants and savages that dwelt in some, and the serpents that infested others; few sailors, who were so unhappy as to be cast on these islands, ever returning to tell the tale of their horrors.

The ship that had received me was bound to the isle of Salabat, on which grows a wood called saunders, famous in medicine. We took in a store of this wood, and cloves, cinnamon, and nutmegs. As I had lost every thing in my voyage, and could at present obtain no remittances from Bagdad, the captain employed me as his factor: being a very ready accountant, I gained a great deal of business in this way during my stay on the island.

One day, the captain of a ship, which had lately entered the port, employed me to sell a parcel of goods, that he said belonged to a merchant who had sailed with him, but had lost his life by an accident. He begged me to make the utmost advantage of them, as he wished to improve the poor man's property, and give a just account to his heirs. I asked him in whose name I was to sell the goods, and was much astonished to hear him answer, Sinbad the sailor! I looked steadfastly at him, and then remembered that he was the same captain with whom I had sailed in my first voyage, and I found that he was now returning home.

I made myself known to him, and told him the parti-

culars of my escape, when he thought me drowned in my adventure with the whale. The good man then remembered me, and gave me, a very honest account of my property, which he had greatly improved. I changed these goods for the commodities of the country, and we then set sail for Balsora, where we arrived safely, and I sold my spices at an immense profit; so that, when I returned to Bagdad, I added considerably to the great riches I had left in that city.

Again I distributed plentiful alms to the poor, and indulged myself by resting some months, and living generously, to recruit my strength after the fatigues I had undergone.

At the conclusion of this narrative, Sinbad presented the porter with another purse of one hundred sequins, and invited him to hear the particulars of his next voyage.

THIRD VOYAGE.

I was soon disgusted with the pleasures of a luxurious life. I was then in the flower of my age, and preferred roving from isle to isle, and encountering all the dangers of my hazardous voyages, to dwelling in Bagdad and quietly enjoying my great wealth. I soon freighted a ship, and set sail in quest of new adventures; but, I must own, the first I met with was not a very agreeable one. We had the misfortune to be wrecked on a rocky coast; our ship and every thing in her was lost, and we with some difficulty saved our lives by swimming ashore. Here we were directly made prisoners by the black inhabitants of the country. These people gave us, with other food, a certain herb, which my companions ate without suspicion; but I, who noticed that the blacks did not touch it themselves, forbore to eat any. I soon perceived the ill effects of this herb, for it deprived my friends so completely of their reason, that they neither knew what they said or did.

The blacks gave them this intoxicating herb, that they might not perceive the cruel destiny to which they were

reserved, which was being fattened and killed for food. They fed us with cocoa-nut oil and rice; my companions devoured this food very greedily, but I only took just enough to sustain life. The blacks killed my poor ship-mates as they grew fat; but I became leaner every day, and at last fell into a languishing distemper, which the blacks perceiving, spared my life, till I recovered my health.

Meanwhile, as I had my liberty, I speedily took an opportunity of making my escape. I journeyed for three days along the sea-shore, without meeting any hordes of these savage people, and on the fourth day fell in with a party of white men, who were gathering pepper. These people received me very courteously, and I was delighted when I found they spoke Arabic. I helped them with their labour, till they had gathered a sufficient quantity of pepper, and then sailed with them to their own country. They presented me to their king, who was a most amiable man, and took great pleasure in hearing my adventures. I taught his subjects many arts, that before were totally unknown to them, which so greatly pleased this good prince, that he bestowed on me both riches and honours, and gave me in marriage a most beautiful and noble lady, who possessed a great estate. I loved my wife, and we lived in great harmony for about a year after my marriage, when I made a discovery which ruined my happiness.

The wife of a man who lived near me happened to die. As I was on the most friendly terms with this neighbour, I called at his house to condole with him on his loss. Seeing him absorbed in affliction, I said to him, as I entered, „God preserve you, and grant you a long life.”

„Alas!” replied he, „how can you mention long life to me, when my days are at an end?”

„Pray”, said I, „do not indulge yourself in such melancholy fancies. You are in excellent health, and I shall doubtlessly enjoy your company for many years.”

„I hope”, replied my friend, with a sorrowful air, „that you may be blessed with a long life; but, as for me, my hour is come, for I must be buried this day with

my dead wife. This law our ancestors established in the country, and it has always been observed inviolably. The living wife is interred with the dead husband*), and the living husband with the dead wife: nothing can save me, for every one must submit to this law."

While he was yet giving me an account of this custom, the very mention of which greatly alarmed me, his kindred and friends came to assist at this double funeral. They attired the dead wife in her richest apparel, and decked her with jewels as if it had been her wedding-day. They then laid her in an open coffin, and began their march to the place of burial. The husband followed directly after the corpse. They at length ascended a very high mountain, which reached to the sea-shore, and, taking up a large stone that covered the mouth of a deep pit, they lowered the corpse into the abyss, with all its rich apparel and jewels. The husband then suffered himself to be put into another open coffin, with a pot of water and seven little loaves, and was let down into the chasm. This ceremony being finished, they replaced the stone, and returned to the city.

The inhabitants of this country were so accustomed to this dreadful scene, that they viewed it without the least emotion; for my part, I was overwhelmed with affliction. In a little time I sought an interview with the king, and failed not to remonstrate against the cruelty of this law.

"It is a law", said the king, in reply to my representations, "that has been established for ages; and therefore, must remain for ever unbroken. Even I must submit to it, if I should chance to survive my queen."

"But may I ask your majesty", said I, "whether strangers are not exempted from this law?"

"Certainly not", replied the monarch, smiling at my reasons for the question; "certainly not: if they are

*) It is supposed that the Arabian author alludes, in this passage, to the absurd and cruel custom of the Gentoos, who burn the living wife with the dead body of her husband.

married in the country, they must comply with the general custom."

I was from this time in continual fear, lest my wife should die before me, and I should be buried alive with her body. I trembled at the least indisposition that attacked her, and, if her little finger but ached, I nursed her with the most assiduous care. But all my anxiety could not prolong her life, for she suddenly fell sick, and died in very few hours.

You may judge of my sorrow by the fatal consequences of this event: to be buried alive seemed to me worse than being devoured by cannibals.

The king and all his court chose to dignify my funeral by their presence, — an honour for which I felt very little gratitude.

The cavalcade set forward for the mountain, carrying the corpse at their head, dressed in all her jewels and magnificent attire. I followed the coffin on foot, with my eyes full of tears, as second actor in this doleful tragedy. When we arrived at the chasm, I made an effort to move the pity of the spectators, and, addressing myself to the king, implored him to take compassion on an unhappy stranger, who, being a foreigner, could not be expected to submit to this unnatural custom. This appeal was useless, for, had the king been inclined to spare me, his people would not have suffered him to break the law.

Greatly scandalized at my resistance to this old-established ceremony, the crowd hastened to lower the body of my wife; then putting me by force into an open coffin, with a vessel of water and seven loaves of bread, they let me down into the pit, notwithstanding my bitter cries and lamentations.

I immediately smelt an insufferable stench, proceeding from the great multitude of dead bodies that surrounded me. However, I left my coffin, and, retreating to some distance, I threw myself on the ground, and began to bewail my sad destiny.

„Oh!" cried I, „Would that I had perished in some of those tempests that I escaped; then my death had not

been so lingering and terrible in all its circumstances. Ah, wretch that I am! have I not drawn this sad destiny upon myself, by my own restless disposition. Ought not I to have staid quietly at home, and enjoyed the wealth Providence had sent me?"

Notwithstanding my desperate condition, I had an earnest desire to prolong my life, and, when I became hungry, I searched for my coffin, and satisfied my wants with some of the bread it contained.

By the little light that came from some fissures above, I perceived that this cave was of vast length, and about fifty fathoms high, and the rows of coffins extended a great way both to the right and left.

I lived for some days in this dismal abyss on my little store of bread and water, till it was all exhausted; and then I lay down on the ground, hoping that death would put a speedy end to my miseries. Whilst I lay overwhelmed with these sad thoughts, I distinctly heard something breathe hard, and pant, close by me. I started up, and approached the spot from whence the noise came, and then some animal seemed to run from the place. I followed the sound of its footsteps as fast as I could; sometimes it stopped for a little while, but when I drew near, it always fled before me. After pursuing it a long time, I perceived a star, that seemed to glimmer through the darkness, at a great distance. This star grew larger and larger as I approached nearer, and I presently heard the beating of waves on the sea-shore, and discovered that the star was the light that came from a hole in the rock, through which a man might easily pass*).

*) The Arabian author has again borrowed from the rich stores of Grecian literature, and taken the escape of Sinbad from the story of Aristomenes, the Messenian patriot; as this passage of history may be unknown to the youthful reader, perhaps an extract from Mr. Taylor's translation of the Greek historian, Pausanias, may be acceptable: —

„The Lacedæmonians, having taken Aristomenes alive, together with fifty of his men, determined to throw all of them into the Keadas, a deep chasm, into which the most criminal offenders

When I emerged into the light of day, I found myself at the foot of the mountain, on the sea-beach, and observed that the creature which had guided me out of this frightful abyss was an animal that came out of the sea, and entered that hole to devour the dead bodies. .

This mountain was situated between the town and the sea: but a high ridge of rocks cut off all communication with the inhabitants of the town, and sheltered me from their observations.

After my first emotions of joy and gratitude for my wonderful escape were over, I returned to the cave again, and searched among the biers for all the diamonds, pearls, and rubies, I could find; these I packed in some rich stuffs, which I took from that cave of death, and brought an immense treasure to the sea-beach. In a few hours I descried a ship coming out of the harbour, and passing close to the shore. I called as loud as I could, and made signals of distress, upon which the mariners lowered a boat to fetch me. Fortunately, the captain was my own coun-

were hurled. All the other Messenians perished after this manner: but some God, who had so often preserved Aristomenes, delivered him from the fury of the Spartans; and some, who entertain the most magnificent idea of his character, say that an eagle, flying to him, bore him on its wings to the bottom of the chasm, so that he sustained no injury from the fall.

„As he lay in this profound abyss wrapped in his robe, and expecting nothing but death, he heard a noise on the third day, and, uncovering his face (for he was now able to look through the darkness), he perceived a fox near one of the dead bodies. Considering, therefore, where the passage could be, through which the beast had entered, he waited till the fox came nearer to him, and, when this happened, caught it with one of his hands, and with the other exposed his robe, as often as the animal turned to attack him, for it to seize. At length, the fox beginning to run away, he suffered himself to be drawn along by her, through places almost impervious, till he saw a light streaming through a hole, just large enough for the fox to pass through: and the animal, indeed, when she was freed from Aristomenes, betook herself to her usual place of retreat: but Aristomenes, as the opening was not sufficiently large for him to pass through, enlarged it with his hands, and escaped safe to Ira.” — Taylor's Translation of Pausanias, vol. I, p. 390.

tryman, and bound to one of our native ports. He was so well pleased with having saved me, when he heard the particulars of my story, that he generously refused some valuable jewels, which I offered him as payment for my passage.

After a prosperous voyage, I arrived happily at Bagdad, with a profusion of wealth. Out of thankfulness to Alla for his great mercies, I gave large sums to several mosques, and distributed part of my abundance to the poor. I then reposed after my fatigues, and enjoyed myself a long time among my kindred and friends.

When Sinbad had finished relating the surprising incidents of his third voyage, he gave Hindbad another purse of one hundred sequins, and invited him to hear the remainder of his adventures: and, for the sake of brevity, I must observe that he made him a similar present at the end of every narration.

FOURT VOYAGE.

It was a long time before my danger in the cave was thoroughly effaced from my mind: indeed, all my friends supposed that adventure had cured me of my passion for wandering; but at last my roving disposition returned upon me, and I determined on another expedition. Accordingly, I went to the nearest sea-port, and had a ship built at my expense, for I wished to have her entirely at my own command, without being dependent on a captain. When my ship was ready for sea, I received on board several foreign merchant and their goods, and set sail with the first fair wind.

We touched at a desert island, to procure some water, after we had been at sea some weeks. While the sailors were carrying the water on board, some of the merchants (who were passengers), in walking over the island, discovered the egg of a roc, equal in size to the one I mentioned in my first voyage. There was a young roc within, ready to be hatched, for the egg was chipped: and the bill began to appear.

In spite of my entreaties to the contrary, the merchants broke this egg with hatchets, and, after pulling out the young roc, piece by piece, they roasted some of its flesh.

They had scarcely finished their meal, when there appeared in the air two black clouds, at a considerable distance; and old sailor, of great experience, cried out that these clouds were the male and female roc to which the egg belonged. This man persuaded us to reembark without delay, lest some misfortune should befall us. We immediately took his advice, and set sail with all possible diligence.

In the meantime the rocs approached the island with frightful cries, which they redoubled when they found their egg broken and their young one destroyed. They suddenly disappeared; while we, dreading their vengeance, made all the haste we could to sail from the coast.

We had not lost sight of the island, when the rocs returned, bearing in their talons enormous masses of stone; when they came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them let fall a stone, but, by the dexterity of the steersman, who suddenly turned the ship by a motion of the helm, it missed us, and fell close by the ship, dividing the water till we could see the bottom of the ocean. The other roc, to our misfortune threw a stone so exactly, that it split the ship into a thousand pieces; the mariners and passengers were either killed by the fall of the stone or engulfed in the waves. The latter was my fate, but I fortunately caught a large piece of wreck; when I rose to the surface of the water, I supported myself with one hand and swam with the other, till I had the good fortune to gain an island, on which I safely landed.

After I had rested myself, I surveyed the shore upon which Providence had cast me. The country was so beautiful, it appeared like a delicious garden: I saw the most stately trees, some bearing ripe, others green fruit; these trees were interspersed with rills of fresh pure water, which made a thousand windings between banks of the fairest flowers. I refreshed myself with the fruits, and reposed on

the grass till I slept away my fatigue, and then rose, to take a further survey of the island.

I had not walked far, before I saw an old man sitting on the banks of a rivulet. At first, I thought he was a person who, like myself, had been ship-wrecked on the coast; I saluted him, but he only bowed his head a little, by way of answer. I then asked him what he did there, but, instead of replying, he made signs for me to take him on my back, and carry him over the brook. I believed that he really stood in need of my help; so I took him on my back, and carried him across the rivulet, then stooped, and told him to get down: but this old man had no such intention, for he closed his legs tightly about my neck, and intimated, by his motions, that he chose I should carry him farther. I soon perceived the old wretch was by no means so decrepit as he appeared to be, and that his skin resembled the hide of a cow; I then made violent efforts to shake him off, but he proved too strong for me, and clasped my throat so straitly, as he sat on my shoulders, that I was nearly strangled, and fell down in a swoon. Notwithstanding my fainting the ill-natured old fellow kept fast about my neck, but opened his legs a little, to suffer me to recover my breath. When I had done so, he thrust one of his feet against my stomach, and struck me so rudely on the side with the other, that I was forced to rise, against my will. He then made me carry him under the trees, forcing me to stop now and then to eat such fruit as we found, he never left me all day, and lay down with me to rest at night, always holding me fast whilst he slept; and he was so cunning and so watchful, that I could never find him off his guard for a moment: every morning he pushed me to make me awake, and then kicked continually, till I got up and carried him about.

One day I found several large calabashes. I cleaned a large one, and pressed into it some of the grapes which abounded in this island; I then set my vessel in a convenient place, and left the juice to ferment; coming to this spot some days after, I drank some of the wine, and

found it so strong, that it made me forget my troubles, and I began to sing and dance as I walked along.

The old man, perceiving the pleasant effect that this drink had on me, made a sign for me to give him some. I gave him the calibash, and, the liquor being agreeable to his palate, he drank every drop in the vessel; as there was sufficient to intoxicate him, the fumes of the liquor got into his head, and he began to sing in an odd manner, and to jump up and down, as he sat on my shoulders, as if he would dance; presently he grew so inebriated, that he lost all his strength, and relaxed his hold by degrees. I immediately perceived that this was the favourable moment for freeing myself from my tormentor; I threw him with ease on the ground, and instantly killed him with a large stone.

Some days after I had thus rid myself of this wicked old man, I saw a large party of people employed very busily among the trees; I advanced towards them, and found they were the crew of a vessel, who had landed on the island to cut aloes. The mariners were surprised to see me, and still more so when they heard my adventures. „You met with 'the old man of the sea'”, said the captain; „for so your tormentor was called; and you are the first person who ever escaped alive out of his hands. He has made this island notorious by the number of men he has slain, so that merchants dared not land, to gather the precious commodity with which the place abounds, unless they came in a very large party.”

The captain then offered to take me on board his ship, and advised me to cut down a quantity of aloes-wood*). which I might sell to great advantage in my own country.

*) The aloes-wood, so often mentioned in oriental tales is a tree growing in China and some of the Indian isles; it is called by naturalists *xylo-aloes*, and its trunk is composed of wood of three different colours, the heart of which is the perfume so much valued in the East, and considered far more precious than gold. The Siamese ambassadors to the court of France brought some of this wood as a present to Louis XIV., in 1686, and were the first who made it known in Europe.

I immediately complied with this kind proposal; and, after we had loaded the ship with aloes, we left the island, and proceeded on our voyage.

We then approached two islands, where pepper grows in great abundance; here we sold a small quantity of our aloes, and exchanged some for pepper. We then sailed to the isle of Comari*), whose inhabitants have made an inviolable law to drink no wine, nor suffer any to be sold in their country: this coast is famous for pearl-fishing; I went with the other merchants, and hired divers, who brought me up a great quantity of pearls, which were very large and pure.

I then hired a vessel to transport me to Balsora, from whence I returned to Bagdad, where I made great sums by my pepper, aloes, and pearls. I gave a tenth part of my gains, as usual, to the poor, and added the remainder to the vast store of wealth I had left in my native city.

FIFTH VOYAGE.

After a year's rest, I prepared to tempt the sea once more, notwithstanding the prayers and entreaties of my friends, who did every thing in their power to shake my resolution.

Instead of taking my way by the Persian Gulf, I travelled through several provinces of India, till I reached a distant sea-port, where I embarked on board a ship which was destined to make a very long voyage.

After we had sailed for many months, the captain and pilot lost their course, so that it was many days before they could tell what part of the world we were in. When at length, we discovered land, we had no great reason to rejoice, for, directly the captain remembered the

*) Sinbad here means either Cape Comorin, the most southerly promontory of India, lying north-west of the island of Ceylon, or else the islands of Comara, which lie between the north end of the island of Madagascar and the coast of Zanguebar, from ten to fifteen degrees of South latitude.

coast, he rent his clothes and beard, and struck his breast with all the marks of the deepest affliction. We demanded the reason of this strange conduct, and he immediately answered, — „The place we are approaching is the most dangerous to mariners in the world: a rapid current hurries the ship with violence to the shore, where we shall be wrecked in a quarter of an hour.”

He then caused the sails to be altered, and did everything in his power to change the direction of the vessel; but all to no purpose, for the sails rent, the tackling broke, and the ship was hurried, by irresistible force, to the foot of an inaccessible mountain, where she ran ashore, and broke to pieces; yet, the weather being fine, no lives were lost, and we saved our provisions and goods.

The captain then said to us: — „Every man may bid the world adieu, and dig his grave here; for we are in so fatal a place, that none shipwrecked on this spot ever return to their homes again.” His words afflicted us mortally, and we all joined in bewailing our deplorable fate.

We found there was no possibility of climbing to the top of this mountain, or finding any outlet from the circle of rocks that overhung the shore on which we were cast. The beach was covered with dead men's bones, the sight of which filled us with horror, as they plainly showed how many people had perished on this fatal spot. It is scarcely possible to tell the quantity of valuable merchandize we saw scattered on the sands — the sad relics of former shipwrecks.

There are several singularities peculiar to this mountain, such as are to be met with in no other spot in the world: instead of common pebbles, the stones are rubies, topazes, emeralds, and other jewels of the most uncommon size and exquisite lustre: here, too, is thrown upon the desolate barren coast a large quantity of ambergris, of the most valuable quality. In all other countries, rivers flow from their sources into the sea; but in this fatal place a large river of fresh water runs directly out of the sea into a dark cave, the entrance to which is an arch of stupendous height.

After we had tried in vain to scale the mountain and rocks, we supposed that escape was impossible, as the same current which had hurried our ship to inevitable destruction would prevent our leaving the coast with boats or rafts.

We therefore divided our provisions as equally as possible, and each person subsisted on his share for a shorter or longer time, according to his temperance.

I had been so long used to hardships and deprivation of every kind, that I required less food than my comrades; and I husbanded my provisions so well, that I survived all the ship's company.

After I had interrred the last of my unfortunate shipmates, I resolved to dig a grave for myself, and, when I had exhausted the small remainder of my provisions, to lie down in it, and await there the approaches of death, as there was no person to perform the sad offices of burial for me.

You may suppose, while I was employed in digging my own grave, I did not fail to reproach myself with my folly in leaving my affectionate friends and kindred, and all the riches and comforts I possessed in my home, to wander into unknown regions.

Full of these sad reflections, I happened one day to approach the banks of the river I formerly mentioned; I considered this stream and the cave which ingulfed it with great attention. „This river, which runs under ground”, thought I, „must have some outlet: if I make a raft, and abandon myself to its current, it will either drown me, or bring me to some more hospitable country; if I am drowned, which is the worst that can befall me, it is an easier death than perishing by famine.”

The moment I had formed this resolution, I instantly set to work. As I had a large choice of pieces of cable and timber, I soon made a very strong little float. When it was finished, I loaded it with rubies, emeralds, topazes, and ambergris. Having balanced my cargo exactly, and fastened it securely to the bottom of my raft, I stepped on board with two little oars I had made, and, after imploring the protection of Heaven, I committed myself to the guidance of the stream.

When I entered the cave, I lost the light of day, and I floated for nearly a week in total darkness: once I found the arch of the rock so low, that it struck my head, which made me very careful afterwards to avoid the like danger. All this time I ate no more than was just necessary to support nature; yet, notwithstanding this frugality, all my provisions were exhausted. Then a pleasing sleep seized upon me; but I cannot tell how long it continued, for when I awoke I found myself in the blessed light of day, lying on my float, which was fastened to the bank of a large river, where I observed a great number of black people. Overjoyed at my deliverance, I could not help reciting these words aloud, — „Call on the Almighty, and he will help thee; shut thy eyes, and, whilst thou art asleep, he will change thy bad fortune into good.”

One of the blacks, who understood Arabic, hearing me speak thus, came forward and said: „Brother, we came to-day to follow our usual employment, which is, to water our fields by digging canals from the river which issues out of this mountain. We perceived your raft floating on the water, and one of our company swam into the river, and fastened it to the bank, until you should awake. We are all anxious to know how you dared venture into a subterranean river, and from whence you come.”

I immediately satisfied his curiosity, by relating my adventure: and when I had finished, the friendly black declared it was the most surprising story he had ever heard; and told me, I must accompany them to their king, and let him hear, from my own lips, this extraordinary narrative.

When they had given me refreshments, of which I stood greatly in need, some of the blacks brought me a horse, and made me ride, while they walked by me to show me the way; and others followed carrying my raft and cargo on their shoulders. In this manner, we entered the city of Serendib, for it was on that famous island*) I had landed.

*) The island of Serendib is now called Ceylon, and is the richest island in the East Indies. It is two hundred and fifty

The king of Serendib received me most graciously, and listened to my tale with great attention. He appointed me apartments in his own palace, and entertained me most royally during my stay in his country. When I was about to depart for Bagdad, he expressed a wish that I should bear a letter of greeting from him, with some costly presents, to our caliph.

The king of Serendib ordered all the treasure I had brought on my raft (which he augmented by many costly gifts) to be put on board a ship, ready to sail for an Arabian port. He then sent his letter, and the presents destined for the caliph, and, before I embarked, he commanded the captain of the ship to treat me with the respect due to his ambassador.

The letter from the king of Serendib was written in characters of azure, on the skin of an animal of great value. The contents were as follows: —

The king of the Indies, before whose throne march one hundred elephants, whose palace shines with one hundred thousand rubies, and who has in his treasury twenty thousand crowns, enriched with diamonds, to Caliph*) Haroun Alrashid.

— — — — —
miles in length, and two hundred in breadth, and abounds in the finest fruits and spices. It has mines full of precious stones, and many pearl-fisheries, and here are bred the largest elephants in the world. To counterbalance these lavish gifts of nature, the woods are infested by tigers of great fierceness, and the island is overrun by the most venomous reptiles, among which is the Anaconda, a tremendous serpent, of such enormous size that it has been known to kill and devour a tiger at a meal. Ceylon was first conquered by the celebrated Albuquerque, a great Portuguese admiral and discoverer. The Portuguese were expelled from their settlements by the Dutch, and the island is now under British government.

*) This great prince is so frequently mentioned in Eastern tales, that it seems appropriate to give the youthful reader some account of him, independent of fiction.

He was the youngest son of the Caliph Mohadi, and ascended the throne of the caliphate, in the 170th year of the Hegira, or the year of our Lord 786.

A caliph was both a spiritual and temporal prince, and, in

„Though the present we send you is inconsiderable, receive it, however, as a brother and friend, in consideration of the love we bear you, and of which we are willing to give you proof. We desire your friendship, considering it our due, being of the same dignity with yourself. Adieu.”

The present consisted of a cup, made of an entire ruby, half-a-foot high and an inch thick, and filled with round pearls of a great size; the skin of a serpent, which preserved from sickness those who slept on it; and a female slave, of great beauty, whose apparel was covered with jewels.

When I arrived at Bagdad, the first thing I did was to present myself to the commander of the faithful, with the letter and presents from the king of Serendib.

After the caliph had read the letter, he asked me if this prince was, in reality, so rich and powerful as his letter intimated.

I then rose from the ground, where I had prostrated myself before our monarch, and replied: —

quality of successor to Mahomet, held the most unbounded sway throughout the East.

Haroun Alrashid was the best and wisest prince that ever swayed the sceptre of the caliphate. He ruled over Syria, Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Palestine, Natolia, Media, Khorasan, Assyria, Great Bukharia, Egypt, Libya, Mauritania, and many other provinces, so that his dominion extended much farther than the Roman empire had ever done; still he did not rule over as great a number of subjects as the English Queen Victoria: at present more than 150 Millions of souls are ruled over and protected by Her Majesty's government.

Haroun was just, merciful, and generous, and history would have transmitted his name to posterity without a blot, if he had not, in a fit of ungovernable passion, caused the destruction of his faithful friend and vizier, Giafer, whom he put to death with his whole kindred.

Haroun was a great encourager of the arts and sciences; his capital was the seat of learning, when Europe was immersed in darkness and ignorance. He sent, among other curious presents, to the Emperor Charlemagne, the first clock that ever was seen in Europe.

History relates many anecdotes of this prince, as interesting as the fictitious tales in which his name is so frequently mentioned.

„Commander of the faithful, I am witness that the king of Serendib does not exceed the truth.

„It is impossible to describe the magnificence of his palace, and, when he appears in public, he is seated on a throne which is fixed on the back of an elephant. One of his officers sits on the neck of the elephant, with a golden lance in his hand. Another stands behind the throne, bearing a column of gold, on the top of which is an emerald half a foot long and an inch thick.

„Before him march his guards, mounted on a hundred elephants; and one of his retinue cries aloud, — 'Behold the potent sultan of the Indies, whose palace is covered with a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses twenty thousand crowns of diamonds.' Then the officer who bears the column of gold replies — „This monarch so great must die! must die! must die!" To which the officer who guides the royal elephant answers — 'Praise be to Him who lives for ever!'

I then concluded by informing the caliph of the hospitality with which the king of Serendib, and all his subjects, had treated me.

The commander of the faithful was greatly pleased with my discourse, and dismissed me with a rich present.

SIXTH VOYAGE.

Being safely returned from my last hazardous voyage, I now determined to pass the rest of my days at home, in peace, and tranquillity. Such was my intention, but fortune had otherwise disposed of me, and I was again destined to endure new hardships and perils.

One day, as I was feasting with my friends, there arrived an officer from the palace, who informed me that the caliph wished immediately to speak with me.

I hastened to obey my royal master, and was immediately introduced into his presence. „Sinbad", said the caliph, „I have occasion for your services. You must carry an answer and present from me to the king of Serendib.

You know it would not be suitable to my dignity, for me, to remain indebted to that prince.

Although I was unwilling to venture on another voyage, after the many dangers I had escaped, yet I did not choose to dispute the commands of my prince, but signified respectfully my intention of performing the commission with which he had honoured me.

The caliph was well pleased with my ready acquiescence, and presented me with a large sum of money for the expenses of my voyage.

I prepared for my departure in a few days, and sailed from Balsora, with the caliph's letter and presents.

I arrived at Serendib, after a prosperous voyage, and was welcomed by the king with the greatest marks of esteem. He received the letter and presents sent by the caliph, with the utmost satisfaction, and was delighted to find that our monarch returned his friendship.

The caliph sent to this prince, as tokens of his good will, a beautiful vase of agate, on which was represented in bas-relief, the figure of a man, who held a bow with an arrow, which he was ready to let fly at a lion. There was likewise a rich table, said to have belonged to the great Salomon, a robe of cloth of gold, with fifty robes of rich brocade, and a royal crimson bed.

After I had delivered these presents, I expressed a wish to return to Bagdad; but the king of Serendib took so much delight in hearing my various adventures, and had formed so warm a friendship for me, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevail on him to give me leave to depart. At length, he permitted me to embark for Bagdad, and, when I departed, gave me a valuable present.

My usual ill fortune still pursued me; for, in two or three days after we left Serendib, we were attacked by a pirate of such superior force to our own, that our ship was taken and plundered, and every person on board carried into slavery.

I was taken to a large town in India, and sold to a rich merchant, who, after he had purchased me, asked me

if I could shoot with the bow. I answered that archery was one of the exercises of my youth, and that I believed I had not yet forgotten the use of the bow.

He then took me behind him on an elephant, and we travelled to a large forest some leagues from the town. We advanced a long way into the forest, till my master stopped at the foot of a great tree, and told me to alight. When I had done so, he gave me a bow and arrows, and said:

„Climb into that tree, and shoot at the wild elephants, as you see them pass by. If you kill any of them, come to the town, and give me notice.

He then gave me food for several days, and returned to the town.

Next morning, by break of day, I saw a prodigious troop of elephants pass near my tree. I shot several arrows among them, and at last killed one. Directly the other elephants saw their companion fall, they retired into the thickest parts of the wood, and I descended from my tree, and hastened home to inform my master of my success. He came immediately to the forest, and took the elephant's tusks and teeth to trade with. He then greatly commended my diligence, and left me plenty of excellent provisions.

I continued to kill one of these animals every day for upwards of a month, till, one morning, I perceived that instead of crossing the forest by their usual path, the elephants approached the tree where I was concealed, in such immense numbers that the ground shook beneath the tread of their feet. They all encompassed the tree where I sat, with their trunks extended, and their heads raised towards me, making at the same time a horrible noise.

At this frightful sight I shook with terror. and my bow and arrows dropped from my hand.

After the elephants had remained in this attitude for some time, the largest of them put his trunk round the root of the tree, and tore it up in a moment. I fell with the tree, but the elephant immediately picked me up with his trunk, and placed me on his back, where I sat. immoveable with fear and astonishment.

He then put himself at the head of his companions, who followed him in an immense troop, and entered the inmost recesses of the forest, till he reached a hill, entirely divested of trees, where laying me gently on the ground, he retired with the rest of the elephants. Conceive my astonishment when I rose up, and discovered that this hill was covered with the tusks and bones of these animals. I admired the sagacity of the elephants, for this, I doubted not, was the place where they deposited their dead, and shed their tusks and teeth. I concluded that they carried me to this spot on purpose, to signify that I ought to forbear persecuting them, since I did it only for the sake of their tusks. For this reason, they showed me where I might procure plenty of ivory without taking their lives.

After I had a little recovered from my surprise, I prepared to return to the town, that I might communicate my discovery to my master. I had, however, proceeded on my journey no farther than the tree which the elephants had torn up, when I perceived my master standing, and looking at it very sorrowfully: as soon as I approached, he ran to meet me, and said, — „Ah!” Sinbad, I came to bring you some provisions, and when I saw your tree overthrown, and your bow and arrows on the ground, I thought the elephants had destroyed you. Tell me by what good fortune you have escaped their fury.”

I told my master to follow me, and led him to the hill covered with ivory, where I related my adventure. He stood lost in astonishment at my story, and at the riches that lay before him. „Brother”, said he, „I give you your freedom from this hour; for I can no longer hold in slavery a person who has enriched me for life. I will besides send you to your native country, with a portion of this wealth, that you have been the means of procuring for me.”

I thanked my master for his liberal intentions, and, after I had assisted him to fill his warehouses with ivory, he loaded a ship with that valuable commodity, and presented the cargo to me, as a proof of his gratitude. We then parted, with mutual expressions of esteem, and I

sailed for my own country, and arrived safely at Bagdad, after a speedy passage.

The caliph, who had been uneasy at my long absence, condescended to express great joy at my safe return. At his request I related to him all the particulars of my last voyage, together with all my former adventures, with which he was so much surprised, that he caused my narrative to be written in letters of gold, and deposited among the archives of his kingdom.

Since this voyage I have remained in peace at home, honored with my sovereign's esteem and favour, and surrounded by affectionate friends and kindred.

When Sinbad had finished his last voyage, he said to the porter, — „Well, my friend, after all these perils and hardships, is it not reasonable that I should enjoy an easy and pleasant life?”

„My lord”, replied Hindbad, „you not only deserve a quiet life, but you are likewise worthy of all the riches you possess, since you make such a good and generous use of them. May you continue to live in happiness and joy, till the day of your death.”

Sinbad then presented him with one hundred more sequins, and told him to give up the employment of a porter, and come and dine every day at his table that he might all his life have reason to remember Sinbad the sailor.

FALSEHOOD

OR

THE THREE APPLES,

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

The caliph Haroun Alrashid one night summoned his grand vizier, Giafer, to attend him in a walk through Bagdad, that he might ascertain whether justice was properly administered to his people, and whether they were satisfied with his government.

For this purpose, Haroun and Giafer disguised themselves, and, attended by Mesrour, the favourite black slave of the caliph, they proceeded through the streets of Bagdad.

As they entered a small alley, they perceived, by the light of the moon, an old man carrying nets on his head; he had a folding basket of palm leaves on his arm, and a club in his hand.

„This old man seems very poor”, said the caliph; „let us stop and inquire into his circumstances.”

„Honest man”, said the vizier, „who art thou?”

„I am a fisherman”, replied he, „the poorest and most miserable of my trade. I have been casting my nets all day, and have not caught one fish; yet I have a wife and family depending on my daily labour for bread, who must all starve to-night.”

The caliph was touched with compassion at the poor man's wretchedness, and said to him, —

„Hast thou courage to return to the river, and cast in thy nets once more? We will give thee a hundred sequins for whatever thou shalt chance to bring up.”

Directly he heard this proposal, the fisherman, forgetting his day's toil, led the way to the Tigris, saying, that he should consider himself amply rewarded if they only gave him a hundredth part of that sum.

The fisherman threw his nets into the river, and, when he drew them again, brought up a trunk, close shut, and very heavy. Giafer immediately, by his master's orders, paid the man a hundred sequins, and sent him away. The caliph was so eager to know what the trunk contained, that he commanded Mesrour to take it on his shoulders, and they all returned to the palace with the utmost speed.

When the trunk was opened, they found in it a large basket made of palm-leaves, and carefully sewed up with red thread. They then took out of the basket a bundle, wrapped up in a piece of tapestry, and, when this was opened, they discovered to their great amazement the dead body of a young lady, fairer than ivory, cut into four quarters. It is impossible to express the surprise of the caliph at this dreadful spectacle; but his astonishment was

quickly changed into passion, and, darting an angry look at his vizier, he exclaimed: —

„Ah! thou wretch, is this thy careful inspection into the actions of my people? Do they commit such impious murders with impunity under thy government? If thou dost not immediately find the murderer of this woman, and punish him for his crime, I will cause thee and forty of thy kindred to be hanged.”

„Commander of the faithful”, replied Giafer, „I beg your majesty will grant me time to make inquiry after the murderer.”

„I will grant thee only three days”, said the caliph: „at the end of that time, produce the assassin, or thou shalt die in his place.”

Giafer returned to his house, greatly troubled in mind. „Alas!” said he, „how is it possible, that in so vast and populous a city as Bagdad, I should detect an unknown murderer, who most likely committed this crime without witnesses. Any prime minister but myself would cause some wretched person to be taken out of one of the prisons and put to death, in order to satisfy the caliph; but I will rather die than preserve my life by so base an action.”

During three days, Giafer caused the strictest search to be made throughout Bagdad for the murderer, but at the end of that time he was forced to own to his master, that the person who had killed the young lady could not be found. The caliph, full of rage, instantly ordered that Giafer and forty more of the Bermecides, his kindred, should be hanged in the great square fronting the royal palace.

This sentence filled the people of Bagdad with the utmost grief for the noble Giafer*) and his kindred. The Bermecides were universally beloved, not only in Bagdad,

*) The amiable character given in this tale of Giafer and his kindred, the Bermecides, is fully confirmed and even exceeded by history.

This story evidently alludes to that sentence which Haroun, in a fit of ungovernable fury, caused to be executed on Giafer and all his kindred. In this Arabian tale, the lives of the vizier

but throughout the whole caliphate, for their probity, bounty, and justice. When they were brought out for execution, there was nothing to be heard but sighs and lamentations from the surrounding multitude.

The lives of the most estimable people in the city were within a moment of being sacrificed, when a handsome young man, of the most prepossessing appearance, pressed through the crowd, and, approaching Giafer, kissed his hand, and said:

„Most excellent vizier, chief of the nobles of this court, and comforter of the poor, you are not guilty of the crime for which you are about to suffer: withdraw from this ignominious place, and let me expiate the death of the young lady found in the Tigris. It was I who murdered her, and I alone deserve punishment.

Before Giafer could answer, an old man of a very good mien approached, in great agitation: —

„My lord”, said he, „do not believe this young man. It was I who killed the lady that was found in the trunk. and the punishment ought to fall solely on me.”

and his noble kindred are spared, but the roll of historic records presents us with a more tragic conclusion.

Giafer was of the illustrious family of Bermec, and originally came from Persia. He was so much beloved by the caliph, and so charming in his conversation and manners, that his royal master would scarcely suffer him to be a moment out of his presence. Haroun had a favourite sister, called Abbasia, who was greatly celebrated for her wit and beauty, and for the charms of her conversation. Haroun wished much to have the pleasure of enjoying the company of this beloved sister, in the hours of relaxation, at the same time with his friend — a thing entirely contrary to the customs of the east. To obviate this difficulty, Haroun caused Giafer to marry the princess, but forbade them, under pain of death, to meet, except in his presence. Some time after, being assured that Giafer had privately entered the seraglio, and paid a visit to the princess his wife, unknown to him, he was so transported with passion, that, in the tempest of his rage, he caused the vizier to be strangled, and forty Bermecides, his kindred, to be hanged, and their habitations to be levelled to the ground. Haroun never owned that he repented of his desolating wrath, but it is said that he was never seen to smile after the death of his friend.

The young man again protested that he was the murderer, which the old man positively denied, taking all the blame on himself.

This strange controversy obliged the grand vizier to carry them both before the caliph.

„Commander of the faithful”, said Giafer, „I have brought before you two men, each of whom confesses himself to have been the sole murderer of the young lady.”

The caliph then told the prisoners to declare which of them had committed this cruel murder. The young man affirmed, that he was the only person guilty, while the old man persisted in taking the crime on himself.

„Go, Giafer”, said the caliph, „and cause them both to be hanged.”

„But if only one is guilty”, said the vizier, „it would be unjust to take the lives of both.”

At these words, the young man spoke again: „I swear, by him who has raised the heavens so high above the earth, that I am the man who killed the young lady, and threw her body into the Tigris.”

Finding that the old man made no answer to this solemn protestation, the caliph turned to him, and asked what had induced him to take on himself the blame of so foul a murder.

„Commander of believers”, said the old man, „I am advanced in years, and my days, by the course of nature, would soon be at an end; therefore I was willing to sacrifice my life to save my unhappy relative, who is more unfortunate than guilty.”

These words induced the caliph to inquire into their story, and he commanded the young man to relate the circumstances which led him to commit this crime.

„Commander of the faithful”, said the young man, „I must first inform your majesty, that the murdered lady was my wife, and this old man her father, who is likewise my uncle. I was left an orphan from a very early age, but my good uncle educated me with the affection of a father, and when I grew up, gave me this unfortunate

lady, his only daughter, in marriage. I must do her the justice to say, that she was chaste, affectionate, and good-tempered, and never gave me the least cause of offence in her life. We became the parents of three beautiful boys, and were exceedingly happy, till a fatal error caused me to commit this dreadful crime.

„About two months ago, my wife was attacked with a painful indisposition. During her illness I took the greatest care of her, and spared no expense to complete her cure: but the aid of medicine was in vain, and she still continued in a languishing state.

„„Cousin””, said she one day (for so she used to call me in a familiar manner), „I have had for some time the greatest wish to eat some apples: I think if you could procure a few for me, I should get well directly I tasted them.’

„I went out immediately to purchase some apples, but, the season being over, I could not get one, though I searched all the markets and shops in Bagdad, and offered for them a sequin a-piece. I returned home much grieved at my ill success, and my wife; when she saw I had brought her no apples, was so uneasy that she could not sleep all night.

— „In the morning I renewed my search, but in vain; at last, I met with an old gardener, who told me, that it was useless seeking for apples in Bagdad at that season of the year, but perhaps I might find some in your majesty’s garden at Balsora.

„As I loved my wife too tenderly to neglect any thing that might restore her health, I immediately set out for Balsora, and travelled with such expedition, that I returned at the end of fifteen days with three beautiful apples, being all that were left in your majesty’s garden, which the gardener gave me, in consideration of a present I made him.

„My wife received them with pleasure, as tokens of my great affection; but her wish for eating apples was entirely over; so, without tasting them, she laid them down by her on the sofa.

„Some days after, as I was sitting in my shop at the bazaar, I saw an ugly black slave pass by with an apple in his hand, which I immediately knew to be one of those I had brought from Balsora, for I was well aware there were none to be had in Bagdad, or its neighbourhood. I called to the slave and asked him where he got that fine apple.”

„It is a present from a lady who loves me”, answered he, smiling, „I went to visit her to-day, and found her indisposed. I saw three apples on the sofa by her, and she gave me one, saying that the good man, her husband, had made a journey to Balsora on purpose to fetch them for her, and that they had cost him a sequin each. We then had a collation together, and I brought away the apple you see.’

„This discourse drove me almost out of my senses. I ran home, and, entering my wife’s apartment, looked immediately for the apples, and, seeing only two, I asked what was become of the third. My wife, turning her head to the place where the apples were, and, seeing one was gone, replied coldly — „Cousin, I don’t know where it is.’

„On receiving this answer, I verily believed the tale of the black slave to be true, and, being beside myself with jealousy, I drew my poniard, and killed my unfortunate wife at a blow; I then packed her body in the trunk, and, when night came, sunk it in the Tigris.

„At my return, I found my eldest boy sitting on the threshold and weeping bitterly; I asked him the reason of his tears. „Father’, said he, „I took from my mother this morning, without her knowledge, one of those apples you brought her from Balsora. As I was playing at the door with my little brothers, a black slave that went by snatched the apple out of my hand; I ran after him, demanding it back, and told him it belonged to my mother, who was very sick, and that you made a journey to Balsora on purpose to fetch her three apples, which had cost you a great deal of money; but all I said was to no purpose, for the wicked slave would not give me the apple again. As I still followed him crying, he turned round and beat

me, and then ran away so fast that I could not overtake him; I followed him till I lost my way; and it was dark before I found our street again. I have since been sitting here waiting your return, to pray you, dear father, not to tell my mother, lest it should make her worse.'

„These words of my innocent child pierced me to the very soul, for I now repented, too late, of having believed the calumnies of a vile slave, who had evidently invented his tale from what he had heard of my son.

„My uncle, here present, came just at that time to see his daughter, but instead of finding her alive, heard from me that she was no more. I did not attempt to conceal any thing from him, but, without staying for his censure, owned myself the greatest criminal in the world.

„Upon this, instead of reproaching me, he joined his tears with mine, and we wept three days together without intermission; he for the loss of a daughter whom he had always loved tenderly, and I for the death of a dear wife, of whom I had deprived myself, by giving too easy credit to the words of a lying slave.

„This, commander of the faithful, is my sincere confession. You have now heard all the circumstances of my crime, and I beg you immediately to order my due punishment: however severe it may be, I shall not complain."

The caliph was lost in astonishment at the young man's singular story; but, considering that he was much to be pitied, he thought proper to pardon him.

„This wicked slave", said he, „is the sole cause of the murder, and he alone ought to be punished. Therefore", said the caliph to his grand vizier, „I give you, Giafer, three days to bring him to justice, and, if you fail to discover him in that time, you shall suffer death in his place."

This new order of the caliph was a terrible blow to the unfortunate Giafer, who thought that he had been out of danger. He durst not remonstrate with the caliph on this unreasonable sentence, for he knew too well the hasty temper of that prince. He returned to his home, where he spent three days in arranging his affairs, and taking

leave of his family, who all bewailed bitterly the cruelty of the caliph.

Giafer was so fully convinced of the impossibility of finding out the guilty slave, that he never gave himself any trouble to discover him, but prepared for death, with the courage that became a brave man and an upright minister. On the third day, a party of the royal guards arrived, to bring the vizier before the caliph's throne. Giafer prepared to obey, but, as he was bidding a last farewell to his afflicted family, his youngest daughter, a little child, was presented to him by her nurses to receive his blessing.

As he had a particular love for this child, he prayed the guards to give him leave to stop a moment, and, taking his little girl in his arms, he kissed her tenderly several times: as he clasped her to his breast, he perceived she had something in her bosom that was very bulky. „My sweet little one”, said Giafer, „what hast thou in thy bosom?”

„My dear father”, replied the child, „it is an apple, upon which is written the name of our lord and master, the caliph. Our black slave, Rihaan, sold it me for two sequins.”

At the words, *apple* and *slave*, Giafer made an exclamation of joy and surprise, and, taking the apple out of his daughter's bosom, called hastily for the black slave. When he came, „Tell me instantly”, said the vizier, „from whence you got this apple.”

„My lord”, replied the slave, „I protest I neither stole it from your house, nor out of the caliph's garden: I took it the other day from a little boy who was playing at a door with two or three children. The boy ran after me, saying, that the apple belonged to his mother, who was sick, and that his father had made a long journey, only to get three apples for her, of which this was one. I did not give it back, but carried it home, where I sold it to the little lady your daughter, for two sequins.

Giafer was amazed to think, that the roguery of a slave should have deprived an innocent lady of her life, and almost been the cause of his own death. He carried

the slave with him before the caliph, and gave him an account of the singular chance which occasioned the detection of his crime.

The caliph immediately condemned the slave to death, and he suffered justly, for inventing a wicked calumny of an innocent person.

This tale is an instance of the wide-spreading mischief of falsehood. An untruth is always a great evil, and, even when spoken in jest, often occasions the most fatal consequences.

H O N E S T Y I

OR

THE PIECE OF GOLD.

If, among the benefits which we confer, some produce only ingratitude and forgetfulness, yet others yield the most delightful enjoyment, and give birth to neverfailing associations of unmixed pleasure.

Harriet, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, named Murval, was sitting, one fine summer's evening, at a bow-window of her father's mansion, with several young companions: and while various parties were engaged at cards in the drawingroom, they were diverting themselves with watching two little natives of Auvergne, who were performing the dance of their country to the sound of the bagpipe, whose harsh tones were in perfect accordance with the grotesque movements and shrill voices of the two mountaineers.

Harriet, who laughed heartily at the sight of their contortions, was amusing herself with her young friends, when one of the boys came up to the balcony, and, holding out his hat, asked for charity for the little Auvergnese.

Harriet who had no money about her, turned from the window, and, going up to her father, who was playing

at cards, asked him for a trifle, to give to two poor mountaineers. Mr. Murval gave his daughter several pieces of money, which she wrapped in a slip of paper, and threw to the youthful dancer; who still holding his tattered hat, said to the young people, „God will reward you!” So saying, he put the paper into his pocket, together with what had been thrown to him from other windows, and disappeared with his companion, who had continued playing the bagpipe.

The following morning, at breakfast, Harriet described to her father the comical dance of the two Auvergnese, and deplored the fate of these poor children, who, at so early an age, were separated from their parents, and removed about two hundred leagues from their native village, to endure the greatest hardships, and all the inclemencies of the season; and, what is perhaps even more painful, to be witnesses to the pomp and ostentation of the wealthy.

Mr. Murval endeavoured to improve these just observations of his daughter, by shewing her how thankful we ought to be for the favours of fortune, and the advantages of a careful education; and how unworthy we prove of the blessings which Providence bestows on us, if we refuse to assist the unfortunate, who are deprived of these gifts.

While the father was yet conversing with his daughter on this interesting subject, a servant came in to say, that two little Auvergnese desired to speak with the young lady.

„If they should turn out to be those two who amused me so much yesterday!” exclaimed Harriet. „What can they want with me?”

„Tell them to come in”, said Mr. Murval. The servant immediately brought in the two little mountaineers, who fearful of leaving the marks of their feet on the carpet, had put off their shoes in the hall, and advanced barefooted. „They are the same!” cried Harriet, when she perceived them. „What do you want?” said Mr. Murval. The boys were some time before they could summon courage to answer, and looked at each other as if doubting which should begin. The elder, at last, taking from

his bosom a little purse filled with dirty copper, said, „Excuse me, my good Sir, that I venture to appear before you; but in the little packet, which the young lady threw to us yesterday, I found this piece of gold which could certainly not have been intended for us, and which we therefore take the liberty of bringing you back. Here it is.” So saying, he timidly placed ‘a louisd’or on the edge of the table.

„But what could make you suppose that it was I, rather than any other person, who threw you this money?”

„Oh! I am sure it was you!” replied the younger, who had not yet ventured to speak. „I well remember the little packet, which you threw into my hat.”

„The money is yours; nothing can be more certain”, added the elder; „take it back, I beg you!”

„I see”, replied Mr. Murval, „that I must have given it to my daughter by mistake. Yes, I will take back this louis, but it shall be to recompense your honesty and encourage your probity. Take it”, continued he, returning it to the eldest; „I give it you with all my heart, and hope it may profit you.”

„You are only joking!” said the little Auvergnese.

„I am not joking, I assure you. Take this piece of money.” — „And I”, said Harriet, „to shew you that I love to recompense and encourage such good qualities, will double the sum, and I wish that you should each possess your little treasure.” So saying, she took a louis out of her purse, and gave it to the youngest. The two children, looking at each other, catching each others thoughts, as it were by sympathy, threw themselves at the feet of Mr. Murval and his daughter, and offered up a prayer for their benefactors.

„But this”, said Harriet, „is on condition that they sing us one of their little songs, and give us the national dance of their country.”

„Oh that we will with pleasure!” cried the elder, jumping up; and, in an instant, they were tumbling, grimacing, gesticulating, and shewing off all their droll attitudes, till they made Mr. Murval and his daughter

laugh heartily. When their performance was finished, Mr. Murval gave orders that they should have a good breakfast; and, on their taking leave, Harriet told them she hoped they would turn their two louis to good account. She likewise gave them permission, whenever they should pass near the house, to come in, assuring them that they should always find a meal. The little Auvergneuse retired highly delighted; and repeated, in the kitchen, where they were well regaled, all the tricks they had performed before Mr. Murval.

Days and months passed on, without any tidings of the little mountaineers. Mr. Murval and his daughter were quite unable to account for their disappearance. Harriet thought they had probably squandered away their money, and were therefore afraid to shew themselves.

„No no”, replied Mr. Murval, „the Auvergneuse are too saving; they do not so easily spend what they have amassed; it is their greatest happiness to forward it to their own country, where money is scarce; they either remit it to their friends, or, by laying it out in the purchase of a patch of ground, increase their little store.”

Both Mr. Murval and his daughter were wrong in their surmises respecting the use the boys had made of their little treasure. Two louis at one time! They had never before been so rich; and their ambition was instantly fired. From the state of humble dancers, they resolved to elevate themselves to the rank of needlesellers: they purchased at the manufactories, and then sold their needles about the villages. Their little trade prospered so much, that in a short time, they were able to add to their stock the lace of Alençon, and cottons and handkerchiefs of Rouen; and as our two young merchants extended their connection, they were seen, at the end of two years, each carrying on his back a bundle of merchandise, which they now ventured to dispose of at the fairs, and in the smaller towns. They were soon generally known for their civility, and, above all, for their honesty; and every one spoke well of James and William, by which names they were called. In every hamlet on the road, in every inn, they established

a reputation, which contributed not a little to their prosperity. At length, when they had attained their sixteenth year, they were rich enough, on passing through their own country, to purchase a fine mule of Auvergne, on which they deposited their bales of merchandise; and now our young and active mountaineers traversed the whole of France on foot; extending their trade, and making themselves beloved wherever they went.

Several years passed before they came to Paris. Harriet Murval had, in the mean time, married a gentleman, who possessed considerable landed property near Falaise, in Normandy. In the month of September, the celebrated fair of Guibray is always held there, and is resorted to not only by the merchants of France, but also by persons from many parts of Europe.

James and William, who had lately begun to deal in Lyons silks, came to dispose of them at this fair, where they displayed the richest silks, and the most elegant ribbons. Mr. Murval had come, with his family, to be present at this fair; and stopped with his daughter before the shop of the young merchants. On seeing him, they instantly whispered one to the other: „It is he! Harriet bought to the value of two louis, which she took from her purse, and offered to the two young men, who had displayed their goods with a marked degree of attention and civility. But one of them, fixing his eyes on her intently, said, with emphasis: „Madam, we are paid already.” — „What did you say?” exclaimed Harriet: „did my father pay you, without my observing it?”

„I?” cried Mr. Murval. „I have not paid them a sou!”

„My brother is right”, replied the other merchant, with emotion. „Yes, Sir, we are paid! And if you should take the whole of our stock and even our magazine we should still be your debtors.” These words excited the surprise of Murval and his daughter, who did not know to what they should attribute this strange adventure; when James and William threw themselves at their feet, and, resuming the accent of their native country, cried, „Do not

you remember the two poor little Auvergnese, whom you so generously assisted?"

„What! are these my two little mountaineers?" cried Harriet, sharing her father's surprise. „How they have grown! You may read in their countenances their happiness and integrity! How much altered too, is their language!"

„Oh", replied James, „this is the result of our intercourse with the world; and we have been a little polished, during the ten years that we have traversed France."

„You remember, Madam", said William, „that when you gave me the louis, you said, with the greatest kindness, ‚I hope you may turn it to good account.' Yes, madam, your gift has prospered, even beyond your desires: all our undertakings have succeeded, till we have advanced to our present station. This rich shop is but a small part of what we possess: our credit is immense, and our commerce is extended over the whole of France."

„Come", exclaimed James, „into our shop: it is your work: it belongs to you! When you gave us the two louis, the source of our fortune, you, at the same time, gave us the finest breakfast we had ever tasted: condescend then to dine with us in our shop; and we will relate our numerous adventures, and exhibit, once more before the lady the dance and songs of our country, which made her laugh so heartily that morning."

„Yes", exclaimed Harriet, „we accept it with pleasure. Never shall I have partaken of so delicious a repast! Oh how I congratulate myself, on having encouraged such noble virtues! And how delighted I am to see my two little Auvergnese once more!"

They entered the splendid warehouse of James and William, where an elegant dinner was soon served up, enlivened by demonstrations of the sincerest joy and gratitude.

After dinner, they repeated the dance of Auvergne, accompanied with songs, in which they expressed their happiness at the presence of their benefactors. While they were thus giving themselves up to happiness, a dreadful cry of „Fire!" was heard in the fair of Guibray. They

instantly ran out, and saw the flames issuing out of the shop of one of the richest Lyonnese merchants. Anxious to save a portion of his immense property, he rushed into the back of the warehouse, while his two daughters, who had accompanied him to Guibray, were in the greatest terror for the fate of their father, and filled the air with their cries. James and William sprang into the midst of the flames, and, in a few moments returned, amid the acclamations of the bystanders, carrying the merchant in their arms, while he loudly extolled them as his benefactors. The fire being extinguished, they proposed to Mr. Blondel, which was the name of the silk merchant, to have his goods removed into their magazine, and to establish himself there, during the remainder of the fair. He accepted their offer; and, followed by Angelica and Louisa, his two daughters, entered the magazine of James and William, who informed them, that, to avoid giving them any inconvenience, they would take up their night's lodging at the neighbouring hotel, and enjoy their society during the day. Mr. Blondel, in accepting these proposals, made with so much delicate attention, told them, that, though this accident would not injure his fortune, it would nevertheless put him to the temporary inconvenience of not being able to fulfil the engagements, into which he had entered against the fair, and, for the first time in his life, he saw himself obliged to delay his payments.

„Delay your payments!" cried James: „you, Mr. Blondel! No we will never suffer that one of the first merchants of Lyons should in the least compromise that credit which he has acquired by fifty years' industry. In offering you a part of our warehouse, we offer you, at the same time, a share in our purse."

„Yes", rejoined William, „all your demands shall be answered; and you can repay us whenever you think proper. It is now five years since we first presented ourselves before you at Lyons, each with a bundle on his back. You trusted us with your merchandise; you assisted us with your name. To-day it is our turn; and it is a duty which we are happy and proud to fulfil.

This unexpected offer of James and William filled the merchant with joy and affectionate regard. Angelica and Louisa were likewise unable to conceal their emotion.

Mr. Murval, who, during this scene, had kept silence, secretly congratulated himself that he had, by a single louis, brought forward in society two such excellent and amiable persons. After spending with them the remainder of the day, he left them, making them promise that, as soon as the fair of Guibrai should be over, they would all spend a few days at the château of his son-in-law.

For several days afterwards, Mr. Blondel was occupied in arranging his goods, and paying the bills and letters of exchange, which were presented, with the funds of James and William. When the fair of Guibrai was over, they all repaired to the château, where they were received with marked attention. Mr. Blondel did not cease to extol James and William, who had just advanced him three thousand pounds, to enable him to fulfil his engagements, „I wish”, said he, „to make their generosity known every where: and, as they have contributed to preserve my honour, I hope to augment their credit and reputation.” — „No!” replied Angelica, with the liveliest gratitude, „I shall never forget what Messrs. James and William have done for us; and however great my father's return, he can never repay their kindness!”

„Yes, there is one way”, replied Mr. Murval.

„What is that?” exclaimed Mr. Blondel.

„By bestowing upon them the hands of your amiable daughters”, returned Mr. Murval.

„Alas!” said William, „the distance between us is too great, to allow us to aspire to an alliance with ladies, whose rank and fortune entitle them to a higher station!”

„Of what distance do you speak?” asked Mr. Blondel: „you are merchants, as well as myself. In time, your fortune may equal or even surpass mine. You have what I prize above every thing, a benevolent heart, spotless integrity, and a zeal for business. If my daughters think as I do, they will make you happy!”

Angelica and Louisa blushed, and looked down; while William, with his usual frankness, exclaimed: „We have not yet had time to fall in love, and make a choice! But we will certainly take you at your word, and shall not be afraid to become your sons-in-law, if we could hope to obtain from your amiable daughters the indulgence of which my brother and myself stand so greatly in need!”

„As for me”, said James, „I had almost begun to fear that, in saving Mr. Blondel, I had lost my own peace of mind. The few days, which we have spent in the society of these ladies, have inspired feelings, to which I had hitherto been a stranger, and if I ever lamented the want of a polished exterior and a finished education, it is at this moment.”

„What is a polished exterior in comparison with what you have just done for us?” said Angelica.

„The benefactor of our father! What other title do they require as a claim upon our regard?” added Louisa.

The formal consent of Angelica and Louisa completed the happiness of James and William, who, turning to Mr. Murval and his daughter, exclaimed: „Oh! our worthy friends, enjoy the happiness you have created! This additional joy is entirely your doing! And, you, whom we may now call father”, turning to Mr. Blondel, „you also we thank for having given us the privilege of offering you our assistance!”

The good old man was so affected, that he was unable to reply to this expression of their gratitude. Joy beamed on every countenance; and Mr. Murval, as well as Harriet, requested that this double alliance should be celebrated at the château.

In a few days, the necessary documents were signed; and the happiness of James and Angelica, William and Louisa was confirmed. Never was their perfect union interrupted by the least uneasiness, nor was their peace clouded, even by the most trivial misfortune.

They became the first merchants in France; but neither their successes nor their riches could ever make them forget

the kindness of Mr. Murval and his daughter, who did not cease to repeat that even the little good we are enabled to do, is not always unattended by a happy result.

HONESTY II,

OR

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

BY MRS. MARKHAM.

A Scottish gentleman of the name of Farquhar went, a few summers ago, to a town on the north coast of France, with the intention of passing some weeks there. The morning after his arrival, he went to a banker's to get his English money changed for French. He afterwards took a walk about the town, and visited the quays and the pier, and then strolled on the sand. After walking about for some time, he went into a shop, and, putting his hand into his pocket to pay for some trifling article, found that he had lost his purse. It contained all the money he had with him, and he knew that, if he could not recover it, he should be reduced to a very uncomfortable embarrassment before he could receive any remittances from Edinburgh. He attempted to retrace his steps, in the forlorn hope that he should see it lying on the ground. But after fatiguing himself for some time in vain, he returned to his hotel in a very disconsolate mood; and made his disaster known to the landlord. The landlord advised him to lose no time in stating the circumstance to the *préfet*, the chief magistrate, or a sort of mayor, of the town. The *préfet* received Mr. Farquhar with the politeness which a Frenchman always shows to a stranger, and promised to render him every assistance in his power; and he immediately dispatched officers of police to make enquiries in all parts of the town, and also to observe if any poor person was seen to spend any considerable or

unusual sum of money. He then desired Mr. Farquhar to come again the next day, when he should be informed of the result of these enquiries. Mr. F. then went back to the inn to his dinner, for which the reflection, that he had no present means of paying for it, somewhat spoiled his appetite.

We must here leave him at his melancholy meal, and go to a little cabin by the sea-side, inhabited by Pierre Leroux, a poor fisherman. We shall find nobody at home but Katrine his wife, if, indeed, we can call her at home, when her thoughts were absent with her husband and her two fine boys, who had gone out early in the morning to fish, and whose lengthened absence was beginning to fill her with apprehension. „Ah, my poor Pierre”, said she to herself, „how he risks his life day after day in that old boat! Surely something must have happened. If he had but a better boat, I should not mind so much; but this is such a worn out, leaky thing. Oh! if we had but money to buy another, or, at least, to get this mended. But the children, poor things, must be fed, though ever so poorly, and the boys must have jackets, and all the money we can spare goes to mending the nets which are getting old and bad. Oh dear! — a fisherman's life is a dreadful life, particularly with an old leaky boat!”

Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of her daughter Janneton, a little half-clad, barefooted girl, of about eight years old, whose tattered habiliments were set off, according to the fashion of her country and station, with a snow-white cap, and a pair of long dangling gold earrings. „Oh, mother, dear mother!” exclaimed the child, „look, see what I've got”, and she held out a crimson silk purse, apparently well filled. „How didst thou come by this?” said the mother; „surely thou didst not steal it.” „O, no”, answered the child, „I should be sorry to do such a wicked thing as that: I found it. Just now, as I was clambering up the cliff to see if father's boat was coming, I happened to see something fine and red lying on the sands, just by the great stone that is made into a seat. So with a hop, and two jumps, down I came,

and here it is. Ah, what a pretty purse it is! — and so full!”

Katrine had by this time emptied it of its contents, and counted forty-nine gold Napoleons, a coin smaller than an English sovereign, and in value sixteen shillings and eight pence of our money, and fifteen or sixteen francs. The franc is a silver coin resembling one shilling but worth only ten pence. There were a few English half-crowns and shillings besides; and these, and the appearance of the purse, which was certainly any thing rather than French, indicated it to have belonged to some English person.

Katrine, who had never before seen so much money together, could scarcely believe her eyes, and counted it over a dozen times to be quite sure she was not dreaming. She was a good honest creature in her own way, and would not have absolutely stolen any thing on any account. But the close connection between stealing and finding she did not understand. It never occurred to her that the money was not become her own lawful possession, and she accordingly began to dispose of it in imagination for the supply of the manifold wants of the family. The first thing, and the most necessary, was a new boat; then fine new clothes for herself and children; then a bed, then a table, then a picture of St. Nicholas with a gilt frame, a gridiron, a cow, and, at last, a better and a larger house. Her busy fancy ran over all the things she wanted, and whatever it was possible to want. The money seemed to her inexhaustible, and in ten minutes she had spent it ten times over.

In the midst of these pleasant cogitations, Pierre and his sons returned, wet, tired, cold, and hungry, and the father out of spirits, at the bad success he had. „Never mind a few fish”, said his wife; „I have something here that’s worth all the fish you’ll catch in a twelvemonth. Look what I’ve got!” At the sight of the purse, Pierre looked both astonished and alarmed. „How did you come by it?” said he.

„It’s honestly come by, I promise you”, said Katrine;

„Janneton picked it up on the sands; somebody dropped, it, I suppose”. „And what do you mean to do with it?” replied her husband.

„Do with it! — why, buy what we want with it, to be sure. Thou shalt have half the money to get thee a new boat; and I'll keep the rest to buy some new clothes, and whatever else we want: I've promised Janneton a new petticoat ever since last new year's day, but never could get the money for it: but now the poor little one shall have her petticoat, and a fine scarlet one too.” „Katrine, said Pierre, with earnestness, „this money is not ours. We have no business to meddle with it.” „Not ours!” replied Katrine; whose is it then?”

Pierre. It is the owner's, the person's who has lost it.

Katrine. But we don't know who that is.

Pierre. We must endeavour to find him out. If we keep it, we are no better than thieves.

Katrine. I should be sorry to be a thief; but surely there can be no harm in keeping what we find.

Pierre. If I had lost my nets or fishing tackle, would any man who found them have a right to keep them for his own, without trying to find out to whom they belonged?

Katrine. Oh, no; but then you are only a fisherman; and it would be shocking to take any thing away that belonged to a poor man like you. But this purse must belong to some rich person, some English *milord*, perhaps, who, I dare say, can afford to lose it; and that, you know, makes a great difference.

Pierre. It may make a difference as regards him, but makes none as regards us. Our fault would be just the same.

Katrine now shifted her battery. She represented to her husband the deplorable state of his boat, and that he was risking his own life, and his children's, every time he ventured to sea in it. Poor Pierre sighed. She spread the money on the table. Pierre looked at it, then at his children, who were with famished appetites devouring their coarse and scanty supper. He felt his resolution give way: the stout arguments with which he had strengthened it

seemed weak by the side of the powerful temptation. His wife saw him waver, and proceeded: — „How can you be so foolish as to refuse this God-send, which has doubtless been thrown in our way by the blessed Virgin, or some of the holy saints, in pity to our poverty?”

At the name of God, Pierre started from the reverie into which he had fallen, and fresh courage came into his heart. „No”, said he, „God and the saints never send us temptations to do wrong. When temptations do come, they come from another quarter. So, if you love me, dear Katrine, put the money out of my sight, and say no more about it. Katrine obeyed the first part of her husband's entreaty, and deposited the purse in a chest. But as to the second part, she found that impossible. Pierre complained of being tired, and went to bed; but little sleep could he get; and in his dreams, first the purse, then his old boat as full of fish as it could hold, flitted by turns across his fancy, and he awoke early, uneasy and unrefreshed, „I'll bear this no longer”, said he; „while this vile purse stays in the house, what between my wife and my dreams, I shall have no peace night or day.” So saying, or rather thinking, for he uttered not a word, lest he should awaken his wife, he took the purse out of the chest, and, silently stealing out of the cabin, bent his steps towards the préfet's house, with the intention of delivering it up to him, and leaving it to him to find the right owner.

When he reached the préfet's, he found it was so early that none of the family were up. So he determined to wait in the street till the préfet should be stirring. Here, alone, and with the purse in his hand, temptation again assailed him. „Who knows”, thought he, „but that my not being able to see his worship may be a sign from Heaven that I am to keep this money?” The more he thought of it, the more plausible this reasoning seemed. „Ah”, said he at last, „this will never do. I must not wait idle here. I must go and set about some employment, or there is no knowing how this may end.” Saying this, he walked down to the quay where his boat was lying,

and began to busy himself with preparing his nets and his baits. But his nets were out of repair, and his tackle defective, and, in short, all things seemed to be wrong; and the state of his worn out bark pressed more heavily than ever on his spirits.

„Ah”, thought he, „if only half this money were mine, how rich I should be! I would put my boat in thorough repair: I would get some new nets; and then I should not go out day after day, as I do, and come back empty, all for want of better tackle. Now, if I only took two Napoleons, that would do me a world of good. The owner may perhaps not miss them; the préfet does not know what's in the purse: nobody would be the wiser, or much the worse, and I should be so much the better. „But”, said he, recovering himself, — „I shall know all about it, though the préfet may not. And can I expect that the prayers I offer up for a safe and lucky voyage will ever be granted, if I have any thing that is not honestly got in my boat? No; I must then expect her to founder in the first squall. His honour the préfet must be up by this time; so I'll e'en go and get rid of this plaguy purse, before I am tempted by it any more.”

He found the préfet just risen, and sitting giving audience in his robe de chambre, and his hair *en papillotes*. Pierre was admitted without ceremony, and gave the préfet the history of the purse, without omitting a single circumstance, not even his own struggles with the temptation. The préfet immediately recognized the purse by the description Mr. Farquhar had given of it. He counted the money, and found that it tallied with that gentleman's statement, and that not a piece was missing. „You are an honest fellow, Pierre”, said the préfet, „and deserve something for your good conduct. Tell me, should I discover the owner of all this money, what reward you will expect.”

„Nay, please your honour”, said the fisherman, „I want no reward, not I. I am too glad to be rid of it; for I really think that, if we had kept it any longer in the house, I and my poor Katrine, who never quarrelled yet,

would have quarrelled about it, or perhaps have spent the money, which would have been worse."

With a lightened heart Pierre tripped back to the quay, singing as he went, „*Quand je danse, chère maman*", etc. etc. When he got there, he found his nets not so bad as he had thought: his tackle was in serviceable condition, and even the old boat appeared less battered than before, and every thing belonging to him wore a better and more cheering aspect. Were *they* really changed? No; but he was changed himself. He was at ease in his mind: he had obtained a great victory, and had preserved his integrity unspotted.

While all these things had been passing, poor Katrine had remained at home in a state of great anxiety. She had missed the purse, and had imagined that her arguments had conquered Pierre's scruples, and that he was gone to buy the much desired new boat, and some presents for herself and the children; and her fancy revelled amongst all the variety of things he would probably purchase and bring home with him. At last she began to be surprised, at his long absence. Next she became alarmed, fancying all sorts of terrific uncertainties. Perhaps he had been found with the purse in his possession, and had been taken up for the robbery. She was getting more and more uneasy, when she was startled by the entrance of a gentleman, evidently a foreigner. Mr. Farquhar had attended at the préfet's at the appointed hour, and there received, to his no little joy, his lost purse. He there received also, and was much touched by, the account of the honest fisherman's conduct, and determined to lose no time in finding him out. He was but an indifferent Frenchman, and had some difficulty in expressing himself. Katrine, however, comprehended that he was the owner of the purse, and supposed that he was come to claim it.

Her agitation became extreme. „Ah", thought she, „Pierre was in the right. If there was no harm in keeping the purse, I should not now feel so guilty or so ashamed". Most glad would she have been could she have restored it; and she was beginning to stammer out her excuse, and

utter a few confused words, when the tide of her thoughts was suddenly turned by seeing Mr. Farquhar take out the identical purse from his pocket. „Oh, thank God”, said she, „then you have got it!” She felt a load removed from her heart. At this moment Pierre entered, leading the little Janneton by the hand. „Are you Pierre Leroux?” said Mr. Farquhar. The fisherman having replied in the affirmative: „Then you are a very honest fellow, and I am come to reward you for finding my purse.

„I beg your pardon, sir”, said Pierre. „I had nothing to do with it. This little girl found it.”

„Then I must reward her”, answered Mr. Farquhar. „Here, my little girl, is a gold Napoleon which I give you because you are a good child, and as soon as you found my purse, brought it home to your mother to take care of it.”

Janneton skipped about, as happy as a young mountain kid; and after showing her gold coin in turn to her father, mother, and brothers, and having kissed it herself several times, she ran out of the house to show an old dame next door what a fine beautiful thing the „brave milord” had given her.

„Now”, said Mr. Farquhar, „having paid what is just to the child who found the purse, I must give what is due to the man who restored it. I cannot conveniently give you the whole of its contents, but the half I willingly offer you.” And so saying, he put twenty-five of the Napoleons into Pierre’s hand. Take it”, continued he, „and may you receive it with as much satisfaction as I feel in bestowing it.”

Pierre tried to speak, but tears and surprise choked his utterance. All he could say was, „Oh, sir, I don’t deserve it; you are too good; I did nothing; it is too much.” As for Katrine her joy was more loquacious. She almost stunned Mr. Farquhar with the vehemence of her gratitude, and he was glad to make his escape from the cabin. When he was gone, Pierre took his wife’s hand, and said, „Ah Katrine, shall we not enjoy this money, which we may call our own, more than we could have enjoyed the whole if we had wrongfully kept it?” Do my

young friends wish to hear how Pierre prospered afterwards? — The anecdote of the purse was soon made known to all the English families in the place, and Pierre's fish was always the first for which enquiry was made in the market. He bought a new boat, the best built boat in the port. He grew rich for his condition in life, and removed his family to a comfortable house. His children grew up honest and good, and he daily instructed them never to part from their integrity, the poor man's rich inheritance: and, in short, the old English proverb, „Honesty is the best policy”, was proved by the example of Pierre Leroux to hold good in France as well as in England.

FALSEHOOD.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

An honest tradesman, who had lived several years a widower in a sea-port town, earning with difficulty a scanty subsistence for himself and an only son, died in very indifferent circumstances, leaving this son almost destitute. His distress induced Mr. Stephens, a respectable merchant, who had known the father, to receive the orphan into his house. He gave young Williams — this was the orphan's name — an excellent education, by which the boy benefited so much, that he gained the friendship of his benefactor, who took him into his counting-house, and gradually entrusted him with the entire management of his commercial affairs.

Williams had for several years rendered the most essential services to Mr. Stephens, when the latter availed himself of an opportunity that offered to reward them. He was guardian to a young lady, the presumptive heiress of an uncle, whom fame reported to have amassed great wealth in India. Her hopes of a brilliant fortune

had just begun to be a little less sanguine, on account of the length of time which had elapsed since she had last heard from her East-Indian relation; when she at length received a letter from Bengal, by which her uncle informed her, that, being in the decline of life, he wished for the company of his niece; but, if her youth and the delicacy of her sex disinclined her to the voyage, he requested a trustworthy person to be sent to him, that he might regulate with him every thing respecting the fortune, which he intended to leave her. Emily had scarcely attained her fifteenth year; Mr. Stephens thought her much too young to be exposed to the inconveniences and dangers of a long voyage; he preferred giving full powers, in her name, to a confidential person, and selected his clerk, Williams, for this office. The latter accepted the commission with pleasure. Independently of the great advantages held out by Emily's uncle, he was glad to visit India, the cradle of mankind, or at least, of civilization. He remained two years at Calcutta, where he gained the friendship of Emily's old uncle to such a degree, that the latter would not suffer him to think of returning to England. But his death having happened some time after, Williams was very much surprised, when he found that the old man had assigned him a rather moderate sum for his expenses back to Europe, and commissioned him to take his sealed will and all his property, converted into bills of exchange, to his niece. Though seriously disappointed, Williams did not grumble at his fate. His prudent economy and the valuable presents which he had occasionally received of the rich East-Indian gentleman, had enabled him to amass a little property, with which he felt satisfied. He had no sooner settled all necessary business, than he embarked for England, where he arrived safely with his treasures. These he deposited in the hands of the guardian of Emily, whose accomplishments now equalled her beauty.

A few lines written by the testator on the outside of the will, directed that it should be read in the presence of a magistrate and of Emily and her guardian, by Williams himself. The prescribed formalities having been

attended to, Williams opened the paper, and seeing the tremulous handwriting of an old man, who, for more than two successive years had treated him with parental affection, began to read it slowly with considerable emotion. Emily was appointed sole heiress of her uncle's ample fortune, on a condition, however, which startled Williams. He found himself unable to proceed, placed the will in the hands of Emily's guardian, and hastily quitted the room, articulating a few indistinct sounds in his retreat. This condition was, that Emily should marry Williams; and, if she felt any objection to a marriage, which the testator had much at heart, she was to cede to Williams one third of her inheritance. Emily did not hesitate to comply with her uncle's wishes; she cheerfully gave her hand to Williams, who had already gained her heart, and they were soon married.

By this marriage, Williams became at once the richest man of his native place. He gratefully remembered how much he was indebted to Mr. Stephens; but the latter would not consent to accept any substantial marks of his gratitude; only, on his death-bed, he recommended his son, Anthony, to Williams, who felt delighted at having it in his power to acknowledge by his kindest attentions to the child, the great benefits which had been conferred upon him by the parent. He had little Anthony Stephens educated in his house, along with his own son Edward, who was nearly of the same age. He insisted upon it, that no difference should be made between the two boys: but mothers rarely have sufficient strength of mind to attend to such directions, though it be their honest intention to comply with them.

Emily at first took particular care not to show any visible preference to her son Edward; but her maternal jealousy was gradually aroused; every one found young Anthony more amiable than her child; and every body was right. Blinded by her excessive affection, she spoiled Edward completely, by disguising his faults and palliating his vices. The mischief, which he did from malice, she regarded as innocent tricks; and the most wicked of his

actions were in her eyes mere youthful frolics. On the contrary, the more her severity towards young Anthony increased, the more did he avoid giving any offence; and the contrast between the two boys soon became so striking, that, one day, Mr. Williams, in a fit of bad humour, bluntly declared, that he would readily exchange his own offspring for his adopted child. These words, uttered in anger, and without giving them the latitude of their import, wounded the heart of Emily, and betrayed her into an unworthy treatment of her husband's little favourite. Mr. Williams, however, remained ignorant of it, because Anthony bore her unjust harshness with patient silence.

A great many vices arise from bad habits contracted in youth, which a little attention on the part of parents and teachers might easily correct. But that which requires the most constant and careful watching is, the fatal habit of deviating from truth. Like a gnawing worm, it destroys at length the seeds of every virtue. A liar is the scourge of society; he is feared by his friends, despised by strangers, and avoided by all like a pestiferous being. Mr. Williams had strenuously combatted this vicious inclination of his son, the moment he saw him addicted to it. Edward yielded to his fatal propensity, sometimes from a false shame which prompted him to excuse a fault, and sometimes from childishness, or to appear witty. His father, at first, made him ashamed of himself, every time he caught him telling an untruth; but was at length forced to have recourse to stronger measures, and constantly held up Anthony to him as a pattern of veracity. Mr. Williams frequently observed, that every false assertion has consequences more or less serious. The smallest deviation from truth, he would add, may be attended with the most calamitous train of evils, though they may escape our limited sight. Besides, to go from truth, is to be wanting in respect to one's self. Be always respectable in your own eyes; be generous, honest, loyal; in one word, be worthy of the name of *man*, and you never can have any motive to have recourse to vile untruth: you will rather glory in making your thoughts known. To neglect this paternal

advice is to draw upon you contempt, disgrace, and misfortune.

Had it not been for the weak complaisance of his mother, who generally had some excuses ready for him, Edward might perhaps have listened to his father's wholesome lectures. But, in Emily's opinion, the falsehoods told by her son, were either jokes, which convulsed her with laughter, witticisms calculated to convey the highest idea of his natural abilities, or mere childish tricks, not worth mentioning, as they did not betray any malicious design. In this respect, she might be right. Edward, at bottom, was not wicked; but his vicious inclination to deviate from truth was not the less reprehensible and dangerous. Proud of his mother's protection, he thought his father over particular; and the more he was afraid of his severe admonitions, the more he felt impelled to deceive him. Hence, far from mending, he addicted himself so much the more to his favourite vice, as his proficiency in dissembling was rapidly increasing.

One day, playing with Anthony in the yard, Edward threw a ball with so much violence and awkwardness against a window of the drawingroom, that it shattered some panes of glass and broke a cup of fine china, which his mother valued particularly as a remembrance of a deceased friend. Mrs. Williams was extremely angry; she inquired who had done it, but obtained no answer. „I insist upon knowing it”, said she to her son — „Speak” — „It was Anthony”, replied Edward at last, in an under voice. This was the first time he perceived that the habit of deviating from truth makes us resort to falsehood as the readiest means of getting out of a scrape. „Well!” exclaimed Mrs. Williams to poor Anthony Stephens, „you shall pay for it, let but the coachman return!” Once before, on another occasion, Emily had the young man punished by the coachman in a manner more degrading than painful, and Anthony had determined within himself not to submit to such a punishment a second time. He no sooner heard this dreadful menace, than he left the house; contenting himself with casting a look of indignation upon his companion.

Edward, stung by remorse, felt very uneasy all the evening; and, as Anthony did not make his appearance at supper, Mr. Williams inquired what was the reason. „The young fellow probably chooses to stay in his room”, said Mrs. Williams; „he has again played me one of his tricks”. She then related the fright he had given her, and lamented the loss of the precious china cup which he had broken; adding, that he very likely expected to be punished; but taking good care not to mention that she had threatened him with a punishment to be inflicted by the coachman. Mr. Williams, finding that Anthony’s offence was not a very heinous one, interceded with Emily in behalf of his protégé, and gave a different turn to their conversation. He then went quietly to bed, under the idea that Anthony had retired to rest long before him. But Anthony had not returned home; and Edward, tortured by his conscience, went, the next morning, to confess the truth to his mother. She was greatly surprised; but, instead of reproving her son, she recommended him not to say any thing of it to his father, who would be very angry.

Mr. Williams, uneasy about Anthony’s protracted absence, sent round to all his friends, and caused inquiries to be made for him on the high road and in the neighbouring villages; he even inserted advertisements in the newspapers, to induce the young man to return, or to request that he might be well used wherever he should be discovered. But all his inquiries proved fruitless. The youth was no where to be heard of! Edward, who was sincerely attached to the companion of his childhood, was much affected by an event, for which he upbraided himself; but which was soon obliterated from his memory. The only benefit he derived from the loss of his friend was the resolution which he took never to allow himself to tell a falsehood in future, whenever such a falsehood might be prejudicial to any one; as if it were possible clearly to foresee all the consequences of an untruth.

A few years after, Edward, one day, went to a celebrated fair, at some distance from his native place. In his ride thither, he took a wrong turn in a cross road;

but, having met an honest peasant, who set him right again, he safely reached the place, where he was much amused. He purchased a variety of trifles; gave them away to strangers, who laughed at him; and lost the rest of his money at a billiard-table. In the evening, when he rode home rather in an angry mood, he met, on the same cross road, where he had lost his way in the morning, a gentleman on horseback, who asked him which was the road to B., the town where the fair had been held. Edward directed the traveller designedly to the contrary road; and, when he fairly saw him take that direction, he said to himself: „Let him lose half an hour, as I did in the morning; it is his turn;” and felt delighted with having misled the stranger, who seemed rather in a hurry to get to the fair.

Although repeatedly warned by his father against the dangerous practice of idling his time away at a billiard-table, which generally leads to the pernicious habit of gambling, Edward yet frequently stole to a billiard-room; and having, one evening, played with more than his ordinary luck, he won a pretty round sum, which was paid to him in a bank-note. Mr. Williams, seeing by chance this note in the hands of his son, took it up to examine it, and asked him where he had got it. Edward, afraid of owning that he had gambled, answered carelessly: „I received it at our neighbour's, the banker's.” — „Let me have it”, said his father; and he gave him the amount in cash, without informing him why he was so anxious to have the note. There had been bad notes in circulation for some time: and as they had not yet been traced, Mr. Williams thought he was performing the duty of a good citizen by apprising the magistrates that a bad bank-note had been paid by his neighbour T—, the banker, whose rapidly increasing fortune seemed to justify some suspicion. The magistrates immediately issued a search-warrant; the house of the banker was searched, and no false notes were found; his books having been carefully examined, it was evidently seen that he owed his wealth to fortunate speculations and to constant success in an extensive busi-

ness, which he conducted with the greatest integrity. Mr. Williams expressed a heartfelt regret at having caused so much unnecessary trouble to a worthy man, and owned that the circumstance of his son having been paid a forged note at his house had awakened his suspicions. Mr. T., the banker, protested that he never paid such a note to young Williams, who must have been mistaken, or must have badly explained himself. Edward was immediately sent for. He confessed that he had thoughtlessly named the banker, without having the least idea that what he considered an insignificant subterfuge could possibly lead to any bad consequences. „No untruth is insignificant”, replied his justly irritated father; „and it will be fortunate indeed if your falsehood have no worse consequences than your own disgrace.”

His words were but too true! The banker's wife had been so affected by having her house searched, that her agitation threw her into a violent fever, of which she died in a few days, leaving an affectionate husband a mourning widower with five motherless children. Edward's heart was rent with sorrow; tears of bitter repentance and extreme anguish bedewed his cheeks; he solemnly vowed that truth should henceforth be held inviolably sacred by him; and that he never would, on any occasion, be it ever so trifling, allow himself the smallest deviation from it. „Alas!” exclaimed his father, deeply grieved, „it is a tardy conviction, gained at the expense of the heavy misfortunes you have caused; and even now I cannot yet perfectly trust you; but if you have any virtuous sentiment left, if you be my son, the appalling vision of this injured mother whom you have sent to an early grave, will haunt your couch and pursue you through life; and the sight of her afflicted children will for ever torture your heart.” Edward was indeed distracted with grief; a settled melancholy preyed upon his mind. He had just begun to pay his addresses to a very amiable young lady, the daughter of an opulent shipowner; but love cannot reside in a heart stung by remorse. He broke off the connection, and for a long period of time shunned all company.

At length, he became a little more cheerful; and, one day, asked his father for his consent to his marriage with the daughter of a respectable man, who, he was sure, enjoyed his esteem. Mr. Williams knew that his son no longer visited at the shipowner's house; he was therefore startled at his request; but when he heard that Edward meant the daughter of Mr. T. the banker, a young lady who was neither handsome nor much accomplished, he easily guessed the motive by which he was impelled; and, affectionately taking his hand, gladly consented to the match, and loudly approved of his son's feelings.

Edward instantly proceeded to the house of his neighbour, the banker, who received him with visible surprise. „I come”, said he, „to implore your forgiveness, and to repair, as far as I am able, the harm which I inadvertently did you.” — „Repair your wrong!” replied Mr. T. with a bitter sneer; „how is that to be done?” Edward made his proposal; at which the banker's stern countenance relaxed into a smile. The only son of the rich Mr. Williams was indeed an excellent match for his daughter. The offer of Edward, who, excepting his former propensity to deviate from truth, was not of an unamiable disposition, was readily accepted. After a short courtship, the marriage was solemnized: and Edward regained a sort of tranquillity by laying the flattering unction to his heart, that he had now gallantly repaired the involuntary mischief he had caused. But it was not long before he perceived that the fatal effects of an untruth often are irreparable. Mr. T. was, no doubt, pleased with the marriage of his daughter; yet he could not forget her mother by whose economy and wise counsels he had gradually risen from comparative poverty to a certain degree of affluence; he pined away in silent grief, and died, after the lapse of a few years, leaving the younger branches of his family uneducated. Edward, it is true, took care of their education; but he never could look at those orphan children without shuddering at the recollection that it was he who wantonly and unthinkingly inflicted the wound which doomed both their parents to an untimely death.

Young Mrs. Williams was inconsolable at the loss of her father. To divert her grief, Edward made frequent excursions with her to the surrounding country. He, one day, took her to the fair at B. where he had been, several years before, when his mind was very differently disposed. On their arriving at the cross-road, where he had purposely given a wrong direction to a traveller, Edward for the first time upbraided himself with that untruth; and he was on the point of relating the circumstance to his afflicted consort, but a sense of shame restrained his avowal.

After having visited the fair, and been much amused with the crowds of idle spectators, and numerous buyers and sellers, and the variety of shops and stalls exhibiting wares of all kinds, more or less tastefully displayed, they dined with the company at the best inn, where some ingenious trifles were handed about for sale by the waiters, in behalf of a few itinerant chapmen in whose success they felt interested. Among others, they offered several pretty paper baskets. Edward examined them with particular attention; they reminded him of Anthony Stephens, the companion of his childhood, who was very clever in Papyroplastics, and generally devoted part of the long winter evenings to modelling in paper, in which he displayed uncommon ingenuity. — „Who makes these baskets?” asked Edward of one of the waiters. — „The man who is standing yonder, near the door”, was the reply; „he is a young sailor, and lost both legs in battle.” And on turning his eyes towards the door, Edward instantly recognized his long lost friend Anthony. He ran to him, and, to the great astonishment of the young invalid and of the spectators, he affectionately closed him in his arms, But Anthony’s surprise soon subsided. Edward’s features were too deeply engrained in his memory; he no sooner recognised him, than he pushed him back with horror. Edward’s joy, however, was so unfeigned: his regrets at the injury he had done him appeared so sincere; he lamented the wrongs which he had inflicted, and their calamitous consequences, with so much energy and ap-

parent truth; that Anthony was at length softened, and consented to follow Edward into a private room, where he related the history of his misfortunes. „It is but short”, said Anthony: „when the abominable falsehood, which you told of me to your mother, drove me from your excellent father’s house, I wandered for some days in the neighbourhood of the town. Want at last forced me to enter a King’s ship. I have fought in three engagements, and you see”, pointing to his wooden legs, „how I have bled for my country in the last battle! Edward felt his heart oppressed with grief at this recital. „I will repair my wrongs, as much as I can”, said he with tears in his eyes. Anthony once more pointed to his wooden legs. „Stay with me”, continued Edward; „be my brother, as formerly, and share all I have.” The poor invalid, trusting to his sincerity, accepted his offers: but Edward, though firmly resolved to make him as comfortable as possible, could not restore his lost limbs.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Williams employed an hour or two before their departure in seeing the principal curiosities of the town. There was, among others, an excellent infirmary, which they visited. They went through the different wards, of which they praised the cleanliness and arrangement, and left in each some tokens of their beneficence. They then proceeded to that wing of the hospital where poor blind children were instructed in different manual occupations; and, in returning from thence, through another court, Mrs. Williams perceived in a room, the door of which was left half opened, a handsome female, with dishevelled hair, which she carefully braided in plaits, but undoing it as fast as she had braided it, to begin braiding anew. Struck with her beauty and her apparent distressed situation, Edward inquired who that person was. „She is mad”, was the answer. Mrs. Williams frightened beyond measure, pulled her husband back, in order to hasten from this scene of distress. Their conductor assured them they had nothing to fear; that the poor maniac had indeed been subject to fits of violent rage; but that she was grown as gentle as

a child, since she had a friend near her. „And who is that individual?” asked Edward, „Walk in”, replied the conductor, „and you will hear a tale of woe as lamentable as it is interesting. „They beheld, in a corner, a man of a pale countenance, with hollow staring eyes looking down to the ground. „Is he also mad?” said Edward, in a low voice, to the keeper. „Oh! no. He is only deeply distressed. He stays here merely to wait upon her, who is less unfortunate, since she is ignorant of her deplorable situation.” Mrs. Williams, less afraid than at first, ventured to approach the beautiful sufferer, and gently inquired what she was doing? The maniac answered, with a painful smile: „I am dressing myself, to receive my friend; he is to arrive this day.” This answer stimulated Mrs. Williams curiosity. She anxiously wished to know more about the unfortunate female; and the keeper said that the gentleman who attended upon her readily told her misfortunes to persons who showed some interest in her sad fate. Edward, therefore, went up to him, and requested him to gratify the pardonable curiosity of Mrs. Williams, who was moved to tears by their sorrows. The stranger looked sternly at him; but he could not resist the sympathy which shone through Mrs. William’s tears.

„My father”, he said, was a manufacturer of this place. He lost my mother soon after I was born; and, being still in the prime of life, he determined to contract a second marriage. He paid his addresses to an interesting young person, whose affections he had the good fortune to gain. But she was under the guardianship of an old uncle, who having taken a dislike to my father, on account of some trifling altercation on commercial affairs, refused his consent. For more than twelve months, they tried every possible means of subduing his opposition; but in vain. Yet, as the period was fast approaching when the young lady, on coming of age. was to be relieved from the guardianship of her morose and revengeful relation, the lovers desisted from any farther attempts to soften the old man, and patiently waited for

the blissful moment which was to confirm the union of their hearts by the connubial tie. But before that ardently expected day arrived, the uncle disappeared with his niece, and my father never could discover whither they went, or what road they had taken. He undertook several journeys, and set many inquiries on foot, through his numerous correspondents without ever gaining the most distant intelligence of the fugitives. A short time before their departure, my father had taken under his roof a very young female child, named Eliza, who was brought up with me, and whom I used to call my little sister. As we grew up together, my father appeared to love us both with equal affection. At fifteen years of age, he placed me in the counting-house of a great merchant in the nearest seaport town. I had been there several years, when an express brought me word that my father had suddenly been seized with a dangerous illness, and wished me to hasten to him, because he had matters of the utmost importance to reveal to me before his death. I immediately set off on horseback, and rode with the utmost speed; but, as I had never been home during my clerkship, and had been taken to the seaport town in a close carriage with my father, I was unacquainted with the road. I therefore stopped at a cross-way, uncertain which turn to take, when a young gentleman came up, on horseback; I asked him which was the right road to my native town; and the wretch, though he came from the very place, which I was anxious to reach, sent me in an opposite direction.

At these words, Edward turned pale. „When did this happen?” said he, dreadfully agitated; „how many years ago?” — „Five”, replied the stranger; „it was on the day of the fair, from which the young gentleman was probably returning. I followed the road, into which he directed me, for the length of five or six miles, without making any farther inquiry; but coming, at length, to a turnpike gate, I asked at what distance I was from my native town, and was informed that I had taken the wrong road. I turned about, but my horse began to be fatigued,

and it was near midnight before I reached my father's house. Alas! it was too late. My father had just expired, with my name hovering on his lips. After having paid the last honours to his mortal remains, I diligently examined his papers, but I could not discover any vestige of the secret, which he had thought of so much importance for me to know. I found his affairs in the most perfect order; and supposing that it might be some private wrong, which he had wished me to repair, distributed copious alms to the poor.

„Eliza, in the mean time, had grown a very accomplished and interesting young person. She was much attached to me. We had always lived in harmony. I therefore resolved to marry her; fondly thinking that by so doing I was perhaps fulfilling the wish of my deceased parent. Eliza had the same thought. But a few days before our hands were to be joined in wedlock, a letter from a town in North America overturned our intended happiness at one blow. It was written by the lady to whom my father had paid his addresses after the death of my mother, and who had been forcibly taken to America by her uncle. My father had actually married her privately during her minority, and Eliza was the offspring of their clandestine marriage. Her mother wrote, that, after having been confined for several years in the most inaccessible parts of Louisiana, where her uncle vainly attempted to marry her to a rich planter, this revengeful relation had just died, and that, being thus at length restored to liberty, she ardently wished to return to Europe, to spend the remainder of her days in the society of a beloved husband and a darling child. This child, Eliza, the legitimate offspring of my father, and my own sister, had been on the point of becoming my consort! Our projected union, of course, did not take place. I had strength of mind to yield to this dreadful necessity; but poor Eliza was overpowered by it. Despair, superadded to the reproaches of a timorous conscience, for having been so near committing a great crime, though unconsciously, deprived her of reason; she fell into violent fits

of madness, which ceased only whenever I was with her. Yet she no longer knew me, and has not recognised me since; and as my presence alone is able to calm her agitated spirits, I have determined to share this abode of misery with her. It is the only good I can do her; and I will do it until it please the Almighty to recall one or the other from this vale of tears. Her mother is expected soon; what a scene of distress her arrival will cause! May the inhuman wretch, who wantonly plunged us into this abyss of sorrow, witness the horrors which he has inflicted." On hearing these words, Edward staggered a few steps backwards, and fell senseless to the ground. When he recovered, he found himself in a bed at the inn; but his wandering looks distinguished none of the individuals who approached him. Towards night, he became delirious. His wife and Anthony did not leave him for a moment. It was long before his fever abated. For several weeks, he fluctuated between life and death. At length, his youth and the strength of his constitution prevailed; his health returned gradually; but peace and tranquillity were for ever banished from his heart.

CHANCE

OR

THE STORY OF COGIA HASSAN ALHABBAL.

The Ropemaker of Bagdad told his story to the Caliph Haroun Alrashid in the following manner: „Commander of the faithful", said he: „that your majesty may the better understand by what means I arrived at the happiness I now enjoy, I ought to begin by stating, that there are two intimate friends, citizens of Bagdad, now alive, who can testify the truth of what I shall tell you, and to whom, after God, the author of all good, I owe my prosperity.

These two friends are called, the one Saadi, the other Saad. Saadi, who is very rich, was always of opinion, that no man could be happy in this world without great riches, to live independent of every one.

Saad was of another opinion; he agreed that riches were necessary in life, but maintained that the happiness of a man's life consisted in virtue, without any farther dependence on worldly goods than as far as these were necessary in life, and to do good withal.

Saad himself is one of this number, and lives very happily and contended in his station; and though Saadi is infinitely more rich, their friendship is very sincere, and the richer sets no more value on himself than the other. They never had any other dispute but on this point; in all other things their union has been very strict.

One day as they were talking upon this subject, as I have since been informed by them both, Saadi affirmed that poverty proceeded from men's being born poor, or spending their fortunes in luxury and debauchery, or from some of those unforeseen fatalities which are not extraordinary. My opinion, said he, is that most people's poverty is owing to their wanting at first a sufficient sum of money to raise them above want, by employing their industry to improve it: for, said he, if they once had such a sum, and made a right use of it, they would not only live well, but infallibly grow rich in time.

Saad could not come into his sentiments. The way, said he, which you propose, to make a poor man rich, is not so certain as you imagine. Your plan is very hazardous, and I can bring many good arguments against your opinions, but that they will carry us too far. I believe, with as much probability, that a poor man may become rich by other means, as well as by money: and there are people who have raised as great and surprising fortunes by mere chance, as others have done by money, with all their good economy and managements to increase it, by the best conducted trade.

Saad, replied Saadi, I see we shall not come to any determination by my persisting in opposing my opinion

against yours. I will make an experiment to convince you, by giving, for example, a sum of money to some artisan, whose ancestors from father to son have always been poor, and lived only from day to day, and died as arrant beggars as they were born. If I have not the success I expect, you shall try if you will have better by the means you shall use.

Some days after this dispute, these two friends happened to walk out together, and pass through the street where I was at work in my stall, at my trade of rope-making, which I learnt of my father, who learnt it of his, and he of his ancestors; and by my dress and equipage it was no hard matter for them to guess at my poverty.

Saadi, remembering Saadi's engagement, said, If you have not forgot what you said to me, there is a man, pointing to me, whom I can remember a long time working at his trade of rope-making, and in the same poverty: he is a worthy subject for your liberality, and a proper person for you to make your experiment upon. — I remember it so well, replied Saadi, that I have ever since carried a sufficient sum about me to do it, but only waited for an opportunity of our being together, that you might be witness of the fact. Let us go to him, and know if he is really necessitous.

The two friends came to me, and I, seeing that they had a mind to speak to me, left off work. They both accosted me with the common salutation, and Saadi wishing me peace, asked me my name.

I returned their salutation, and answered Saadi's question, saying to him, Sir, my name is Hassan; but by reason of my trade, I am commonly known by the name of Hassan Alhabbal, or the ropemaker.

Hassan, replied Saadi, as there is no trade but what a man may live by, I doubt not but yours produces enough for you to live well; and I am amazed, that the long time you have worked at your trade, you have not saved enough to lay in a good stock of hemp, to extend your manufacture and employ more hands, by the profit of whose work you would soon increase your income.

Sir, replied I, you will be no longer amazed I have not saved money, and taken the way you mention to become rich, when you come to know, that let me work as hard as I can from morning till night, I can hardly get enough to keep my family in bread and pulse. I have a wife and five children, of whom not one is old enough to be of the least assistance to me: I must keep them and clothe them, and in our poor way of living, they still want a thousand necessaries, which they cannot do without. And though hemp is not very dear, I must have money to buy it. This is the first thing I do with any money I receive for my work; otherwise if I should neglect to do so, I and my family must starve.

Now judge, sir, added I, if it is possible that I should save any thing for myself and family: it is enough that we are content with the little God sends us, and that we have not the knowledge nor desire of what we want, but can live as we have been always bred up, and are not reduced to beg.

When I had given Saadi this account, he said to me, Hassan, I am not so much surprised as I was, and I comprehend what obliges you to be content in your station. But if I should make you a present of a purse of two hundred pieces of gold, would not you make a good use of it? and do not you believe, that with such a sum you could soon become as rich as the principal of your profession?

Sir, replied I, you seem to be so good a gentleman, that I am persuaded you would not banter me, but that the offer you make me is serious; and I dare say, without presuming too much upon myself, that a much less sum would be sufficient to make me not only as rich as the principal of our profession, but that in time I should be richer than all of them in this city together, though Bagdad is so large and populous.

The generous Saadi shewed me immediately that in what he said he was serious. He pulled a purse out of his bosom, and putting it into my hands, said: Here, take this purse; you will find it contains two hundred

pieces of gold: I pray God bless you with them, and give you grace to make the good use of them I desire; and believe me, my friend Saad, whom you see here, and I, shall take great pleasure in finding they may contribute towards making you more happy than you now are.

Commander of the faithful, when I had got the purse, the first thing I did was to put it into my bosom; but the transport of my joy was so great, and I was so much penetrated with gratitude, that my speech failed me, and I could give my benefactor no other tokens of my gratitude, than to catch hold of the hem of his garment and kiss it; but he drew it from me; and he and his friend pursued their walk.

As soon as they were gone, I returned to my work again, and my first thought was, what I should do with my purse to keep it safe. I had in my poor house neither box nor cupboard to lock it up in, nor any other place where I could be sure it would not be discovered, if I hid it.

In this perplexity, as I had been used, like many poor people of my sort, to put the little money I had in the folds of my turban, I left my work, and went into the house, under pretence of wrapping my turban up anew. And I took such precautions that neither my wife nor children saw what I was doing. But first I laid aside ten pieces of gold for present necessities, and wrapt the rest up in the folds of the linen, which went about my cap.

The principal expense I was at that day was to lay in a good stock of hemp, and afterwards, as my family had eaten no flesh meat for a long time, I went to the shambles, and bought some for supper.

As I was carrying the meat I had bought home in my hand, a famished kite flew upon me, and would have taken away my meat, if I had not held it very fast; but, alas! I had better parted with it than lost my money; the faster I held my meat, the more the bird struggled to get it, pulling me sometimes to one side, and sometimes to another; but would not quit the prize; till unfortunately, by my efforts, my turban fell on the ground.

The kite immediately let go his hold, and seizing on my turban before I could pick it up, flew away with it. I cried out so loud, that I frightened all the men, women, and children in the neighbourhood, who joined their shouts and cries to make the kite quit his hold; for by that means voracious birds of this sort are often forced to quit their prey. But our cries did not frighten this kite, he carried off my turban, and we soon lost sight of him before he dropt it, and it would have been in vain for me to fatigue myself with running after him.

I went home very melancholy at the loss of my turban and money. I was obliged to buy a new turban, which diminished the small remainder of the ten pieces; for I laid out a deal in hemp. The little that was left was not sufficient to give me reason to gratify the great hopes I had conceived.

But what troubled me most was the little satisfaction I should be able to give my benefactor for his ill-placed generosity, when he should come to hear what a misfortune I had met with, which he would perhaps look upon as incredible, and consequently hold to be an idle excuse.

While the remainder of the ten pieces lasted, my little family and I lived the better for it; but I soon relapsed into the same poverty, and the same inability to extricate myself from wretchedness. However, I never murmured nor repined. God, said I, was pleased to give me riches when I least expected them; he has thought fit to take them from me again almost at the same time, because it so pleased him, and they were at his disposal; yet I will praise his name for all the benefits I have received, as it was his good pleasure, and submit myself, as I have ever done hitherto, to his will.

These were my sentiments, while my wife, from whom I could not keep secret the loss I had sustained, was inconsolable. In my trouble I had told my neighbours, that when I lost my turban, I lost a hundred and ninety pieces of gold; but as they knew my poverty, and could not comprehend how I should have got so great a sum by my work, they only laughed at me.

About six months after this my misfortune, which I have related to your majesty, as the two friends were walking through that part of the town where I lived, the neighbourhood put Saad in mind of me. We are now, said he to Saadi, not far from the street where Hassan Alhabbal lives; let us call and see what use he has made of the two hundred pieces of gold you gave him, and whether they have enabled him to take any steps towards bettering his fortune.

With all my heart, replied Saadi; I have been thinking of him some days, and it will be a great pleasure and satisfaction to me to have you with me, as a witness of the proof of my proposition. You will see a great alteration. I expect we shall hardly know him again.

Just as Saadi said this, these two friends turned the corner of the street, and Saad, who perceived me first at a distance, said to his friend, I believe you reckon without your host. I see Hassan Alhabbal, but can discern no change in his person, for he is as ill-dressed as when we saw him before; the only difference that I can perceive is, his turban looks something better. Observe him yourself, and see whether I am in the wrong.

As they drew nigher to me, Saadi saw me too, and found Saad was in the right, but could not tell to what he should attribute the little alteration he saw in my person; and was so much amazed, that he could not speak when he came up to me. Well, Hassan, said Saad, we do not ask you how affairs go since we saw you last; without doubt they are in a better train.

Gentlemen, replied I, addressing myself to them both, I have the great mortification to tell you, that your desires, wishes, and hopes, as well as mine, have not had the success you had reason to expect, and I promised myself; you will scarce believe the extraordinary adventure that has befallen me. I assure you, nevertheless, on the word of an honest man, that it is a fact, and you ought to believe me, for nothing is more true than what I am going to tell you. Then I related to them my adventures, with

the same circumstances I had the honour to tell your majesty.

Saadi rejected my discourse, and said, Hassan, you joke with me, and would deceive me; for what you say is a thing incredible. What have kites to do with turbans? they only search for something to satisfy their hunger. You have done as all such sort of people as you, generally do: if they have made any extraordinary gain, or any good fortune happens to them, which they never expected, they throw aside their work, take their pleasure, and make merry, while the money lasts; and when they have eaten and drunk it all out, are reduced to the same necessity and want as before. You would not be so miserable, but because you deserve it, and render yourself unworthy of any good action done to you.

Sir, replied I, I bear all these reproaches, and am ready to bear as many more, if they were more severe, and all with the more patience, because I do not think I deserve them. The thing is so publicly known in this part of the town, that there is nobody but can satisfy you as to the truth of it. If you enquire you will find that I do not impose upon you. I own, I never heard talk of kites flying away with turbans; but this has actually happened to me, as a great many other things, which do not occur every day, and yet have actually happened.

Saad took my part, and told Saadi a great many as surprising stories of kites, some of which he affirmed he knew to be true, insomuch that at last he pulled his purse out of his bosom, and counted out two hundred pieces of gold into my hand, which I put into my bosom for want of a purse.

When Saadi had told me out that sum, he said to me, Hassan, I make you a present of these two hundred pieces; but take care to put them in a safer place, that you may not lose them so unfortunately as you lost the others, and employ them in such a manner that they may procure you the advantages that the others would have done. I told him that the obligation of this, his second kindness, was much greater than I deserved, after what had

happened, and that I should be sure to make good use of his advice. I would have said a great deal more, but he did not give me time, but went away, and continued his walk with his friend.

As soon as they were gone, I left off work, and went home, and finding neither my wife nor children within, I pulled out my money, put ten pieces by, and wrapt up the rest in a clean linen cloth, tying it fast with a knot: but then I was to consider where I should hide this linen cloth, that it might be safe. After I had considered some time, I bethought me of laying it at the bottom of a great earthen vessel full of bran, standing in a corner, which I imagined neither my wife nor children would look into. My wife came home soon after, and as I had but very little hemp in the house, I told her I should go out to buy some, without saying any thing to her about the two friends.

While I was out, a sandman, who sells scouring sand, which women use in the baths, passed through our street, and called, Sand, ho! My wife, who wanted some, called him: but as she had no money, she asked him, if he would make an exchange of some sand for some bran. The sandman asked to see the bran. My wife shewed him the pot; the bargain was made! she had the scouring sand, with which she filled a lean-to which I had made to the house, and the sandman took the pot and bran along with him.

Not long after, I came home, loaded with as much hemp as I could carry, and followed by five porters loaded also with the same. After I had satisfied them for their trouble, I sat down to rest myself; and looking about me, could not see the pot of bran.

It is impossible for me to express to your majesty my surprise, and the effect it had on me at the moment. I asked my wife hastily, what was become of it: and she told me the bargain she had made with the sandman, which she thought to be a very good one.

Ah! unfortunate woman! cried I, you know not the injury you have done me, yourself, and our children, by

making that bargain, which has ruined us quite. You thought only of selling the bran, but with the bran you have enriched the sandman with a hundred and ninety pieces of gold, which Saadi with his friend came and made me a second present of.

My wife was like one stark mad, when she knew what a fault she had committed through ignorance. She cried, beat her breast, and tore her hair and clothes. Unhappy wretch that I am, cried she, am I fit to live after so horrid a mistake? Where shall I find this sandman? I know him not; I never saw him in our street before. Oh! husband, added she, you were very much in the wrong to be so reserved in a matter of such importance! this had never happened, if you had communicated the secret to me. In short, I should never make an end of my story, if I were to tell your majesty what her grief made her say. You are not ignorant how eloquent women often are in their afflictions.

Wife, said I, moderate your grief; by your weeping and howling you will alarm all the neighbourhood, and there is no reason they should be informed of our misfortunes. They will only laugh at us, instead of pitying us. We had best bear our loss patiently, and submit ourselves to the will of God, and bless him, for that out of two hundred pieces of gold which he had given us, he has taken back but one hundred and ninety, and left us ten, which, by the use I shall make of them, will be a great relief to us.

My wife at first did not relish all these my arguments; but as time softens the greatest misfortunes, and makes them more supportable, she at last grew easy, and had almost forgotten them. It is true, said I to her, we live but poorly; but what have the rich that we have not? Do not we breathe the same air, enjoy the same light and the same warmth of the sun? Therefore, what conveniences have they more than we, that we should envy their happiness? They die as well as we. In short, while we live in the fear of God, as we should always do, the advantage

they have over us is so very inconsiderable, that we ought not to regard it.

I will not tire your majesty any longer with my moral reflections. My wife and I comforted ourselves, and I pursued my trade with as much alacrity as before these two mortifying losses, which followed one another so quickly. The only thing that troubled me sometimes was, how I should look Saadi in the face when he should come and ask me how much I had improved his two hundred pieces of gold, and advanced my fortune by means of his liberality. I saw no remedy but to resolve to submit to the confusion I should feel, though it was by no fault of mine, this time, any more than before, that this misfortune had happened.

The two friends staid away longer this time than the former, though Saad had often spoken to Saadi, about calling, but he always put it off; for, said he, the longer we stay away, the richer Hassan will be, and I shall have the greater satisfaction.

Saad, who had not the same opinion of the effect of his friend's generosity, made answer: You fancy then that your present will have been turned to a better account this time than before. I would advise you not to flatter yourself too much, for fear you should be more sensibly mortified if it should prove otherwise. — Why, replied Saadi, kites do not fly away with turbans every day; and Hassan will be more cautious this time.

I do not doubt of it, replied Saad; but, added he, there are other accidents that neither you nor I can think of; therefore, I say again, moderate your joy, and do not depend too much on Hassan's good success; for to tell you what I think, and what I always thought (whether you like to hear it or not), I have a secret misgiving, that you will not have succeeded, and that I shall succeed better than you in proving that a poor man may sooner become rich by any other means than by money.

In short, one day, when Saad and Saadi were together, and were disputing upon this subject, Saad observed that enough had been said: I am resolved, said he, to

inform myself this very day, of what has passed; it is time for walking; let us not lose it, but go see which of us has lost the wager. I saw them at a distance, was terribly concerned, and was just going to leave my work, and to run and hide myself. However, I appeared very earnest at work, behaved as if I had not seen them, and never lifted up my eyes till they were close to me and had saluted me, and then I could not help it. I hung down my head, and told them my last misfortune, with all the circumstances, and that I was as poor as when they first saw me.

After that, I added, you may say that I ought to have hid money in another place than in a pot of bran, which was carried out of my house that same day: but that pot had stood there many years, and had never been removed, whenever my wife parted with the bran. Could I guess that a sandman should come by that very day, and my wife would have no money, and would make such an exchange? You may indeed allege, that I ought to have told my wife of it; but I will never believe that such prudent persons, as I am persuaded you are, would have given me that advice; and if I had put my money any where else, what certainty could I have that it would be more safe?

I see, sir, said I, addressing myself to Saadi, that it has pleased God, whose ways are secret and impenetrable, that I should not be enriched by your liberality, but that I must be poor; however, the obligation is the same as if it had wrought the desired effect.

After these words, I was silent; and Saadi replied, Though I would persuade myself, Hassan, that all you tell us is true, and not owing to your debauchery or ill management, yet I must not be extravagant, and ruin myself for the sake of an experiment. I do not regret in the least the four hundred pieces of gold I gave you to raise you in the world. I did it with respect to God, without expecting any recompense but the pleasure of doing good. If any thing makes me repent, it is that I did not address myself to another, who might have made a better use of

my charity. Then turning about to his friend: Saad, continued he, you may know by what I have said that I do not entirely give up the cause. You may now make your experiment, and let me see, that there are ways, besides giving money, to make a poor man's fortune in the way we both mean. Let Hassan be the man. I dare say, whatever you give him he will not be richer than he was with four hundred pieces of gold. Saad had a piece of lead in his hand, which he shewed Saadi. You saw me, said he, take up this piece of lead, which I found on the ground; I will give it to Hassan, and you shall see what it is worth.

Saadi burst out a laughing at Saad. What is that bit of lead worth? said he; a farthing? What can Hassan do with that? Saad presented it to me, and said, Take it, Hassan; let Saadi laugh; you will tell us some news of the good luck it has brought one time or another. I thought Saad was in jest, and had a mind to divert himself; however I put the lead in my pocket, and thanked him. The two friends pursued their walk, and I fell to work again.

At night when I pulled off my clothes to go to bed, the piece of lead, which I had never thought of from the time he gave it me, tumbled out of my pocket. I took it up, and laid it on the first place that was nearest me. The same night it happened that a fisherman, a neighbour, mending his nets, found a piece of lead wanting; and it being too late to buy any, since the shops were shut, and he must either fish that night, or his family go without bread the next day, he called his wife, and bid her inquire among the neighbours for a piece. She went from door to door on both sides of the street, but could not get any, and came back again to tell her husband so. He asked her if she had been to several of their neighbours, naming them, and among the rest Hassan Alhabbal's house. No indeed, said the wife, I have not been there; that was too far off, and if I had gone, do you think I should have found any? I know by experience they never have any thing when one wants it. — No matter, said the fisher-

man; you are an idle hussy: you must go there; for though you have been there a hundred times before, without getting any thing, you may chance to get what we want now. You must go.

The fisherman's wife went out grumbling and growling, came and knocked at my door, and waked me out of a sound sleep. I asked her what she wanted. Hassan Alhabbal, said she, as loud as she could bawl, my husband wants a bit of lead to mend his nets with; and if you have a piece, desires you to give it him.

The piece of lead which Saad had given me was so fresh in my memory, and had so lately dropt out of my clothes, that I could not forget it. I told my neighbour I had some; and if she would stay a moment, my wife should give her what she wanted. Accordingly, my wife, who was wakened by the noise as well as myself, got up, and groping about where I directed her, found the lead, opened the door, and gave it to the fisherman's wife, who was so overjoyed, that she promised my wife, that for the kindness she did her and her husband, she would answer for him, we should have the first cast of the nets.

The fisherman was so much rejoiced to see the lead, which he so little expected, that he very much approved his wife's promise. He finished mending his nets, and went a fishing two hours before day, according to custom. At the first throw, he caught but one fish, about a yard long, and proportionable in thickness; and afterwards had a great many successful casts; but of all the fish he took, none came up in size equal to the first.

When the fisherman had done fishing, he went home, where his first care was to think of me. I was extremely surprised, when at my work, to see him come to me with a large fish in his hand. Neighbour, said he, my wife promised you last night, in return for your kindness, whatever fish I should catch at my first throw; and I approved her promise. It pleased God to send me no more than this one for you, which I desire you to accept, such as it is. I wish it had been better. Had he sent me my net full, they should all have been yours.

Neighbour, said I, the bit of lead which I sent you was such a trifle, that it ought not to be valued at so high a rate; neighbours should assist each other in their little wants. I have done no more for you than I should have expected from you, had I been in such a case; therefore I would refuse your present, if I was not persuaded you gave it me freely, and that I should offend you if I did so; and since you will have it so, I take it, and I return you my hearty thanks.

After these civilities, I took the fish, and carried it home to my wife. Here, said I, take this fish, which the fisherman our neighbour has made me a present of, in return for the little bit of lead which he got from us last night; I believe it is all that we can expect from the present Saad made me yesterday, promising me that it would bring me good luck; and then I told her what had passed between the two friends.

My wife was very much startled to see so large a fish. What would you have me do with it? said she. Our gridiron is only fit to broil small fish; and we have not a pot big enough to boil it. — That is your business, answered I; dress it as you will, I shall like it either way; and then I went to my work again.

In gutting the fish, my wife found a large diamond, which, when she washed it, she took for a piece of glass: indeed she had heard talk of diamonds, but if she had ever seen or handled one, she would not have known how to distinguish it from glass or crystal. She gave it to the youngest of our children for a plaything, and his brothers and sisters handed it about from one to another, to admire the brightness and beauty of it.

At night when the lamp was lighted, and the children were still playing with the diamond, they perceived that it gave a light, when my wife, who was getting them their supper, stood between them and the lamp; upon which they snatched it from one another to try it; and the younger ones fell a crying that the elder would not let them have it long enough. But as a little matter amuses children, and makes them squabble and fall out, my wife and

I took no notice of their noise, which presently ceased, when the bigger ones supped with us, and my wife had given the younger each their share.

After supper the children got together again, and began to make the same noise. Then I called to the eldest, to know what was the matter, who told me it was about a piece of glass, which gave a light when his back was to the lamp. I bid him bring it to me, and made the experiment myself; and it appeared so extraordinary to me, that I asked my wife what it was. She told me it was a piece of glass; which she found in gutting the fish.

I thought no more than she but that it was a bit of glass, but I was resolved to make a farther experiment of it; and therefore bid my wife put the lamp in the chimney, which she did, and still found that the supposed piece of glass gave so great a light, that we might see to go to bed without the lamp. So I put it out, and placed the bit of glass upon the chimney to light us. Look, said I, this is another advantage that Saadi's friend's piece of lead procures us: it will spare us the expense of oil.

When the children saw the lamp was put out, and the bit of glass supplied its place, they cried out so loud, and made so great a noise with astonishment, that it was enough to alarm the neighbourhood; and before my wife and I could quiet them we were forced to make a greater noise, nor could we silence them till we had put them to bed; and after talking a long while in their way about the wonderful light of a bit of glass, they fell asleep. After they were in bed, my wife and I went to bed by them; and next morning, without thinking any more of the glass, I went to my work as usual; which ought not to seem strange for such a man as I, who had never seen any diamonds, or, if I had, never attended to their value.

But before I proceed, I must tell your majesty, that there was but a very slight partition-wall, between my house and my next neighbour's, who was a very rich Jew, and a jeweller; and the chamber that he and his wife lay in joined to ours. They were both in bed, and the noise my children made awakened them.

The next morning the jeweller's wife came to mine to complain of being disturbed out of their first sleep. Good neighbour Rachael, which was the Jew's wife's name, said my wife, I am very sorry for what happened, and hope you will excuse it; you know it was the children, and they will shew you what was the occasion of all the noise.

The Jewess went in with her, and my wife, taking the diamond (for such it really was, and a very extraordinary one) off the chimney-piece, gave it into her hands. See here, said she; it was this piece of glass that caused all the noise; and while the Jewess, who understood all sorts of precious stones, was examining this diamond with admiration, my wife had told her how she found it in the fish's belly, and what had happened.

Indeed, Aischach, which was my wife's name, said the jeweller's wife giving her the diamond again, I believe, as you say, that it only is a piece of glass; but as it is more beautiful than common glass, and I have just such another piece at home, I will buy it, if you will sell it.

The children, who heard them talking of selling their plaything, presently interrupted their conversation, crying, and begging their mother not to part with it, who, to quiet them, promised she would not.

The Jewess being thus prevented in her bargain by my children, went away, but first whispered my wife (who followed her to the door), if she had a mind to sell it, not to shew it to any body without acquainting her.

The Jew had gone out early in the morning to his shop in that part of the town where the jewellers all resorted to. Thither his wife went to him, and told him the discovery she had made. She gave him an account of the size and weight of the jewel as near as she could guess, and of its beauty, water, and lustre, and particularly of the light which it gave in the night according to my wife's account, which was the more credible as she was uninformed.

The Jew sent his wife immediately to treat, and to offer her a trifle at first, as she should think fit, and then to raise her price by degrees; but be sure to bring it,

cost what it would. Accordingly his wife came again to mine privately, and without supposing that she was determined not to sell the diamond, asked her if she would take twenty pieces of gold for that piece of glass.

My wife, thinking the sum too considerable for a mere piece of glass, as she thought it, would not make any bargain; but told her she could not part with it, till she had spoken with me. In the mean time I came from my work to dinner. As they were talking at the door, my wife stopped me, and asked me, if I would sell the piece of glass she had found in the fish's belly for twenty pieces of gold, which our neighbour offered her. I returned no answer; but reflected immediately on the assurance with which Saad, in giving me the piece of lead, told me it would make my fortune. The Jew woman, fancying that the low price she had offered was the reason I made no reply, said, I will give you fifty, neighbour, if that will do.

As soon as I found that she rose presently from twenty to fifty, I told her that I expected a great deal more. Well, neighbour, said she, I will give you a hundred, and that is so much, I know not whether my husband will bear me out. At this new advance, I told her I would have a hundred thousand pieces of gold for it; that I saw plainly that the diamond was worth a great deal more; but to oblige her and her husband, as they were neighbours, I would limit myself to that price, which I was determined to have; and if they refused to give it, other jewellers should have it, who would give a great deal more.

The Jewess confirmed me in this my resolution, by her eagerness to conclude the bargain; and by coming up at several biddings to fifty thousand pieces, which I refused. I can offer you no more, said she, without my husband's consent. He will be at home at night; and I would beg the favour of you to let him see it, which I promised.

At night when the Jew came home, his wife told him what she had done; that she had got no better bargain of my wife or me, that she offered, and I refused, fifty thousand pieces of gold; and that I had promised to wait till

night, at her request. He observed the time when I left off work and came to me. Neighbour Hassan, said he, I desire you would shew me the diamond your wife showed to mine. As it was very dark, and my lamp was not lighted, he knew presently, by the light the diamond gave, and by the lustre it cast in my hand, that his wife had given him a true account of it. He looked at and admired it a long time. Well neighbour, said he, my wife tells me she offered you fifty thousand pieces of gold; I will give you twenty thousand more.

Neighbour, said I, your wife can tell you, that I value my diamond at a hundred thousand pieces, and I will take nothing less. He haggled a long time with me, in hopes that I would make some abatement; but finding at last that I was positive, and for fear that I should shew it to other jewellers, as I certainly should have done, he would not leave me till the bargain was concluded on my own terms. He told me that he had not so much money at home, but would pay it all to me by that time tomorrow, and that very instant fetched two bags of a thousand pieces each, as an earnest; and the next day, though I do not know how he raised the money, whether he borrowed it of his friends, or let some other jewellers into partnership with him, he brought me the sum we agreed for, at the time appointed, and I delivered to him the diamond.

Having thus sold my diamond, and being rich, infinitely beyond my hopes, I thanked God for his bounty and liberality; and would have gone and thrown myself at Saad's feet to express my gratitude, if I had known where he lived; as also at Saadi's to whom I was first obliged, though his good intention had not the same success.

Afterwards I thought of the good use I should make of so considerable a sum. My wife, with the vanity natural to her sex, proposed immediately to buy rich clothes for her and her children; and to purchase a house, and furnish it handsomely. I told her we ought not to begin with such expenses; for, said I, money is made to be so

spent, that it may produce a fund which we may draw from without its failing. This I intend, and shall begin to-morrow.

I spent all that day and the next in going to the people of my own trade, who worked as hard every day for their bread as I had done; and giving them money beforehand, engaged them to work for me in different sorts of rope-making, according to their skill and ability, with a promise not to make them wait for their money, but to pay them as soon as their work was done.

By this means I engrossed almost all the business of Bagdad, and every body was pleased with my exactness and punctual payment.

As so great a number of workmen must produce a great deal of work, I went and hired warehouses in several parts of the town to hold my goods, and appointed over each a clerk, to sell both wholesale and retail; and by this economy received a considerable profit and income. Afterwards, to unite so many warehouses in one place, I bought a large house which stood upon a great deal of ground, but was ruinous, pulled it down, and built that which your majesty saw yesterday, which, though it makes so great an appearance, consists, for the most part, of warehouses for my business, with apartments just necessary for myself and family.

Some time after I had left my poor old habitation, and removed to this new one, Saad and Saadi, who had scarce thought of me from the last time they had been with me, as they were one day walking together, and passing by our street, resolved to call upon me: but how great was their surprise when they did not see me at work, as they used to find me! They asked what was become of me, and if I was alive or dead? Their amazement was redoubled, when they were told I was become a great merchant, and was no longer called plain Hassan, but Cogia Hassan Alhabbal, which was to say, Merchant Hassan Ropemaker, and that I had built in a street, which was named to them, a house like a palace.

The two friends went directly to the street, and in

the way, as Saadi could not imagine that the bit of lead which Saad had given me could have been the raising of my fortune, he said to him: I am overjoyed to have made Hassan Alhabbal's fortune; but I cannot forgive the two lies he told me, to get four hundred pieces instead of two; for neither I nor any body else can attribute it to the piece of lead you gave him.

So you think, replied Saad; but so do not I. I do not see why you should do Cogia Hassan so much injustice as to take him for a liar. You must give me leave to believe that he told us the truth, and disguised nothing from us, and that the piece of lead which I gave him is the cause of his prosperity; and you will find he will presently tell us so.

In this discourse the two friends came into the street where I lived, and asked whereabouts my house stood; and being shewed it, and considering the front, they had much ado to believe it.

They knocked at the door, and my porter opened it; and Saadi, fearing to be guilty of rudeness in taking the house of a nobleman for that he was inquiring after, said to the porter, We are informed that this is Cogia Hassan Alhabbal's house; tell us if we are not mistaken. You are very right, sir, said the porter, opening the door wider; it is the same: come in; he is in the hall, and any of the slaves will point him out to you.

I had no sooner set my eyes upon the two friends, but I knew them. I rose from my seat, ran to them, and would have kissed the hem of their garments, but they would not suffer it, but embraced me. I invited them to sit down on a sofa made to hold four persons, which was placed full in view of my garden.

I desired them to sit down, and they would have me take the place of honour. I assured them that I had not forgot that I was poor Hassan Alhabbal, nor my obligations to them; but were this not the case, I knew the respect due to them, and begged them not to expose me. They sat down in the proper place, and I over against them.

Then Saadi, addressing himself to me, said: Cogia

Hassan, I cannot express my joy at seeing you in the condition I wished you, when I twice made you a present of two hundred pieces of gold, with which I mean not to upbraid you: and I am persuaded that those four hundred pieces have made this wonderful change in your fortune, which I see with pleasure. One thing vexes me, which is, I cannot comprehend the reason why you should twice disguise the truth from me, alleging that your losses were the effect of misfortunes, which still seem to me incredible. Was it not because you had so little advanced your small income with each of the two hundred pieces of gold, when we were together the last time, that you were ashamed to own it? I am willing to believe this, and wait to be confirmed in my opinion.

Saad heard this discourse of Saadi's with impatience, not to say indignation, which he shewed by casting down his eyes and shaking his head; he did not however interrupt him. When he had done, he said to him: Forgive me, Saadi, if I anticipate Cogia Hassan, before he answers you, to tell you, that I am astonished at your prepossession against his sincerity, and that you still persist in not believing the assurances he has already given you. I have told you before, and I repeat it to you once more, that I believe those two accidents which befell him, upon his bare relation; and whatever you may say, I am persuaded they are true; but let him speak for himself, and tell which of us does him justice.

After this discourse of the two friends, I said, addressing myself to them both, Gentlemen, I should condemn myself to perpetual silence on the explanation you ask of me, if I was not certain the dispute you maintain upon my account cannot break that friendship which subsists between you; therefore I will declare to you the truth, since you require it; and with the same sincerity as before. Then I told them every circumstance, as your majesty has heard, without forgetting the least.

All my protestations had no effect on Saadi, to cure him of his prejudice. Cogia Hassan, replied Saadi, the adventure of the fish, and the diamond found in his belly

appears to me as incredible as the kite's flying away with your turban, and the exchange of the scouring-sand. Be it as it may, I am equally convinced that you are no longer poor, but rich as I intended you should be, by my means; and I rejoice sincerely.

As it grew late, they got up to take their leave; when I stopped them, and said, Gentlemen, there is one favour I have to ask, and I beg of you not to refuse to do me the honour to stay and take a slight supper with me, and a bed to-night, and to-morrow I will carry you by water to a small country-house, which I bought for the sake of the air, and we will return the same day on my horses.

If Saad has no business that calls him elsewhere, said Saadi, I consent. Saad told him that nothing should prevent his enjoying his company. We have only to send a slave to my house that we may not be waited for. I provided a slave; and while they were giving their orders. I went and ordered supper.

While it was getting ready, I shewed my benefactors my house and all my offices, which they thought very extensive and quite in proportion to my fortune. I call them both benefactors, without distinction, because without Saadi, Saad would never have given me the piece of lead; and without Saad, Saadi would not have given me the four hundred pieces of gold, to which I attribute the rise of my good fortune. Then I brought them back again into the hall, where they asked me several questions about my business; and I gave them such answers as satisfied them.

During this discourse, my servants came to tell me that supper was served up. I led them in another hall, where they admired the manner in which it was lighted, the buffet, and the entertainment I had provided. I regaled them also with a concert of vocal and instrumental music during the repast, and afterwards with a company of dancers, and other entertainments, endeavouring to shew them my gratitude as much as possible.

The next morning, as we had agreed to set out early to enjoy the fresh air, we repaired to the river side by

sunrise, and went on board a pleasure-boat, well carpeted, that waited for us; and in less than an hour and a half, with six good rowers, and the stream, we arrived at my countryhouse.

When we went ashore, the two friends stopped to observe the beauty of the outside of my house, and to admire its advantageous situation for the prospects, which were neither too much limited nor too extensive, but such as made it very agreeable. Then I carried them into all the apartments, and shewed them all the outhouses and conveniences; with all of which they were very well pleased.

Afterwards we walked in the gardens, where what they were most taken with was a grove of orange and lemon trees, loaded with fruit and flowers, which were planted at equal distances, and watered by a canal of fresh water, which was cut from a pleasant river just by. The close shade, the fragrant smell which perfumed the air, the soft murmurings of the water, the harmonious notes of an infinite number of birds, and many other agreeable circumstances, struck them in such a manner that they frequently stopped to express how much they were obliged to me for bringing them to so delightful a place, and to congratulate me upon my great acquisitions, with other compliments. I led them to the end of that grove, which was very long and broad, where I shewed them a wood of large trees, which terminated my garden, and afterwards a summer house, open on all sides, shaded with a cluster of palm-trees, but not so as to spoil the prospect; then I invited them to walk in, and repose themselves on a sofa covered with carpets and cushions.

Two of my boys, whom I had sent into the country, with a tutor, for the air, left us, to go into the wood bird-nesting; and seeing a nest which was built in the branches of a great tree, they attempted to get at it; but as they had neither strength nor address to accomplish it, they shewed it to the slave who waited on them and never left them, and bid him climb the tree for it; who, when he came to it, was very much surprised to find it built in a

turban; however he took it and brought it down with him, and shewed it to my children; and as he thought that I might like to see a thing that was so uncommon, he gave it to the eldest boy to bring to me.

I saw the children at a distance, coming back to us overjoyed at having got a nest. Father, said the eldest lad, we have found a nest in a turban. The two friends and I were very much surprised at the novelty; but I much more, when I knew the turban to be that which the kite flew away with. After I had examined it well, and turned it about, I said to my guests, Gentlemen, have you memories good enough to remember the turban I had on the day you did me the honour first to speak to me? — I do not think, said Saad, that either my friend or I gave any attention to it; but if the hundred and ninety pieces of gold are in it, we cannot doubt of it.

„Sir, replied I, there is no doubt but it is the same turban; for besides that I know it very well, I feel by the weight it is too heavy to be any other, and you will perceive this if you give yourself the trouble to take it in your hand. Then after taking out the birds and giving them to the children, I put it into his hands, and he gave it to Saadi. Indeed, said Saadi, I believe it to be your turban; which I shall be better convinced of when I see the hundred and ninety pieces of gold.

Now, sir, added I, taking the turban again, observe very well before I touch it, that it is not of very fresh date in the tree; and the state in which you see it, and the nest so neatly made in it, without having been touched by the hand of man, are sufficient proofs that the kite dropt or laid it in the tree, ever since that day he took it from off my head, and the branches hindered it from falling to the ground. Excuse my making this remark, since it concerns me so much to remove all suspicions of fraud on my part. Saad backed me in what I urged, and said: Saadi, this regards you and not me, for I am verily persuaded that Cogia Hassan does not impose upon us.

While Saad was talking, I pulled off the linen cloth which was wrapped about the cap of the turban, and took out the purse, which Saadi knew to be the same he gave me. I emptied it on the carpet before them, and said: There, gentlemen, there is the money; count it, and see if it be right; which Saad did, and found it to be a hundred and ninety pieces of gold. Then Saadi, who could not deny so manifest a truth, addressing himself to me, said, I agree, Cogia Hassan, that this money could not serve to enrich you; but the other hundred and ninety pieces, which you would make me believe you hid in a pot of bran, might. — Sir, answered I, I have told you the truth in regard to both sums: you would not have me retract, to make myself a liar.

Cogia Hassan, said Saad, leave Saadi to his own opinion; I consent with all my heart, that he believe you are obliged to him for one part of your good fortune, by means of the last sum he gave you, provided he will agree that I contributed to the other half by the bit of lead, and will not pretend to dispute the valuable diamond found in the fish's belly. — I agree to it, answered Saadi; but still you must give me liberty to believe that money is not to be amassed without money.

What, replied Saad, if chance should throw a diamond in my way worth fifty thousand pieces of gold, and I should have that sum given me for it, can it be said I got that sum by money?

They disputed no farther then; but we rose up, and went into the house, just as dinner was ready. After dinner, I left my guests together, to pass away the heat of the day more at their liberty, and with greater composure, while I went to give orders to my housekeeper and gardener. Afterwards I went to them again, and we talked of indifferent matters till the evening became a little cooler; when we returned into the garden for fresh air, and stayed till sunset. Then we all mounted on horseback, and got to Bagdad by moonlight, two hours after, followed by one of my slaves.

It happened, by I know not what negligence of my servants, that we were then out of oats, and the storehouses were all shut up; when one of my slaves seeking about the neighbourhood for some, met with a pot of bran in a shop, bought the bran, and brought the pot along with him, promising to carry it back again the next day. The slave emptied the bran into the manger, and dividing it with his hands among the horses, felt a linen cloth tied up, and very heavy; he brought the cloth to me in the condition that he found it, and presented it to me, telling me, that it might perhaps be the cloth he had often heard me talk of among my friends.

Overjoyed, I said to my two benefactors; Gentlemen, it has pleased God that you should not part from me before you were fully convinced of the truth of what I have stated to you. There are the other hundred and ninety pieces of gold which you gave me, continued I, addressing myself to Saadi; I know it very well by the cloth, which I tied up with my own hands; and then I told out the money before them. I ordered the pot presently to be brought to me, and knew it to be the same; and sent to my wife to ask if she recognised it, ordering them to say nothing to her of what had happened. She knew it immediately, and sent me word that it was the same vase she had exchanged full of bran for the scouring-earth.

Saadi readily submitted, and renounced his incredulity, and said to Saad: I yield to you, and acknowledge that money is not always the means of making a man rich.

When Saadi had done, I said to him, I dare not propose to return you the three hundred and eighty pieces of gold which it has pleased God should be found, to deceive you with regard to my honesty. I am persuaded that you did not give them to me with an intention that I should return them; and for my part, I ought to be very well content with what Providence has sent me from other quarters, and I do not design to make use of them; but, if you approve of it, to-morrow I will give them to the poor, that God may bless us both.

The two friends lay at my house that night also; and next day, after embracing me, went to their own houses, very well pleased with the reception I had given them, and to find I did not make an ill use of the riches Heaven had blessed me with. I thanked them both, and look upon the leave they gave me to cultivate friendship with them, and to visit them, as a great honour.

The caliph Haroun Alrashid was so attentive to Cogia Hassan's story, that he had not perceived the end of it, but by his silence. Cogia Hassan, said he, I have not for a long time heard any thing that has given me so much pleasure, as to see the wonderful ways by which God gave thee thy riches to make thee happy in this world. Thou oughtest to continue to return him thanks by the good use thou makest of his blessings. I am glad I can tell thee, that the same diamond which made thy fortune is now in my treasury; and for my part, I am happy to know how it came there: but because there may remain in Saadi some doubts on the singularity of this diamond, which I look upon to be the most precious and valuable thing I am master of, I would have you carry him with Saad to my treasurer, who shall shew it them, to remove Saadi's unbelief, and to let him see that money is not the only certain means of making a poor man rich in a short time, without taking a great deal of pains. I would also have you to tell the keeper of my treasury this story, that he may get it put into writing, and that it may be kept with the diamond.

IMPRUDENCE

OR

MURAD THE UNLUCKY

BY R. L. EDGEWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

It is well known that the grand seignior amuses himself by going at night, in disguise, through the streets of Constantinople; as the caliph, Haroun Alrashid, used formerly to do in Bagdad.

One moonlight night, accompanied by his grand vizier, he traversed several of the principal streets of the city, without seeing any thing remarkable. At length, as they were passing a ropemaker's, the sultan recollected the Arabian story of Cogia-Hassan Alhabbal, the rope-maker, and his two friends, Saad and Saadi, who differed so much in their opinion concerning the influence of fortune over human affairs.

„What is your opinion on this subject? said the grand seignior to his vizier.

„I am inclined, please your majesty,” replied the vizier, „to think that success in the world depends more upon prudence than upon what is called luck, or fortune.”

„And I,” said the sultan, „am persuaded that fortune does more for men than prudence. Do you not every day hear of persons who are said to be fortunate or unfortunate? How comes it that this opinion should prevail amongst men, if it be not justified by experience?”

„It is not for me to dispute

with your majesty,” replied the prudent vizier.

„Speak your mind freely; I desire and command it,” said the sultan.

„Then I am of opinion,” answered the vizier, „that people are often led to believe others fortunate, or unfortunate, merely because they only know the general outline of their histories, and are ignorant of the incidents and events in which they have shown prudence, or imprudence. I have heard, for instance, that there are at present, in this city, two men, who are remarkable for their good and bad fortune: one is called *Murad the Unlucky*, and the other *Saladin the Lucky*. Now I am inclined to think, if we could hear their stories, we should find that one is a prudent, and the other an imprudent character.”

„Where do these men live?” interrupted the sultan. „I will hear their histories, from their own lips, before I sleep.”

„Murad the Unlucky lives in the next square,” said the vizier.

The sultan desired to go thither immediately. Scarcely had they entered the square, when they heard the cry of loud lamentations. They followed the sound till they came to a house, of which the door was open; and where there was a man tearing his turban, and weeping bitterly. They asked

the cause of his distress, and he pointed to the fragments of a china vase which lay on the pavement at his door.

„This seems undoubtedly to be beautiful china, said the sultan, taking up one of the broken pieces; but can the loss of a china vase be the cause of such violent grief and despair?”

„Ah, gentlemen,” said the owner of the vase, suspending his lamentations, and looking at the dress of the pretended merchants, „I see that you are strangers: you do not know how much cause I have for grief and despair. You do not know that you are speaking to Murad the Unlucky! Were you to hear all the unfortunate accidents that have happened to me, from the time I was born till this instant, you would perhaps pity me, and acknowledge I have just cause for despair.”

Curiosity was strongly expressed by the sultan; and the hope of obtaining sympathy inclined Murad to gratify it, by the recital of his adventures. „Gentlemen,” said he, „I scarcely dare invite you into the house of such an unlucky being as I am; but, if you will venture to take a night's lodging under my roof, you shall hear at your leisure the story of my misfortunes.”

The sultan and the vizier excused themselves from spending the night with Murad; saying that they were obliged to proceed to their khan where they should be expected by their companions: but they begged permission to repose themselves for half an hour in his house, and besought him to relate the history of his life, if it would not renew his grief too much to recollect his misfortunes.

Few men are so miserable as not to like to talk of their misfortunes, where they have, or where they think they have, any chance of obtaining compassion. As soon as the pretended merchants were seated, Murad began his story in the following manner:

„My father was a merchant of this city. The night before I was born, he dreamed that I came into the world with the head of a dog, and the tail of a dragon; and that, in haste to conceal my deformity, he rolled me up in a piece of linen, which unluckily proved to be the grand seignior's turban; who, enraged at his insolence in touching his turban, commanded that his head should be struck off.

„My father awaked before he lost his head: but not before he had half lost his wits from the terror of his dream. Being a firm believer in predestination, he was persuaded that I should be the cause of some great evil to him: and he took an aversion to me even before I was born. He considered his dream as a warning sent from above, and consequently determined to avoid the sight of me. He would not stay to see whether I should really be born with the head of a dog, and the tail of a dragon; but he set out, the next morning, on a voyage to Aleppo.

„He was absent for upwards of seven years; and, during that time, my education was totally neglected. One day, I inquired from my mother why I had been named Murad the Unlucky? She told me that this name was given to me in consequence of my father's dream; but she added that, perhaps, it might be forgotten, if I

proved fortunate in my future life. My nurse, a very old woman, who was present, shook her head, with a look which I never shall forget, and whispered to my mother loud enough for me to hear, „Unlucky he was, and is, and ever will be. Those that are born to ill luck cannot help themselves: nor can any but the great prophet, Mahomet himself, do any thing for them. It is a folly for an unlucky person to strive with his fate: it is better to yield to it at once.”

„This speech made a terrible impression upon me, young as I then was; and every accident that happened to me afterwards confirmed my belief in my nurse's prognostic. I was in my eighth year when my father returned from abroad. The year after he came home my brother Saladin was born, who was named Saladin the Lucky, because the day he was born, a vessel freighted with rich merchandise for my father, arrived safely in port.

„I will not weary you with a relation of all the little instances of good fortune by which my brother Saladin was distinguished, even during his childhood. As he grew up, his success in every thing he undertook was as remarkable as my ill luck in all that I attempted. From the time the rich vessel arrived, we lived in splendour; and the supposed prosperous state of my father's affairs was of course attributed to the influence of my brother Saladin's happy destiny.

„When Saladin was about twenty, my father was taken dangerously ill; and, as he felt that he should not recover, he sent for my brother to the side of his bed, and,

to his great surprise, informed him that the magnificence in which we had lived had exhausted all his wealth; that his affairs were in the greatest disorder; for, having trusted to the hope of continual success, he had embarked in projects beyond his powers.

„The sequel was, he had nothing remaining to leave to his children but two large china vases, remarkable for their beauty, but still more valuable on account of certain verses inscribed upon them in an unknown character, which were supposed to operate as a talisman, or charm, in favour of their possessors.

„Both these vases my father bequeathed to my brother Saladin; declaring he could not venture to leave either of them to me, because I was so unlucky that I should inevitably break it. After his death, however, my brother Saladin, who was blessed with a generous temper, gave me my choice of the two vases; and endeavoured to raise my spirits, by repeating frequently that he had no faith either in good fortune or ill fortune.

„I could not be of his opinion; though I felt and acknowledged his kindness in trying to persuade me out of my settled melancholy. I knew it was in vain for me to exert myself, because I was sure that, do what I would, I should still be Murad the Unlucky. My brother, on the contrary, was nowise cast down, even by the poverty in which my father left us: he said he was sure he should find some means of maintaining himself, and so he did.

„On examining our china vases; he found in them a powder of a bright scarlet colour; and it

occurred to him that it would make a fine dye. He tried it: and, after some trouble, it succeeded to admiration.

„During my father's lifetime, my mother had been supplied with rich dresses, by one of the merchants who were employed by the ladies of the grand seignior's seraglio. My brother had done this merchant some trifling favours; and, upon application to him, he readily engaged to recommend the new scarlet dye. Indeed it was so beautiful that, the moment it was seen, it was preferred to every other colour. Saladin's shop was soon crowded with customers: and his winning manners and pleasant conversation were almost as advantageous to him as his scarlet dye. On the contrary, I observed that the first glance of my melancholy countenance was sufficient to disgust every one who saw me. I perceived this plainly; and it only confirmed me the more in my belief in my own evil destiny.

„It happened one day that a lady, richly apparelled and attended by two female slaves, came to my brother's house to make some purchases. He was out, and I alone was left to attend the shop. After she had looked over some goods, she chanced to see my china vase, which was in the room. She took a prodigious fancy to it, and offered me any price, if I would part with it: but this I declined doing, because I believed that I should draw down upon my head some dreadful calamity, if I voluntarily relinquished the talisman. Irritated by my refusal, the lady, according to the custom of her sex, became more resolute in her purpose; but neither entrea-

ties nor money could change my determination. Provoked beyond measure at my obstinacy, as she called it, she left the house.

On my brother's return, I related to him what had happened, and expected that he would have praised me for my prudence: but, on the contrary, he blamed me for the superstitious value I set upon the verses of my vase; and observed that it would be the height of folly to lose a certain means of advancing my fortune, for the uncertain hope of magical protection. I could not bring myself to be of his opinion; I had not the courage to follow the advice he gave. The next day the lady returned, and my brother sold his vase to her for ten thousand pieces of gold. This money he laid out in the most advantageous manner, by purchasing a new stock of merchandise. I repented, when it was too late; but, I believe, it is a part of the fatality attending certain persons, that they cannot decide rightly at the proper moment. When the opportunity has been lost I have always regretted that I did not do exactly the contrary to what I had previously determined upon. Often, whilst I was hesitating, the favourable moment passed*). Now this is what I call being unlucky. But to proceed with my story.

„The lady, who bought my brother Saladin's vase, was the favourite of the sultana, and all-powerful in the seraglio. Her dislike to me, in consequence of my opposition to her wishes, was so violent, that she refused to

*) „Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first deprive of understanding.”

return to my brother's house, whilst I remained there. He was unwilling to part with me; but I could not bear to be the ruin of so good a brother. Without telling him my design, I left his house, careless of what should become of me. Hunger, however, soon compelled me to think of some immediate mode of obtaining relief. I sat down upon a stone, before the door of a baker's shop: the smell of hot bread tempted me in, and with a feeble voice I demanded charity.

„The master baker gave me as much bread as I could eat, upon condition that I should change dresses with him, and carry the rolls for him through the city this day. To this I readily consented; but I had soon reason to repent of my compliance. Indeed, if my ill luck had not, as usual, deprived me at the critical moment of memory and judgment, I should never have complied with the baker's treacherous proposal. For some time before, the people of Constantinople had been much dissatisfied with the weight and quality of the bread furnished by the bakers. This species of discontent has often been the sure forerunner of an insurrection; and, in these disturbances, the master bakers frequently lose their lives. All these circumstances I knew; but they did not occur to my memory, when they might have been useful.

„I changed dresses with the baker; but scarcely had I proceeded through the adjoining street with my rolls, before the mob began to gather round me, with reproaches and execrations. The crowd pursued me even to the gates of the grand seignior's palace: and the grand vizier alarm-

ed at their violence, sent out an order to have my head struck off; the usual remedy, in such cases, being to strike off the baker's head.

„I now fell upon my knees, and protested I was not the baker for whom they took me; that I had no connexion with him; and that I had never furnished the people of Constantinople with bread that was not weight. I declared I had merely changed clothes with a master baker, for this day; and that I should not have done so, but for the evil destiny which governs all my actions. Some of the mob exclaimed that I deserved to lose my head for my folly; but others took pity on me, and whilst the officer, who was sent to execute the vizier's order, turned to speak to some of the noisy rioters, those who were touched by my misfortune opened a passage for me through the crowd, and thus favoured I effected my escape.

„I quitted Constantinople: my vase I had left in the care of my brother. At some miles' distance from the city, I overtook a party of soldiers. I joined them; and learning that they were going to embark with the rest of the grand seignior's army for Egypt, I resolved to accompany them. If it be, thought I, the will of Mahomet that I should perish, the sooner I meet my fate the better. The despondency into which I was sunk, was attended by so great a degree of indolence that I scarcely would take the necessary means to preserve my existence. During our passage to Egypt, I sat all day long upon the deck of the vessel, smoking my pipe; and I am convinced that, if a

storm had risen, as I expected, I should not have taken my pipe from my mouth: nor should I have handled a rope to save myself from destruction. Such is the effect of that species of resignation or torpor, whichever you please to call it, to which my strong belief in *fatality* had reduced my mind.

„We landed, however, safely, contrary to my melancholy forebodings. By a trifling accident, not worth relating, I was detained longer than any of my companions in the vessel when we disembarked; and I did not arrive at the camp at El Arish till late at night. It was moonlight, and I could see the whole scene distinctly. There was a vast number of small tents scattered over a desert of white sand; a few date trees were visible at a distance; all was gloomy, and all still; no sound was to be heard but that of the camels, feeding near the tents; and, as I walked on, I met with no human creature.

„My pipe was now out, and I quickened my pace, a little towards a fire, which I saw near one of the tents. As I proceeded, my eye was caught by something sparkling in the sand: it was a ring. I picked it up, and put it on my finger, resolving to give it to the public crier the next morning, who might find out its rightful owner; but by ill luck, I put it on my little finger, for which it was much too large; and as I hastened towards the fire to light my pipe, I dropped the ring. I stooped to search for it amongst the provender on which a mule was feeding; and the cursed animal gave me so violent a

kick on the head, that I could not help roaring aloud

„My cries awakened those who slept in the tent; near which the mule was feeding. Provoked at being disturbed, the soldiers were ready enough to think ill of me; and they took it for granted that I was a thief, who had stolen the ring I pretended to have just found. The ring was taken from me by force; and the next day I was bastinadoed for having found it; the officer persisting in the belief that stripes would make me confess where I had concealed certain other articles of value, which had lately been missed in the camp. All this was the consequence of my being in a hurry to light my pipe, and of my having put the ring on a finger that was too little for it; which no one but Murad the Unlucky would have done.

„When I was able to walk again after my wounds were healed, I went into one of the tents distinguished by a red flag, having been told that these were coffee-houses. Whilst I was drinking coffee, I heard a stranger near me complaining that he had not been able to recover a valuable ring he had lost; although he had caused his loss to be published for three days by the public crier, offering a reward of two hundred sequins to whoever should restore it. I guessed that this was the very ring which I had unfortunately found. I addressed myself to the stranger, and promised to point out to him the person who had forced it from me. The stranger recovered his ring; and, being convinced that I had acted honestly, he made me a present of

two hundred sequins, as some amends for the punishment which I had unjustly suffered on his account.

„Now you would imagine that this purse of gold was advantageous to me: far the contrary; it was the cause of new misfortunes.

„One night, when I thought that the soldiers who were in the same tent with me were all fast asleep, I indulged myself in the pleasure of counting my treasure. The next day, I was invited by my companions to drink sherbet with them. What they mixed with the sherbet which I drank, I know not: but I could not resist the drowsiness it brought on. I fell into a profound slumber; and, when I awoke, I found myself lying under a date tree, at some distance from the camp.

„The first thing I thought of, when I came to my recollection, was my purse of sequins. The purse I found still safe in my girdle; but, on opening it, I perceived that it was filled with pebbles, and not a single sequin was left. I had no doubt that I had been robbed by the soldiers with whom I had drunk sherbet; and I am certain that some of them must have been awake, the night I counted my money: otherwise, as I had never trusted the secret of my riches to any one, they could not have suspected me of possessing any property; for, ever since I kept company with them, I had appeared to be in great indigence.

„I applied in vain to the superior officers for redress: the soldiers protested they were innocent; no positive proof appeared against them, and I gained nothing by my complaint but ridicule and

ill-will. I called myself, in the first transport of my grief by that name which, since my arrival in Egypt I had avoided to pronounce: I called myself Murad the Unlucky! The name and the story ran through the camp; and I was accosted afterwards, very frequently, by this appellation. Some indeed varied their wit, by calling me Murad with the purse of pebbles.

„All that I had yet suffered is nothing compared to my succeeding misfortunes.

„It was the custom at this time, in the Turkish camp, for the soldiers to amuse themselves with firing at a mark. The superior officers remonstrated against this dangerous practice*) but ineffectually. Sometimes a party of soldiers would stop firing for a few minutes, after a message was brought them from their commanders; and then they would begin again, in defiance of all orders. Such was the want of discipline in our army, that this disobedience went unpunished. In the mean time, the frequency of the danger made most men totally regardless of it. I have seen tents pierced with bullets, in which parties were quietly seated, smoking their pipes; whilst those without were preparing to take fresh aim at the red flag on the top.

„This apathy proceeded, in some, from unconquerable indolence of body; in others, from the intoxication produced by the fumes of tobacco and of opium; but in most of my brother Turks, it arose from the confidence the belief in predestination inspired. When a

*) Antis's Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Egyptians.

bullet killed one of their companions, they only observed, scarcely taking the pipes from their mouths, 'Our hour is not yet come: it is not the will of Mahomet that we should fall.'

'I own that this rash security appeared to me, at first, surprising; but it soon ceased to strike me with wonder: and it even tended to confirm my favourite opinion, that some were born to good and some to evil fortune. I became almost as careless as my companions, from following the same course of reasoning. It is not, thought I, in the power of human prudence to avert the stroke of destiny. I shall perhaps die to-morrow; let me therefore enjoy to-day.

'I now made it my study, every day, to procure as much amusement as possible. My poverty, as you will imagine, restricted me from indulgence and excess; but I soon found means to spend what did not actually belong to me. There were certain Jews, who were followers of the camp, and who, calculating on the probability of victory for our troops, advanced money to the soldiers; for which they engaged to pay these usurers exorbitant interest. The Jew to whom I applied traded with me also upon the belief that my brother Saladin, with whose character and circumstances he was acquainted, would pay my debts, if I should fall. With the money I raised from the Jew I continually bought coffee and opium, of which I grew immoderately fond. In the delirium it created, I forgot all my misfortunes, all fear of the future.

'One day, when I had raised my spirits by an unusual quantity

of opium, I was strolling through the camp, sometimes singing, sometimes dancing, like a madman, and repeating that I was not now Murad the Unlucky. Whilst these words were on my lips, a friendly spectator, who was in possession of his sober senses, caught me by the arm, and attempted to drag me from the place where I was exposing myself. 'Do you not see,' said he, 'those soldiers, who are firing at a mark? I saw one of them, just now, deliberately taking aim at your turban; and, observe, he is now reloading his piece'. My ill luck prevailed even at the instant, the only instant in my life when I defied its power. I struggled with my adviser, repeating, 'I am not the wretch you take me for; I am not Murad the Unlucky.' He fled from the danger himself: I remained, and in a few seconds afterwards a ball reached me, and I fell senseless on the sand.

'The ball was cut out of my body by an awkward surgeon, who gave me ten times more pain than was necessary. He was particularly hurried, at this time, because the army had just received orders to march in a few hours, and all was confusion in the camp. My wound was excessively painful, and the fear of being left behind with those who were deemed incurable added to my torments. Perhaps, if I had kept myself quiet, I might have escaped some of the evils I afterwards endured; but as I have repeatedly told you, gentlemen, it was my ill fortune never to be able to judge, what was best to be done, till the time for prudence was past.

'During that day, when my

fever was at the height, and when my orders were to keep my bed, contrary to my natural habits of indolence, I rose a hundred times and went out of my tent, in the very heat of the day, to satisfy my curiosity as to the number of the tents which had not been struck, and of the soldiers who had not yet marched. The orders to march were tardily obeyed; and many hours elapsed before our encampment was raised. Had I submitted to my surgeon's orders, I might have been in a state to accompany the most dilatory of the stragglers; I could have borne, perhaps, the slow motion of a litter, on which some of the sick were transported; but in the evening, when the surgeon came to dress wounds, he found me in such a situation that it was scarcely possible to remove me.

„He desired a party of soldiers, who were left to bring up the rear, to call for me the next morning. They did so; but they wanted to put me upon the mule which I recollected, by a white streak on its back, to be the cursed animal that had kicked me, whilst I was looking for the ring. I could not be prevailed upon to go upon this unlucky animal. I tried to persuade the soldiers to carry me, and they took me a little way; but, soon growing weary of their burden, they laid me down on the sand, pretending that they were going to fill a skin with water at a spring they had discovered, and bade me lie still and wait for their return.

„I waited and waited, longing for the water to moisten my parched lips; but no water came — no soldiers returned; and there I lay, for several hours, expecting

every moment to breathe my last. I made no effort to move, for I was now convinced my hour was come; and that it was the will of Mahomet that I should perish, in this miserable manner, and lie unburied like a dog: a death, thought I, worthy of Murad the Unlucky.

„My forebodings were not this time just; a detachment of English soldiers passed near the place where I lay; my groans were heard by them, and they humanely came to my assistance. They carried me with them, dressed my wound, and treated me with the utmost tenderness. Christians though they were, I must acknowledge that I had reason to love them better than any of the followers of Mahomet, my good brother only excepted.

„Under their care I recovered: but scarcely had I regained my strength before I fell into new disasters. It was hot weather, and my thirst was excessive. I went out, with a party, in hopes of finding a spring of water. The English soldiers began to dig for a well, in a place pointed out to them by one of their men of science. I was not inclined to such hard labour, but preferred sauntering on in search of a spring. I saw at a distance something that looked like a pool of water; and I pointed it out to my companions. Their man of science warned me, by his interpreter, not to trust to this deceitful appearance; for that such were common in this country, and that, when I came close to the spot, I should find no water there. He added, that it was a greater distance than I imagined; and that I should in all probability be

lost in the desert, if I attempted to follow this phantom.

„I was so unfortunate as not to attend to his advice: I set out in pursuit of this accursed delusion, which assuredly was the work of evil spirits, who clouded my reason, and allured me into their dominion. I went on, hour after hour, in expectation continually of reaching the object of my wishes; but it fled faster than I pursued, and I discovered at last that the Englishman, who had doubtless gained his information from the people of the country, was right; and that the shining appearance, which I had taken for water, was a mere deception.

„I was now exhausted with fatigue: I looked back in vain after the companions I had left; I could see neither men, animal, nor any trace of vegetation in the sandy desert. I had no resource but, weary as I was, to measure back my footsteps, which were imprinted in the sand.

„I slowly and sorrowfully traced them as my guides in this unknown land. Instead of yielding to my indolent inclinations, I ought however, to have made the best of my way back before the evening breeze sprung up. I felt the breeze rising, and unconscious of my danger, I rejoiced, and opened my bosom to meet it; but what was my dismay when I saw that the wind swept before it all trace of my footsteps in the sand. I knew not which way to proceed; I was struck with despair, tore my garments, threw off my turban, and cried aloud; but neither human voice nor echo answered me. The silence was dreadful. I had tasted no food for many hours,

and I now became sick and faint. I recollected that I had put a supply of opium into the folds of my turban; but, alas! when I took my turban up, I found that the opium had fallen out. I searched for it in vain on the sand, where I had thrown the turban.

„I stretched myself out upon the ground, and yielded without further struggle to my evil destiny. What I suffered from thirst, hunger, and heat, cannot be described! At last, I fell into a sort of trance, during which images of various kinds seemed to flit before my eyes. How long I remained in this state I know not: but I remember that I was brought to my senses by a loud shout, which came from persons belonging to a caravan returning from Mecca. This was a shout of joy for their safe arrival at a certain spring, well known to them in this part of the desert.

„The spring was not a hundred yards from the spot where I lay; yet, such had been the fate of Murad the Unlucky, that he missed the reality, whilst he had been hours in pursuit of the phantom. Feeble and spiritless as I was, I sent forth as loud a cry as I could, in hopes of obtaining assistance; and I endeavoured to crawl to the place from which the voices appeared to come. The caravan rested for a considerable time, whilst the slaves filled the skins with water, and whilst the camels took in their supply, I worked myself on towards them; yet, notwithstanding my efforts, I was persuaded that, according to my usual ill fortune, I should never be able to make them hear my voice: I saw them mount their camels! I took off my tur-

ban, unrolled it, and waved it in the air. My signal was seen! The caravan came towards me:

„I had scarcely strength to speak; a slave gave me some water; and, after I had drunk, I explained to them who I was, and how I came into this situation.

„Whilst I was speaking, one of the travellers observed the purse which hung to my girdle: it was the same the merchant, for whom I recovered the ring, had given to me; I had carefully perserved it, because the initials of my benefactors name, and a passage from the Koran, were worked upon it. When he gave it to me, he said that, perhaps, we should meet again, in some other part of the world, and he should recognise me by this token. The person who now took notice of the purse was his brother; and, when I related to him how I had obtained it, he had the goodness to take me under his protection. He was a merchant, who was now going with the caravan to Grand Cairo: he offered to take me with him, and I willingly accepted the proposal, promising to serve him as faithfully as any of his slaves. The caravan proceeded, and I was carried with it.

CHAPTER II.

„The merchant, who was become my master, treated me with great kindness; but, on hearing me relate the whole series of my unfortunate adventures, he exacted a promise from me, that I would do nothing without first consulting him. „Since you are so unlucky, Murad’, said he, „that you always choose for the worst, when you choose for yourself, you should

trust entirely to the judgment of a wiser or a more fortunate friend.’

„I fared well in the service of this merchant, who was a man of a mild disposition, and who was so rich that he could afford to be generous to all his dependents. It was my business to see his camels loaded and unloaded at proper places, to count his bales of merchandise, and to take care that they were not mixed with those of his companions. This I carefully did, till the day we arrived at Alexandria; when, unluckily, I neglected to count the bales, taking it for granted that they were all right, as I had found them so the preceding day. However, when we were to go on board the vessel that was to take us to Cairo, I perceived that three bales of cotton were missing.

„I ran to inform my master, who, though a good deal provoked at my negligence, did not reproach me as I deserved. The public crier was immediately sent round the city, to offer a reward for the recovery of the merchandise; and it was restored by one of the merchant’s slaves, with whom we had travelled. The vessel was now under sail; my master and I, and the bales of cotton, were obliged to follow in a boat; and, when we were taken on board, the captain declared he was so loaded that he could not tell where to stow the bales of cotton. After much difficulty, he consented to let them remain upon deck; and I promised my master to watch them night and day.

„We had a prosperous voyage, and were actually in sight of shore, which the captain said we could not fail to reach early the next

morning. I staid, as usual, this night upon deck; and solaced myself by smoking my pipe. Ever since I had indulged in this practice at the camp at El Arish, I could not exist without opium and tobacco. I suppose that my reason was this night a little clouded with the dose I took; but, towards midnight, I was sobered by terror. I started up from the deck on which I had stretched myself; my turban was in flames; the bale of cotton on which I had rested was all on fire. I awakened two sailors, who were fast asleep on deck. The consternation became general, and the confusion increased the danger. The captain and my master were the most active, and suffered the most in extinguishing the flames; my master was terribly scorched.

„For my part, I was not suffered to do any thing; the captain ordered that I should be bound to the mast; and, when at last the flames were extinguished, the passengers, with one accord, besought him to keep me bound hand and foot, lest I should be the cause of some new disaster. All that had happened was indeed occasioned by my ill luck. I had laid my pipe down, when I was falling asleep, upon the bale of cotton that was beside me. The fire from my pipe fell out, and set the cotton in flames. Such was the mixture of rage and terror with which I had inspired the whole crew, that I am sure they would have set me ashore on a desert islands, rather than have me on board for a week longer. Even my humane master, I could perceive, was secretly impatient to get rid of

Murad the Unlucky, and his evil fortune.

„You may believe that I was heartily glad when we landed, and when I was unbound. My master put a purse containing fifty sequins into my hands, and bade me farewell. 'Use this money prudently, Murad, if you can', said he, and perhaps your fortune may change.' Of this I had little hopes; but determined to lay out my money as prudently as possible.

„As I was walking through the streets of Grand Cairo, considering how I should lay out my fifty sequins to the greatest advantage, I was stopped by one who called me by my name, and asked me if I could pretend to have forgotten his face. I looked steadily at him, and recollected to my sorrow, that he was the Jew, Rachub, from whom I had borrowed certain sums of money at the camp of El Arish. What brought him to Grand Cairo, except it was my evil destiny, I cannot tell. He would not quit me; he would take no excuses; he said he knew that I had deserted twice, once from the Turkish and once from the English army; that I was not entitled to any pay; and that he could not imagine it possible that my brother Saladin would own me, or pay my debts.

„I replied, for I was vexed by the insolence of this Jewish dog, that I was not, as he imagined, a beggar; that I had the means of paying him my just debt, but that I hoped he would not extort from me all that exorbitant interest which none but a Jew could exact. He smiled, and answered that, if a Turk loved opium bet-

ter than money, this was no fault of his; that he had supplied me with what I loved best in the world: and that I ought not to complain, when he expected I should return the favour.

„I will not weary you, gentlemen, with all the arguments that passed between me and Rachub. At last, we compromised matters; he would take nothing less than the whole debt: but he let me have at a very cheap rate a chest of second-hand clothes, by which he assured me I might make my fortune. He brought them to Grand Cairo, he said, for the purpose of selling them to slave merchants; who at this time of the year, were in want of them to supply their slaves; but he was in haste to get home to his wife and family, at Constantinople, and therefore he was willing to make over to a friend the profits of this speculation. I should have distrusted Rachub's professions of friendship, and especially of disinterestedness; but he took me with him to the khan, where his goods were, and unlocked the chest of clothes to show them to me. They were of the richest and finest materials, and had been but little worn. I could not doubt the evidence of my senses; the bargain was concluded, and the Jew sent porters to my inn with the chest.

„The next day, I repaired to the public market-place; and when my business was known, I had choice of customers: before night, my chest was empty — and my purse was full. The profit I made, upon the sale of these clothes, was so considerable, that I could not help feeling astonishment at Rachub's having made up his

mind so readily to relinquish them.

„A few days after I had disposed of the contents of my chest, a Damascene merchant, who had bought two suits of apparel from me, told me, with a very melancholy face, that both the female slaves, who had put on these clothes, were sick. I could not conceive that the clothes were the cause of their sickness; but, soon afterwards; as I was crossing the market, I was attacked by at least a dozen merchants who made similar complaints. They insisted upon knowing how I came by the garments, and demanded whether I had worn any of them myself. This day I had for the first time indulged myself with wearing a pair of yellow slippers, the only finery I had reserved for myself out of all the tempting goods. Convinced by my wearing these slippers that I could have had no insidious designs, since I shared the danger, whatever it might be, the merchants were a little pacified; but what was my terror and remorse, the next day, when one of them came to inform me that plague-boils had broken out under the arms of all the slaves who had worn this pestilential apparel. On looking carefully into the chest, we found the word Smyrna written, and half effaced, upon the lid. Now the plague had for some time raged at Smyrna, and, as the merchants suspected, these clothes had certainly belonged to persons who had died of that distemper. This was the reason why the Jew was willing to sell them to me so cheap; and it was for this reason that he would not stay at Grand Cairo himself, to

reap *the profits of his speculation*. Indeed, if I had paid attention to it at the proper time, a slight circumstance might have revealed the truth to me. Whilst I was bargaining with the Jew, before he opened the chest, he swallowed a large dram of brandy, and stuffed his nostrils with sponge dipped in vinegar: this he told me he did to prevent his perceiving the smell of musk, which always threw him into convulsions.

„The horror I felt, when I discovered that I had spread the infection of the plague, and that I had probably caught it myself, overpowered my senses; a cold dew spread over all my limbs, and I fell upon the lid of the fatal chest in a swoon. It is said that fear disposes people to take the infection: however this may be, I sickened that evening, and soon was in a raging fever. It was worse for me whenever the delirium left me, and I could reflect upon the miseries my ill fortune had occasioned. In my first lucid interval, I looked round and saw that I had been removed from the khan to a wretched hut. An old woman, who was smoking her pipe in the farthest corner of my room, informed me that I had been sent out of the town of Grand Cairo by order of the Cadi, to whom the merchants had made their complaint. The fatal chest was burnt, and the house in which I had lodged razed to the ground. And, if it had not been for me” continued the old woman, „you would have been dead, probably, at this instant; but I have made a vow to our great prophet, that I would never neglect an opportunity of doing a good action: therefore, when you were deser-

ted by all the world, I took care of you. Here too is your purse, which I saved from the rabble; and, what is more difficult, from the officers of justice: I will account to you for every para that I have expended: and will moreover tell you the reason of my making such an extraordinary vow.’

„As I perceived that this benevolent old woman took great pleasure in talking, I made an inclination of my head to thank her for her promised history, and she proceeded; but I must confess I did not listen with all the attention her narrative doubtless deserved. Even curiosity, the strongest passion of us Turks, was dead within me. I have no recollection of the old woman’s story, it is as much as I can do to finish my own.

The weather became excessively hot: it was affirmed, by some of the physicians, that this heat would prove fatal to their patients*); but, contrary to the prognostics of the physicians, it stopped the progress of the plague. I recovered, and found my purse much lightened by my illness. I divided the remainder of my money with my humane nurse, and sent her out into the city, to inquire how matters were going on.

„She brought me word that the fury of plague had much abated; but that she had met several funerals, and that she heard many of the merchants cursing the folly of Murad the Unlucky, who, as they said, had brought all this calamity upon the inhabitants of Cairo. Even fools, they say, learn

*) Antis’s Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Egyptians.

by experience. I took care to burn the bed on which I had lain, and the clothes I had worn: I concealed my real name, which I knew would inspire detestation, and gained admittance, with a crowd of other poor wretches, into a lazaretto, where I performed quarantine, and offered up prayers daily for the sick.

„When I thought it was impossible I could spread the infection, I took my passage home. I was eager to get away from Grand Cairo, where I knew I was an object of execration. I had a strange fancy haunting my mind: I imagined that all my misfortunes, since I left Constantinople, had arisen from my neglect of this talisman upon the beautiful china vase. I dreamed three times, when I was recovering from the plague, that a genius appeared to me, and said, in a reproachful tone, ‚Murad, where is the vase that was intrusted to thy care?’

„This dream operated strongly upon my imagination. As soon as we arrived at Constantinople, which we did, to my great surprise, without meeting with any untoward accidents, I went in search of my brother Saladin, to inquire for my vase. He no longer lived in the house in which I left him, and I began to be apprehensive that he was dead; but a porter, hearing my inquiries, exclaimed, ‚Who is there in Constantinople that is ignorant of the dwelling of Saladin the Lucky? Come with me, and I will show it to you.’

„The mansion to which he conducted me looked so magnificent, that I was almost afraid to enter, lest there should be some mistake. But, whilst I was hesitating, the

doors opened, and I heard my brother Saladin’s voice. He saw me almost at the same instant I fixed my eyes upon him, and immediately sprang forward to embrace me. He was the same good brother as ever, and I rejoiced in his prosperity with all my heart. ‚Brother Saladin’, said I, ‚can you now doubt that some men are born to be fortunate, and others to be unfortunate? How often you used to dispute this point with me!’

„‚Let us not dispute it now in the public street’, said he, smiling; ‚but come in and refresh yourself, and we will consider the question afterwards as leisure.’

„‚No, my dear brother’, said I, drawing back, ‚you are too good: Murad the Unlucky shall not enter your house, lest he should draw down misfortunes upon you and yours. I come only to ask for my vase.’

„‚It is safe’, cried he; ‚come in, and you shall see it: but I will not give it up till I have you in my house. I have none of these superstitious fears; pardon me the expression, but I have none of these superstitious fears.’

„I yielded, entered his house, and was astonished at all I saw. My brother did not triumph in his prosperity; but, on the contrary, seemed intent only upon making me forget my misfortunes: he listened to the account of them with kindness, and obliged me by the recital of his history; which was, I must acknowledge, far less wonderful than my own. He seemed, by his own account, to have grown rich in the common course of things, or rather, by his own prudence. I allowed for his prejudices, and,

unwilling to dispute further with him, said, 'You must remain of your opinion, brother; and I of mine: you are Saladin the Lucky, and I Murad the Unlucky: and so we shall remain to the end of our lives.'

„I had not been in his house four days when an accident happened, which showed how much I was in the right. The favourite of the sultan, to whom he had formerly sold his china vase, though her charms were now somewhat faded by time, still retained her power, and her taste for magnificence. She commissioned my brother to bespeak for her, at Venice, the most splendid looking-glass that money could purchase. The mirror, after many delays and disappointments, at length arrived at my brother's house. He unpacked it and sent to let the lady know it was in perfect safety. It was late in the evening, and she ordered it should remain where it was that night; and that it should be brought to the seraglio the next morning. It stood in a sort of ante-chamber to the room in which I slept; and with it were left some packages, containing glass chandeliers for an unfinished saloon in my brother's house. Saladin charged all his domestics to be vigilant this night; because he had money to a great amount by him, and there had been frequent robberies in our neighbourhood. Hearing these orders, I resolved to be in readiness at a moment's warning. I laid my scimitar beside me upon a cushion; and left my door half open, that I might hear the slightest noise in the ante-chamber, or the great staircase. About midnight, I was suddenly awaken-

ed by a noise in the ante-chamber. I started up, seized my scimitar, and the instant I got to the door, saw, by the light of the lamp which was burning in the room, a man standing opposite to me, with a drawn sword in his hand. I rushed forward demanding what he wanted, and received no answer; but seeing him aim at me with his scimitar I gave him, as I thought, a deadly blow. At this instant, I heard a great crash; and the fragments of the looking glass, which I shivered, fell at my feet. At the same moment, something black brushed by my shoulder; I pursued it, stumbled over the packages of glass, and rolled over them down the stairs.

„My brother came out of his room, to inquire the cause of all this disturbance; and when he saw the fine mirror broken, and me lying amongst the glass chandeliers, at the bottom of the stairs, he could not forbear exclaiming, 'Well, brother! you are indeed Murad the Unlucky.'

„When the first emotion was over, he could not, however, forbear laughing at my situation. With a degree of goodness, which made me a thousand times more sorry for the accident, he came down stairs to help me up, gave me his hand, and said, 'Forgive me, if I was angry with you at first. I am sure you did not mean to do me any injury; but tell me how all this has happened?'

„Whilst Saladin was speaking, I heard the same kind of noise which had alarmed me in the ante-chamber; but, on looking back, I saw only a black pigeon, which flew swiftly by me unconscious of the mischief he had oc-

casioned. This pigeon I had unluckily brought into the house the preceding day; and had been feeding and trying so tame it for my young nephews. I little thought it would be the cause of such disasters. My brother, though he endeavoured to conceal his anxiety from me, was much disturbed at the idea of meeting the favourite's displeasure, who would certainly be grievously disappointed by the loss of her splendid looking-glass. I saw that I should inevitably be his ruin, if I continued in his house; and no persuasions could prevail upon me to prolong my stay. My generous brother, seeing me determined to go, said to me, 'A factor, whom I have employed for some years to sell merchandise for me, died a few days ago. Will you take his place? I am rich enough to bear any little mistakes you may fall into, from ignorance of business; and you will have a partner who is able and willing to assist you,'

'I was touched to the heart by this kindness; especially at such a time as this. He sent one of his slaves with me to the shop, in which you now see me, gentlemen. The slave, by my brother's directions, brought with us my china vase, and delivered it safely to me, with this message: 'The scarlet dye, that was found in this vase, and in its fellow, was the first cause of Saladin's making the fortune he now enjoys: he therefore does no more than justice, in sharing that fortune with his brother Murad.'

'I was now placed in as advantageous a situation as possible; but my mind was ill at ease, when I reflected that the broken

mirror might be my brother's ruin. The lady by whom it had been bespoken was, I well knew, of a violent temper; and this disappointment was sufficient to provoke her to vengeance. My brother sent me word this morning, however, that though her displeasure was excessive, it was in my power to prevent any ill consequences that might ensue. 'In my power!' I exclaimed; 'then, indeed, I am happy! Tell my brother there is nothing I will not do to show him my gratitude, and to save him from the consequences of my folly.'

'The slave who was sent by my brother seemed unwilling to name what was required of me, saying that his master was afraid I should not like to grant the request. I urged him to speak freely, and he then told me the favourite declared nothing would make her amends for the loss of the mirror but the fellow vase to that which she had bought from Saladin. It was impossible for me to hesitate; gratitude for my brother's generous kindness overcame my superstitious obstinacy: and I sent him word I would carry the vase to him myself.

'I took it down this evening, from the shelf on which it stood: it was covered with dust, and I washed it; but unluckily, in endeavouring to clean the inside from the remains of the scarlet powder, I poured hot water into it, and immediately I heard a simmering noise, and my vase, in a few instants, burst asunder with a loud explosion. These fragments, alas! are all that remain. The measure of my misfortunes is now completed! Can you wonder, gentlemen, that I bewail my

evil destiny? Am I not justly called Murad the Unlucky? Here end all my hopes in this world! Better would it have been if I had died long ago! Better that I had never been born! Nothing I ever have done, or attempted, has prospered. Murad the Unlucky is my name, and ill-fate has marked me for her own."

CHAPTER III.

The lamentations of Murad were interrupted by the entrance of Saladin. Having waited in vain for some hours, he now came to see if any disaster had happened to his brother Murad. He was surprised at the sight of the two pretended merchants; and could not refrain from exclamations, on beholding the broken vase. However, with his usual equanimity and good-nature, he began to console Murad; and, taking up the fragments, examined them one by one, joined them together again, found that none of the edges of the china were damaged, and declared he could have it mended so as to look as well as ever.

Murad recovered his spirits upon this. „Brother", said he, „I comfort myself for being Murad the Unlucky, when I reflect that you are Saladin the Lucky. See gentlemen", continued he, turning to the pretended merchants, „scarcely has this most fortunate of men been five minutes in company before he gives a happy turn to affairs. His presence inspires joy: I observe your countenances, which had been saddened by my dismal history, have brightened up since he has made his appearance. Brother, I wish you would make these gentlemen some amends for the time they have

wasted in listening to my catalogue of misfortunes, by relating your history, which I am sure they will find rather more exhilarating."

Saladin consented, on condition that the strangers would accompany him home, and partake of a social banquet. They at first repeated the former excuse of their being obliged to return to their inn: but at length the sultan's curiosity prevailed, and he and his vizier went home with Saladin the Lucky, who after supper, related his history in the following manner.

„My being called Saladin the Lucky first inspired me with confidence in myself: though I own that I cannot remember any extraordinary instances of good luck in my childhood. An old nurse of my mother's indeed repeated to me twenty times of day, that nothing I undertook could fail to succeed; because I was Saladin the Lucky. I became presumptuous and rash; and my nurse's prognostics might have effectually prevented their accomplishment, had I not, when I was about fifteen, been roused to reflection during a confinement, which was the consequence of my youthful conceit and imprudence.

„At this time there was at the Porte a Frenchman, an ingenious engineer, who was employed and favoured by the sultan, to the great astonishment of many of my prejudiced countrymen. On the grand seignior's birthday, he exhibited some extraordinarily fine fireworks; and I, with numbers of the inhabitants of Constantinople, crowded to see them. I happened to stand near the place where the Frenchman was stationed; the crowd pressed upon him, and I amongst

the rest: he begged we would, for our own sakes, keep at a greater distance, and warned us that we might be much hurt by the combustibles which he was using. I, relying upon my good fortune, disregarded all these cautions; and the consequence was, that as I touched some of the materials prepared for the fireworks, they exploded, dashed me upon the ground with great violence, and I was terribly burnt.

„This accident, gentlemen, I consider as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life; for it checked and corrected the presumption of my temper. During the time I was confined to my bed, the French gentleman came frequently to see me. He was a very sensible man; and the conversations he had with me enlarged my mind, and cured me of many foolish prejudices: especially of that, which I had been taught to entertain, concerning the predominance of what is called luck, or fortune, in human affairs. „Though you are called Saladin the Lucky”, said he, „you find that your neglect of prudence has nearly brought you to the grave even in the bloom of youth. Take my advice, and henceforward trust more to prudence than to fortune. Let the multitude, if they will, call you Saladin the Lucky: but call yourself, and make yourself, Saladin the Prudent.

These words left an indelible impression on my mind, and gave a new turn to my thoughts and character. My brother, Murad, has doubtless told you, that our difference of opinion, on the subject of predestination, produced between us frequent arguments; but we could never convince one

another, and each of us has acted, through life, in consequence of our different beliefs. To this I attribute my success and his misfortunes.

„The first rise of my fortune, as you have probably heard from Murad, was owing to the scarlet dye which I brought to perfection with infinite difficulty. The powder, it is true, was accidentally found by me in our china vases: but there it might have remained, to this instant, useless, if I had not taken the pains to make it useful. I grant that we can only partially foresee and command events: yet on the use we make of our own powers, I think, depends our destiny. But, gentlemen, you would rather hear my adventures, perhaps, than my reflections; and I am truly concerned, for your sakes, that I have no wonderful events to relate. I am sorry I cannot tell you of my having been lost in a sandy desert. I have never had the plague, nor even been shipwrecked: I have been all my life an inhabitant of Constantinople, and have passed my time in a very quiet and uniform manner.

„The money I received from the sultan’s favourite for my china vase, as my brother may have told you, enabled me to trade on a more extensive scale. I went on steadily with my business; and made it my whole study to please my employers, by all fair and honourable means. This industry and civility succeeded beyond my expectations: in a few years, I was rich, for a man in my way of business.

„I will not proceed to trouble you with the journal of a petty merchant’s life; I pass on to the in-

cident which made a considerable change in my affairs.

„A terrible fire broke out near the walls of the grand seignior's seraglio*): as you are strangers, gentlemen, you may not have heard of this event; though it produced so great a sensation in Constantinople. The vizier's superb palace was utterly consumed; and the melted lead poured down from the roof of the mosque of St. Sophia. Various were the opinions formed by my neighbours, respecting the cause of the conflagration. Some supposed it to be a punishment for the sultan's having neglected, on Friday, to appear at the mosque of St. Sophia: others considered it as a warning sent by Mahomet, to dissuade the Porte from persisting in a war in which we were just engaged. The generality, however, of the coffeehouse politicians, contented themselves with observing that it was the will of Mahomet that the palace should be consumed. Satisfied by this supposition, they took no precaution to prevent similar accidents in their own houses. Never were fires so common in the city as at this period; scarcely a night passed without our being wakened by the cry of fire.

„These frequent fires were rendered still more dreadful by villains, who were continually on the watch to increase the confusion by which they profited, and to pillage the houses of the sufferers. It was discovered that these incendiaries frequently sculked, towards evening, in the neighbourhood of the bezestein, where the richest merchants store their

goods: some of these wretches were detected in throwing *coundaks**), or matches, into the windows, and, if these combustibles remained a sufficient time, they could not fail to set the house on fire.

„Notwithstanding all these circumstances, many even of those who had property to preserve continued to repeat, 'It is the will of Mahomet;' and consequently to neglect all means of preservation. I on the contrary, recollecting the lesson I had learned from the sensible foreigner, neither suffered my spirits to sink with superstitious fears of ill luck, nor did I trust presumptuously to my good fortune. I took every possible means to secure myself. I never went to bed without having seen that all the lights and fires in the house were extinguished; and that I had a supply of water in the cistern. I had likewise learned from my Frenchman that wet mortar was the most effectual thing for stopping the progress of flames: I therefore had a quantity of mortar made up, in one

*) „A *coundak* is a sort of combustible that consists only of a piece of tinder wrapped in brimstone matches, in the midst of a small bundle of pine shavings. This is the method usually employed by incendiaries. They lay this match by stealth behind a door, which they find open, or in a window; and, after setting it on fire, they make their escape. This is sufficient often to produce the most terrible ravages in a town where the houses, built of wood and painted with oil of spike, afford the easiest opportunity to the miscreant who is disposed to reduce them to ashes. This method, employed by the incendiaries, and which often escapes the vigilance of the masters of the houses, added to the common causes of fires, gave for some time very frequent causes of alarm." *Translation of the Memoirs of Baron de Tott*, vol. I.

*) *vide* Baron de Tott's Memoirs.

of my outhouses, which I could use at a moment's warning. These precautions were all useful to me: my own house, indeed, was never actually on fire; but the houses of my next door neighbours were no less than five times in flames, in the course of one winter. By my exertions, or rather by my precautions, they suffered but little damage; and all my neighbours looked upon me as their deliverer and friend: they loaded me with presents, and offered more indeed than I would accept. All repeated that I was Saladin the Lucky. This compliment I disclaimed; feeling more ambitious of being called Saladin the Prudent. It is thus that what we call modesty is often only a more refined species of pride. But to proceed with my story.

„One night I had been later than usual at supper, at a friend's house: none but the *passevans**), or watch, were in the streets, and even they, I believe, were asleep.

„As I passed one of the conduits, which convey water to the city, I heard a trickling noise;

and, upon examination, I found that the cock of the water-spout was half turned, so that the water was running out. I turned it back to its proper place, thought it had been left unturned by accident, and walked on; but I had not proceeded far before I came to another spout, and another, which were in the same condition. I was convinced that this could not be the effect merely of accident, and suspected that some ill-intentioned person designed to let out and waste the water of the city, that there might be none to extinguish any fire that should break out in the course of the night.

„I stood still for a few moments, to consider how it would be most prudent to act. It would be impossible for me to run to all parts of the city, that I might stop the pipes that were running to waste. I first thought of wakening the watch, and the firemen, who were most of them slumbering at their stations; but I reflected that they were perhaps not to be trusted and that they were in a confederacy with the incendiaries: otherwise, they would certainly, before this hour, have observed and stopped the running of the sewers in their neighbourhood. I determined to waken a rich merchant, called Damat Zade, who lived near me, and who had a number of slaves, whom he could send to different parts of the city, to prevent mischief, and give notice to the inhabitants of their danger.

„He was a very sensible, active man, and one that could easily be wakened; he was not, like some Turks, an hour in recovering their lethargic senses. He

*) „It is the duty of the guardians of the different quarters of the city who are called *passevans*, to watch for fires: during the night, they run through their district, armed with large sticks, tipped with iron, which they strike against the pavement, and awaken the people with the cry of *yangenvor!* or, there is a fire! and point out the quarter where it has appeared. A very high tower, in the palace of the janissary aga, as well as another at Galata, overlook all Constantinople: and there is a guard in each of these towers constantly looking out for the same object. It is there that a sort of larum, formed by beating two large drums, quickens the alarm, and conveys it rapidly down the canal, from whence a vast concourse of people, who are interested, run to their shops, as they often find them burnt or pillaged.” — *De Tott's Memoirs*, vol. I.

was quick in decision and action; and his slaves resembled their master. He despatched a messenger immediately to the grand vizier, that the sultan's safety might be secured; and sent others to the magistrates, in each quarter of Constantinople. The large drums in the janissary aga's tower beat to rouse the inhabitants; and scarcely had this been heard to beat half an hour before the fire broke out in the lower apartments of Damat Zade's house, owing to a *coundak*, which had been left behind one of the doors.

„The wretches, who had prepared the mischief, came to enjoy it, and to pillage; but they were disappointed. Astonished to find themselves taken into custody, they could not comprehend how their designs had been frustrated. By timely exertions, the fire in my friend's house was extinguished; and though fires broke out, during the night, in many parts of the city, but little damage was sustained, because there was time for precautions; and, by the stopping of the spouts, sufficient water was preserved. People were wakened, and warned of the danger; and they consequently escaped unhurt.

„The next day, as soon as I made my appearance at the bazaar, the merchants crowded round, called me their benefactor, and the preserver of their lives and fortunes. Damat Zade, the merchant whom I had wakened the preceding night, presented to me a heavy purse of gold; and put upon my finger a diamond ring of considerable value: each of the merchants followed his example, in making me rich presents: the magistrates also sent

me tokens of their approbation; and the grand vizier sent me a diamond of the first water, with a line written by his own hand: 'To the man who has saved Constantinople.' Excuse me, gentlemen, for the vanity I seem to show in mentioning these circumstances. You desired to hear my history, and I cannot therefore omit the principal circumstance of my life. In the course of four-and-twenty hours, I found myself raised, by the munificent gratitude of the inhabitants of this city, to a state of affluence far beyond what I had ever dreamed of attaining.

„I now took a house suited to my circumstances, and bought a few slaves. As I was carrying my slaves home, I was met by a Jew, who stopped me, saying, in his language, 'My lord, I see, has been purchasing slaves: I could clothe them cheaply.' There was something mysterious in the manner of this Jew, and I did not like his countenance; but I considered that I ought not to be governed by caprice in my dealings, and that, if this man could really clothe my slaves more cheaply than another, I ought not to neglect his offer merely because I took a dislike to the cut of his beard, the turn of his eye, or the tone of his voice. I therefore bade the Jew follow me home, saying that I would consider of his proposal.

„When we came to talk over the matter, I was surprised to find him so reasonable in his demands. On one point, indeed, he appeared unwilling to comply. I required, not only to see the clothes I was offered, but also to know how they came into his posses-

sion. On this subject he equivocated; I therefore suspected there must be something wrong. I reflected what it could be, and judged that the goods had either been stolen, or that they had been the apparel of persons who had died of some contagious distemper. The Jew showed me a chest, from which he said I might choose whatever suited me best. I observed that, as he was going to unlock the chest, he stuffed his nose with some aromatic herbs. He told me that he did so to prevent his smelling the musk, with which the chest was perfumed; musk, he said, had an extraordinary effect upon his nerves. I begged to have some of the herbs which he used himself; declaring that musk was likewise offensive to me.

„The Jew, either struck, by his own conscience, or observing my suspicious, turned as pale as death. He pretended he had not the right key, and could not unlock the chest; said he must go in search of it, and that he would call on me again.

„After he had left me, I examined some writing upon the lid of the chest that had been nearly effaced, I made out the word *Smyrna*, and this was sufficient to confirm all my suspicions. The Jew returned no more: he sent some porters to carry away the chest, and I heard nothing of him for some time: till one day, when I was at the house of *Damat Zade*, I saw a glimpse of the Jew passing hastily through one of the courts, as if he wished to avoid me. „My friend”, said I to *Damat Zade*, „do not attribute my question to impertinent curiosity, or to a desire to intermeddle

with your affairs, if I venture to ask the nature of your business with the Jew, who has just now crossed your court?”

„He has engaged to supply me with clothing for my slaves”, replied my friend, „cheaper than I can purchase it elsewhere. I have a design to surprise my daughter, *Fatima*, on her birthday, with an entertainment in the pavilion in the garden; and all her female slaves shall appear in new dresses on the occasion.

„I interrupted my friend, to tell him what I suspected relative to this Jew and his chest of clothes. It is certain that the infection of the plague can be communicated by clothes not only after months but after years have elapsed. The merchant resolved to have nothing more to do with this wretch, who could thus hazard the lives of thousands of his fellow-creatures for a few pieces of gold: we sent notice of the circumstance to the *cadi*, but the *cadi* was slow in his operations, and before he could take the Jew into custody, the cunning fellow had effected his escape. When his house was searched, he and his chest had disappeared: we discovered that he sailed for *Egypt*, and rejoiced that we had driven him from *Constantinople*.

„My friend *Damat Zade*, expressed the warmest gratitude to me. „You formerly saved my fortune: you have now saved my life, and a life yet dearer than my own, that of my daughter *Fatima*.”

„At the sound of that name I could not, I believe, avoid showing some emotion. I had accidentally seen this lady; and I had been captivated by her beauty, and by the sweetness of her coun-

tenance; but, as I knew she was destined to be the wife of another, I suppressed my feeling, and determined to banish the recollection of the fair Fatima for ever from my imagination. Her father, however, at this instant threw in my way a temptation, which it required all my fortitude to resist. „Saladin’, continued he, „it is but just that you, who have saved our lives, should share our festivity. Come here on the birthday of my Fatima: I will place you in a balcony, which overlooks the garden, and you shall see the whole spectacle. We shall have a *feast of tulips*; in imitation of that which, as you know, is held in the grand seignior’s garden*). I assure you, the sight will be worth seeing; and besides, you will have a chance of beholding my Fatima, for a moment, without her veil.’

„That’, interrupted I, „is the thing I most wish to avoid. I dare not indulge myself in a pleasure which might cost me the

happiness of my life. I will conceal nothing from you, who treat me with so much confidence. I have already beheld the charming countenance of your Fatima; but I know that she is destined to be the wife of a happier man.’

„Damat Zade seemed pleased by the frankness with which I explained myself; but he would not give up the idea of my sitting with him, in the balcony, on the day of the feast of tulips; and I, on my part, could not consent to expose myself to another view of the charming Fatima. My friend used every argument, or rather every sort of persuasion, he could imagine to prevail upon me; he then tried to laugh me out of my resolution; and, when all failed, he said, in a voice of anger, „Go, then, Saladin; I am sure you are deceiving me: you have a passion for some other woman, and you would conceal it from me, and persuade me you refuse the favour I offer you from prudence: when, in fact, it is from indifference and contempt. Why could you not speak the truth of your heart to me with that frankness with which one friend should treat another?’

Astonished at this unexpected charge, and at the anger which flashed from the eyes of Damat Zade, who, till this moment, had always appeared to me a man of a mild and reasonable temper, I was for an instant tempted to fly into a passion and leave him: but friends, once lost, are not easily regained. This consideration had power sufficient to make me command my temper. „My friend’, replied I, „we will talk over this affair to-morrow: you are now

*) The feast of tulips, or *tchiragan*, is so called because at this feast *parterres* of tulips are illuminated. „This is the flower”, says the baron de Tott, of which the Turks are the fondest. The gardens of the harem serve as the theatre of these nocturnal feasts. Vases of every kind, filled with natural or artificial flowers, are gathered there; and are lighted by an infinite number of lanterns, coloured lamps, and wax lights, placed in glass tubes and reflected by looking glasses disposed for that purpose. Temporary shops, filled with different sorts of merchandise, are occupied by women of the harem, who represent, in suitable dresses, the merchants who might be supposed to sell them. ***** Dancing and music prolong these entertainments, until the night is far advanced and diffuse a sort of momentary gaiety within these walls, generally devoted to sorrow and dulness.” — Vide *Memoirs of Baron de Tott*, vol. I.

angry, and cannot do me justice: but to-morrow you will be cool: you will then be convinced that I have no design but to secure my own happiness, by the most prudent means in my power, by avoiding the sight of the dangerous Fatima. I have no passion for any other woman.'

„Then, said my friend, embracing me and quitting the tone of anger, which he had assumed only to try my resolution to the utmost, „then Saladin, Fatima is yours.'

„I scarcely dared to believe my senses! I could not express my joy! „Yes, my friend', continued the merchant, I have tried your prudence to the utmost; it has been victorious, and I resign my Fatima to you, certain that you will make her happy. It is true, I had a greater alliance in view for her: the pacha of Maksud has demanded her from me; but I have found, upon private inquiry, he is addicted to the intemperate use of opium; and my daughter shall never be the wife of one who is a violent madman one half of the day, and a melancholy idiot during the remainder. I have nothing to apprehend from the pacha's resentment; because I have powerful friends with the grand vizier, who will oblige him to listen to reason, and to submit quietly to a disappointment he so justly merits. And now, Saladin, have you any objection to seeing the feast of tulips?'

„I replied only by falling at the merchant's feet, and embracing his knees. The feast of tulips came, and on that day I was married to the charming Fatima! The charming Fatima I continue

still to think her, though she has now been my wife some years. She is the joy and pride of my heart; and, from our mutual affection, I have experienced more felicity than from all the other circumstances of my life, which are called so fortunate. Her father gave me the house in which I now live, and joined his possessions to ours; so that I have more wealth even than I desire. My riches, however, give me continually the means of relieving the wants of others; and therefore I cannot affect to despise them. I must persuade my brother Murad to share them with me, and to forget his misfortunes: I shall then think myself completely happy. As to the sultana's looking-glass, and your broken vase, my dear brother", continued Saladin, „we must think of some means — —"

„Think no more of the sultana's looking-glass, or of the broken vase", exclaimed the sultan, throwing aside his merchant's habit, and showing beneath it his own imperial vest. „Saladin, I rejoice to have heard, from your own lips, the history of your life. I acknowledge, vizier, I have been in the wrong, in our argument", continued the sultan, turning to his vizier. „I acknowledge that the histories of Saladin the Lucky, and Murad the Unlucky, favour your opinion, that prudence has more influence than chance in human affairs. The success and happiness of Saladin seem to me to have arisen from his prudence: by that prudence, Constantinople has been saved from flames, and from the plague. Had Murad possessed his brother's discretion, he would not have been

on the point of losing his head, for selling rolls which he did not bake: he would not have been kicked by a mule, or bastinadoed for finding a ring: he would not have been robbed by one party of soldiers, or shot by another: he would not have been lost in a desert, or cheated by a Jew: he would not have set a ship on fire; nor would he have caught the plague, and spread it through Grand Cairo: he would not have run my sultana's looking glass through the body, instead of a robber; he would not have believed that the fate of his life depended on certain verses on a china vase: nor would he, at last, have broken this precious talisman, by washing it with hot water. Henceforward, let Murad the Unlucky be named Murad the Imprudent: let Saladin preserve the surname he merits, and be henceforth called Saladin the Prudent."

So spake the sultan, who, unlike the generality of monarchs, could bear to find himself in the wrong: and could discover his vizier to be in the right, without cutting off his head. History further informs us that the sultan offered to make Saladin a pacha,

and to commit to him the government of a province: but Saladin the Prudent declined this honour; saying he had no ambition, was perfectly happy in his present situation, and that, when this was the case, it would be folly to change, because no one can be more than happy. What further adventures befel Murad the Imprudent are not recorded; it is known only that he became a daily visitor to the *Teriaky*; and that he died a martyr to the immoderate use of opium*).

*) Those among the Turks who give themselves up to an immoderate use of opium are easily to be distinguished by a sort of rickety complaint, which this poison produces in course of time. Destined to live agreeably only when in a sort of drunkenness, these men present a curious spectacle, when they are assembled in a part of Constantinople called *Teriaky*, or *Tcharkissy*, the market of opium eaters. It is there that towards the evening, you may see the lovers of opium arrive by the different streets which terminate at the *Solymania* (the greatest mosque in Constantinople;) their pale and melancholy countenances would inspire only compassion, did not their stretched necks, their heads twisted to the right or left, their backbones crooked, one shoulder up to their ears, and a number of other whimsical attitudes, which are the consequences of the disorder, present the most ludicrous and the most laughable picture. — Vide *de Tott's Memoirs*.

MY COUNTRY TOWN.

CHAPTER I.

I left Winborough when I was twelve years old; and, before I saw it again, was a matron of thirty; but in the interval, my

mind's picture of the old English town was as vivid as ever. I could see the wide square market-place, with what was called its cross in the centre, where the market-women drew snowy nap-

kins from the primrose-tinted butter; where the whitest of cream cheese lay cradled in the greenest of cabbage-leaves; where stalls, like altars to Good Cheer, bore round hampers of ribstone pippins, and baking-pears, with pyramids of plums; while, at the base of the shrine, poultry cackled or crowed their unanimous objection to be selected for its victims. I could see the solid rolls of woollen ranged on the steps of Jubb, the tailor, and, floating above them, bright stuffs, prints, and ribbons, all labelled at the most astonishing prices. I used to think that the kerseys and the ribbons (so opposite in themselves) symbolised Jubb's liberal range of mind. They showed how he could blend the useful with the ornamental, and proved that while he challenged our respect in his sterner character as tailor, he could relax into the amenities of life in his blander vocation of haberdasher. Nearly opposite Jubb's was the shop of Sparkes, bookseller and printer. It was in his window that you beheld that engraving of the massive square-towered church, which was executed after the chancel and the southern porch had been partially rebuilt. The commission for an original drawing of the church had, in the first instance, been offered to Roxby; but, although he wanted money, the poor fellow was just then in such request at Olympus, that our townsfolk selected an artist from a more adjacent though less classic locality. The engraving was patronised by, and dedicated to, Lady Naseby of Naseby Hall, a countess in her own right, who, from her proximity to Winborough,

made it positively redolent of her influence. Sparkes had himself dedicated to her his Archæological Survey of Winborough, from the period of the Romans to the (then) 'present time. The poem entitled Naseby Hall, was generally attributed to his pen; and although not directly proved, the rumour gained countenance from a sudden lowness of voice and a premature assumption of spectacles, by which Sparkes was supposed to imitate the studious and abstract bias of the poetic temperament. He conformed, nevertheless, to the innocent gaieties of life. The respective programmes of the annual regatta, the theatre, and the ball at the Assembly Rooms — all under the patronage of Lady Naseby — issued from the same press that gave the Archæological Survey and accompanying poem to an admiring public. A little further to the left was the saloon of Perkins, the hairdresser, who had occasionally been summoned to the hall, and whose demeanour was, in consequence, as mysterious as that of Sparkes, and incomparably more haughty. Whatever qualities Perkins had derived from intercourse with the great, affability was certainly not amongst them. He would bring the tips of his fingers in contact with plebeian locks with a reluctance that painfully suggested the difference between them and those aristocratic curls with which he was sometimes occupied. He would stand at his door on market-days, frowning on the London coach as it wedged through the crowd, evidently indignant that democratic passengers could enter a town so near to Naseby Hall, on

the simple condition of paying their fares.

I am talking of nearly twenty years ago; but let me speak of the time for a while as if present. That stout, round-faced, spencered little man, for whom every one makes way, is Mr. Latham, our banker, the great man of Winborough. He is awful, not solely on account of his wealth, but because his only child, Miss Amelia, is Lady Naseby's god-daughter. His manner is somewhat off-hand, but he has a kind heart, gives himself no airs; and being a person of real importance, is indifferent about showing it. He dives from the market-place into a little flagged court. He enters the shop of Mrs. Lamb the pastrycook; where I buy the macaroons for Cyril, and where my feelings are often severely tried by ravishing odours of pâtés and soups. The banker is probably going to give a dinner party. A tall gentleman of melancholy visage has seen him enter, and recognises him through the window with vivid interest. At some movement of Mr. Latham — who is perhaps pantomimically declining goose pie — Mr. Myers shakes his head with pensive deprecation. He doubtless expects to be invited. Such an attention would be only humane to a man of his keen sensibilities. He is the editor of the Winborough Guardian. He lets you understand that he might aspire to far higher distinctions in the metropolis — but there is a spell upon him. He is the victim of a hidden — but I must not tell. Enough, that if London have wealth and honours, there is no Naseby there. For the rest, he is a barrister,

sometimes holds an assize brief, and has been known to puzzle juries by a bird-like trill in his voice, which he has copied from the countess.

The flagged court conducts you to the winding and bustling High Street. There, with its vaulted roof and massive window stands the Old Hall, our Exeter Hall, our exhibition room, our exchange, our theatre. Mr. Alfred St. Leon de l'Orme — the respected manager of our circuit — will perform there to-night, and do honour to his illustrious name by his delineation of Hamlet. A few doors beyond is the cheerful Naseby Arms. Look down its yard! What a vista of buff-coated farmers, dotted with scarlet-coated huntsmen; of hacks, thorough-breds, and sibilating ostlers! What ringing of bells as you look in at the door; what hams, turkeys, and pheasants, suspended in the passage; what cherry-ribboned chambermaids tripping down the stairs! I grieve to pass by the gay toy-shop, but having spent my money, I had better pass and not look, than look and not enter. I shall turn down a narrow street by that gloomy corner-shop, above which the name Nettleship, and the titles of the goods which he vends, are scarcely legible for age. That is the shop of our head grocer and wine merchant. No muscatels, currants, or drums of figs tempt you in his windows. A solitary cone of sugar in blue paper, or the figure of a mandarin peers over his wire blinds. Yet there alone can you obtain from dark hollows under counters, or from lamp-lit vaults, your cayenne, conserves of quince, preserved ginger, Midland Hunt sauce,

travelled madeira, and tawny port. White in the High Street, Tibbetts in the Market-place, and other *novi homines*, may resort to placards and display, but Nettleship knows better what becomes his dignity and that of Pollux Lane. For in that lane dwell the vicar, the banker, the principal attorney, the head surgeon, and, above all, Mrs. Colonel Massingham, whom the Talbots from the Grange used regularly to visit, and at whose door Lady Naseby's carriage has been known to stand thrice in a twelvemonth. And in Pollux Lane — I hope I write it with humble thankfulness rather than with elation — was situated our house.

We liked it all the better for that prosaic outside which it wore as a mask to its romance. On one side of the hall you entered a large oak-panelled room, with a high carved mantel-piece, and an ample hearth — the spot on which young Captain Farr, mad with jealous rage, fell slain by his own hand, at the feet of Alice Joddrell, a coquette who rejoiced in powder and patches. Her father, Sir Richard Joddrell, Knight, was mayor of Winborough in Queen Anne's time. Often at twilight, in that panelled room, have I fancied shapes issuing from the distant corner, and flitting over the faint gold bar which the oil lamp in the street cast upon the shadowed floor, until Miss Joddrell's pliant form seemed again to fill the arm-chair — her careless head averted from the tall dark figure that bowed moodily over the mantel-piece. On the other side of the hall ran one of the quaintest and snug-gest of rooms — my father's li-

brary. To leave the panelled room with its dying embers on a winter's night, and then to enter the warm, bright little library, was very much like closing a volume of Mrs. Radcliffe and taking up Charles Lamb.

There was just space in this room for our family circle and a privileged friend, generally Roxby the artist. His enthusiastic temperament, his sparkling but restless eye, and his fixed belief that some great potentate or peer would one day discover and proclaim his genius, made him quite a figure of romance in an everyday group. We were all to have whatever our hearts could wish for when Roxby became acknowledged as a heroic painter — a personage whose influence he considered fully equal to that of a prime minister or a commander-in-chief. Our drawing-room was up-stairs to the rear of the house. It commanded the garden with its pleasant grass-plot and sundial, its curving paths, well-arranged flower-beds, and a secluded arcade of limes which belted the grounds and conducted by a flight of steps to a somewhat narrow terrace upon the river.

CHAPTER II.

The river was, in my juvenile days, the scene of a celebrated contest between our port and that of H...., with which we had communication by steam. As this contest not only showed the public spirit of our town, but exerted in its results an important influence on our private fortunes, I will relate it in detail.

A couple of steamers, established by our chief capitalists, had

plied for years between the two ports. The British Empire and the Albion were not, I confess, of those colossal dimensions which their names suggested. The Ant, the Bee, and other members of the penny fleet on the Thames were Leviathans compared with our packets. The latter, however, sufficed for the thirty or forty passengers who were accustomed to use them. Both vessels as they approached the sea — the Albion in particular — went through a series of gambols scarcely consistent with their nominal supremacy over that element, and not absolutely conducive to the comfort of the travellers. They were held to be inevitable, to have their source in the fixed economy of things, and to form, in fact, the only conditions upon which the voyage to H.... ever was or ever could be possible. Judge then of the wonder and indignation which filled our town when certain speculators at H.... resolved to start rival packets between the two ports.

As we returned no member to parliament, and lacked therefore the natural vent for our antagonism, you may suppose that we did not lose the opportunity which now offered for developing that marked principle in human nature. Our vicar — who risked his neck twice a week with the hounds — launched a memorable philippic from the pulpit against the gamblers in human life who undertook the passage to H.... at the rate of eight miles an hour. The new company was everywhere denounced for its avarice and impiety, and the few amongst us suspected of any alliance with

it were peremptorily ostracised. When the rival boat — the Eagle — made her first voyage, we were generally of opinion that some special visitation of Providence would befall her — that her boiler would burst, or, at least, that she would founder on the bar at the river-mouth. So prevailing was this expectation, that I doubt whether any amount of premium would have induced the branch offices in our town to insure the lives of her passengers. In spite, however, of all prognostics, the Eagle had the presumption to arrive, not only safely, but an hour in advance of the British Empire. It is true that this audacity was rebuked by shouts of execration from the populace, and the directors and their dupes had to land under an escort of constables, which they had prudently secured. But still I think the impression gradually deepened — that a vessel which could perform a voyage in four hours must be considered swifter than one which required five for the same purpose, and that superior speed might possibly result in superior custom. To meet this emergency the vicar, who had doubtless specific reasons, for pronouncing eight miles an hour impious, urged the prompt construction of a boat which should ply at the orthodox rate of ten. Our company accordingly built the Mercury, which achieved a complete triumph over the Eagle. Nothing daunted — the opposition set a new vessel upon the stocks. She was to eclipse competition at once and for ever. She was to combine lightness with solidity — power with speed. She was to work with double en-

gines, and her bow was to cleave the water like a blade.

This paragon was duly launched and named the Victory; then towed to London for her fittings. On the day that she was to perform her first passage against the Mercury, public excitement in Winborough was at its climax. As two o'clock (the possible hour of arrival) drew near, both banks of the river and the houses that overlooked it were crowded with spectators. All the wealth, beauty, and fashion of the neighbourhood were assembled on the line of route. The expectant mass at a tournament could hardly have been more varied or more eager than we. The people spoke but in whispers or in that subdued undertone which marks the emotion of suspense. The interest was indeed painful, for our townsfolk had little hope as to the result of the day. They thought of the Victory's double engines, and prepared sternly for defeat: nor had they any faith, as before, that Providence would concern itself to frustrate the enemy. At length two boomed slowly from the old church-steeple. The wind which lay towards the river bore to us the lingering echoes which sounded to many like a knell.

From this moment every eye was strained up the winding banks to catch the first smoke-wreath from the approaching rivals. It was an oppressive thought that, before another hour was pealed from the belfry, their fate would be decided. For my part, I almost wished we could have put back the clock, so thrilling grew the crisis. The crowd hardly breathed. An elderly gentleman, seized with a fit of coughing,

was rebuked with a concentrated gaze of sternness, as if he had committed some profane act. A boy, who, spite of the solemn occasion, gave vent to one of those shrill whoops, in which all gamins delight, actually cowered before the clenched fists which on all sides radiated to his face like the spokes of a wheel to its centre. At this juncture a member of the Midland Hunt, whose course had lain up the river, was seen galloping up on the opposite bank. When within ear-shot he drew rein, and shouted from stentorian lungs: „The Victory's at Mallett's Dean, and half-a-mile a-head!" Having said this, he turned to the right and plunged into Lea Thicket.

The oracle had been uttered. The crowd gave a heavy sigh, but it was partly of relief. We had scarcely looked for better news, and it was something that, though beaten, we should not be disgraced. For a few minutes there was a slight hum, which again lapsed into silence. At length a cry broke forth, „There, there by the poplars!" Looking to that curve of the mazy river where groups of those trees stood like sentinels, we saw a trail of fire flash along their clumps. An intervening hill for a moment baffled our view, but almost instantly the red stream rounded the hill-base. Not till then did we see that the flame — flame without smoke — issued from a black funnel, in front of which a tall slender mast stood defined. There was no longer doubt. It was the Victory! On she came with spectral speed — flags streaming from bow, mast, and stern; funnel flaring from her heart of fire. And

behind her — rounding the hill with grand emulation, and with billows of ebon smoke blown behind her like hair — dashed the Mercury.

„Half-a-mile behind!” cried one; „not a hundred yards.”

„A hundred! — Say fifty”, replied another, after an interval.

„That was two minutes since”, was the rejoinder; „for see, neighbour, she gains — she gains!”

Yes; for, as we afterwards learned, the Victory’s engines were too heavy for her build. In passing our terrace, the Mercury (she had reserved her power for a grand *dénouement*) shot by her antagonist, and from the decks of the former, till then silent, burst forth the air of the Conquering Hero, drowned in the hurrahs that rolled from bank to bank, and in the pealing bells, which on the mere chance of such a result, had been ordered to proclaim it. I can well remember how I clapped my hands in sympathy with honest Roxby, who thought the subject epic in its interest, and whose sketch of it arrived at the dignity of an engraving. I can still see dear little Cyril leap into the air, waving his tiny fist in congratulation.

I have said that this contest, besides its public importance, issued in momentous results to ourselves. The first of these — I may as well tell it at once, as you would never guess it — was Lady Naseby’s first visit to my parents. Our terrace probably commanded a better and more convenient view of the river than any spot near the town. So keen and general was the desire to witness the steam-race, that the

Countess herself, it was hinted to my father, might possibly be won to honour him with her presence.

Dr. Woodford’s reception of this news, though rather stately, was, it seems, sufficiently courteous. The due formalities were exchanged between the castle and ourselves, and on the eventful morning the Countess actually arrived. Cyril and I had lain awake hours the night before, speculating upon her dress and retinue. We fully expected that she would be preceded by mediæval horsemen with banners and trumpets — that she would wear a coronet and velvet robe, and that her train would be borne by pages in white satin. No doubt it was a momentary disappointment to see a young lady — she seemed young to our unpractised eyes — attired in the simplest fashion of the times.

She was in slight mourning for some distant relative, and her dress — a lavender ground intersected with narrow stripes of black — set off admirably the extreme fairness of her complexion. Our brief regret at her simple attire was soon lost in the undefinable charm of the wearer. Her manner to my father would have convinced you that one of her chief ends in life had been realised in his acquaintance; and her smiling reluctance to sit until my mother consented to take the cushion next her on the estrade, won our hearts at once. She addressed a question to me, at which I stammered and blushed, not from absolute shyness, but because I had fairly forgotten the meaning of her words in their music. She then held out her hand to Cyril, toyed admiringly with his light

golden curls, and made him share her hassock, with a foot so captivating in its chaussure of black silk and morocco, that it seemed quite impossible it could ever have trampled upon hearts in the unfeeling way ascribed to it by report. Censorious people might call Lady Naseby a flirt, and say that she cared only for excitement, for archery-meetings, races, and private theatricals. To us this was as libellous as the assertion by the same authorities that she was forty, and that her courtesy to my father arose from motives connected with the approaching election for the shire.

My mother judged very differently from these slanderers when the Countess, on taking leave, hoped that she would think well enough of the owner of Naseby to trust herself within its walls. She must come to luncheon, the Countess insisted, some early day, and she would of course bring with her the Fair One with the Golden Locks. So, with some slight confusion as to sex, the peeress had designated Cyril. As to Cyril himself, she hoped he had already found that Lady Naseby was not so terrible a person. She assured him that she was not married to any of those naughty giants of whom he had doubtless read. On the contrary — here she gave her hand to my father — she was a very timid person: too timid almost to ask a person of learning and thought like him, to waste an hour with her in the beech-groves of Naseby. Still, philosophers were sometimes benevolent, and might not deem the time wasted that conferred pleasure. She would not, therefore, quite despair, &c.

Think of all this said to my poor tabooed father by such a person and in such a presence — for my mother had thought it courteous to Lady Naseby to provide seats for Mrs. Colonel Massingham, the banker, the vicar, and several others known at the Hall; — think of all this, I say, and you may guess why it was so hard for Mrs. Woodford to keep in her tears.

As the Countess glided into her carriage, even my father's look of calm politeness seemed softening into pleasant emotion; but the feeling was arrested midway, and changed into a mournful smile. Better than his wife he knew the game of the world and the value of its counters.

From that hour, however, Doctor Woodford's position in our town was singularly changed. His religious doubts, before branded as presumptuous, were now lamented as unfortunate. Before, he had been a sceptic, now he was an inquirer. The policy had once been to denounce him; but the vicar now observed over his whist, that true Christianity should appeal to the erring by kindness and persuasion, rather than by invective. It was curious, however, that my father alone reaped the benefit of this enlightened view. We had other doubters in the town — men of no great worldly importance — whose difficulties were less tenderly handled. I was perplexed then to know why my father's absence from church should excite only a kind of sentimental interest, while the same habit in Mr. Shipworth the druggist, and Mr. Speers the metaphysical schoolmaster, exposed them to fierce reproaches and

loss of patronage. I am afraid I could give the reason now.

Invitations to my parents began to multiply. Their acquaintance was desired by our best families. The impulse of both my father and my mother regarded separately, would have led them to preserve their secluded course of life. But the wife hoped to dispel her husband's pensive reveries by a social stimulus; and he was anxious, on his part, that he should regain the position from which his opinions had excluded her. To a limited extent, therefore, the proffered civilities were accepted. Amongst other results of this change was an intimacy gradually formed between my mother and the banker's wife. Of five children there now survived to this lady but one — the little Amelia, god-daughter of the countess. There was something in my mother's disposition and manner peculiarly grateful to a mourner's heart, and this quality was the bond between herself and Mrs. Latham. In due time, Amelia was permitted to interchange visits with Cyril and myself, and we became constant playmates. It was soon plain to me that Cyril was the little lady's favourite. He was then nine; she was more than a year his junior. Yet her beauty was even then striking, and Cyril's sense of it sufficiently vivid to account for her preference. Her complexion was of the clearest olive. Her dark eyes had an intense expression of truth and tenderness. Her figure was lithe and graceful, and there was a demure quiet in her manner which seemed to temper the rare susceptibility of her look.

It was not without a pang that I who had hitherto been Cyril's twin companion found myself gradually supplanted. He was never unkind, but I felt that I was no longer a need to him. If I joined in the little dramas which he was so fond of improvising, I was sure to be cast for the parts of the evil magician, or the ogress, or the implacable queen, while Amelia was invariably the enchanted princess, or the beautiful captive, and Cyril the knightly deliverer. He was accustomed to sketch these dramatic characters with his pencil, and I was sometimes keenly pained by the very inferior personal attractions assigned to me. He could not understand why I should be grieved, since he had always a kiss and a smile for me. Yet when he wound his arm around the little stranger, and strolled with her under the limes, I felt somehow as if I had better not walk there, and I could not bear him to say, "Come, Lucy, we will let you!" That *we* hurt me much.

About this time, Cyril was seized with a fever so prostrating that for days we despaired of his recovery. He was scarcely himself again when our dear mother fell dangerously ill. She had nursed her sick boy with a devoted love which, indeed, he well repaid, and her anxiety had developed very serious symptoms of a latent malady. Yet our prayers and tears seemed to prevail. She was restored to us, though slowly.

I am not sure that this period of my mother's convalescence was not the happiest in my whole childhood. It was much joy to

mark the gradual stages of her recovery — first, the pillowed chair in her bed-room; next, the transition to the library; then, to the garden-parlour, with the window partly open to admit the summer air; finally, to the garden and the lime-walk. Nature itself seemed glad of her recovery. She had left us for her sick room in an ungenial spring. She came back to us in the festival of flowers, with rich, light, warm breezes, and sweet odours. My father's joy, beneath which an inner hope stirred like sap, shed a new influence on our life. We trusted, too, not only that the danger but that the cause of disease had been vanquished. The sudden faintness and the keen spasm had ceased to warn us by how frail a tenure we held our dear one.

One lovely Sunday evening my mother, Cyril, the little Amelia, and myself had been to the evening service at Lea church, a distance of two miles. We had heard from one whose pure life was the comment on his doctrine, those truths which point to the immortal future, and which seem never so affecting as when addressed to the lowly or secluded villager.

How minutely all that belongs to that evening revives for me now — the golden rays that poured through the mellow twilight of the church, glancing on the minister's white head, then slanting abruptly from the pulpit, like a broken sun-spear, bronzing the dusky pews, tipping Cyril's curls, and the purple ribbon of Amelia's hat, and finally flowing across the aisle in a rill of glory. Years

after, Cyril's pencil reproduced the scene.

The church-yard comes back to me dotted with the returning villagers — the peasant patriarch with his hale, cheerful look; the village belle for the time serious, nor heedful of the swain, blue-coated and yellow-vested, who with bashful longing, followed her afar. I hear my mother's gentle voice in talk with some rural grand-dame. I see her smile which more than repays the cottage-girl for her offered roses — those roses which, wandering from the near garden, shunned not the domain of death.

With light hearts we trip over the stile into the lane festooned with convolvulus and honeysuckle. Like the bees that part from that flower yet return tempted by its sweetness, we children dart on before my mother, soon to cluster round her again. How young she looks. How blithely she talks! What makes her so happy tonight? Is it the words of solace which she has heard — the luxuriant beauty of the lane, and the purpling glow of the uplands; or is it a sense of that peace which she has watched slowly dawning on my father's mind?

The lane now opens on meadows that skirt the river, and on the bank my father comes to meet us. There was something almost infantile in the wife's reception of her husband. She marked the new welcome smile on his face, and sprang to meet him with outstretched hands. Though the evening was sultry, she walked on rapidly and with a kind of buoyant exultation. It was some time before, at my father's re-

quest, her pace slackened. By degrees her quick, cheerful tones subsided into a low, sweet utterance, and from the few words which reached me, I knew that they were recalling past times, living over again the romance of youth. Discursing thus, they gained the stone stairs which led from the river to our terrace by a side-gate.

She bent over each of us children as we passed through, and kissed us fondly. She was always tender, but there was an earnestness in her embrace that went direct to our hearts: Cyril's eyes and mine were filled with tears. The sun was setting gloriously; the crimson fire went slowly down behind a screen of woods, while above the mirroring river hung fleecy clouds of gold, as if reluctant to fade. All was still except the hum of the belated bee or the drip of the boatman's oar. My mother sat on a bench beneath the lime-trees, and we were silent. At last my father took her hand:

"There must", said he, "be an Infinite Goodness over the world! Reason, perhaps, may never solve the problem, but our hearts are truer than our thoughts."

She gave him a look of unutterable joy, and pressed her lips upon his hand. He began again to speak, but she threw up her arm with a sharp, quick gesture and a faint cry; then sank gently backward. For a minute we deemed her entranced in some emotion too sacred to be dispelled; but when, after a pause, my father raised her, and gazed into her face, there was no mistaking, even in the deepening shadows, its marble pallor. He bent

over what had been his wife. A life pure and blessed as that of the summer eve had vanished with its latest beams.

CHAPTER III.

I will pass rapidly over the events of some years.

The blow of my mother's sudden death fell with a different result upon each member of her family. To my father, for whom most might have been feared, it came the most gently. I can see now that the very depth of his love became his consolation. Could that love — nourished by the virtues of the lost, yearning for future and eternal reunion, most vital when all visible trace of its object had been swept away — could that love be given but in mockery, or issue from a source less than Divine?

It was on Cyril that the shock at first bore most heavily. He wept convulsively, and for days gave himself up to a silence like despair. But the wistful affection of his playmate Amelia won him in time to utter his grief, and the utterance assuaged it. Again they walked beneath the limes, and now it was the girl's childish arm that clasped and upheld her companion.

For myself, I was at first too much stunned by the wound to realise its severity. The proofs of my loss had to meet me suddenly and repeatedly — as it were, at the sharp corners of experience — before I was convinced. In the hall still hung my mother's garden bonnet; in her chamber was the volume she had left unclosed. I lay for nights listening to the tick of the hall-

clock from my open bed-room, and expecting a gentle step upon the stair, before I knew that it would come no more. But although the worst was brought home to me so gradually, my grief was not the less deep. Though I strove to be a comfort to my father, a secret pining for the love which I had lost grew within me. I longed intensely, constantly — as I now feel, sinfully — to be again with my mother, to sleep and only wake in her arms. This wish to follow her might have wrought its own fulfilment, but for a visit paid us by my maternal uncle. His duties as my mother's trustee had brought him from the south of France, where he resided. There was that in my face and manner which plainly denoted failing health, and at my uncle's entreaties, I was allowed — nay, commanded, for I yielded most reluctantly — to return with him.

Change and time did their healing work for me. I remained in France for three years, that period being broken by a long visit from my father and Cyril. When I came back, Dr. Woodford had removed to London, and my brother was at school. We saw but little of the latter, even during holidays, as he spent part of them with friends at Winborough. At the end of three or four years more, I again went to France — this time to complete my education — and returned to become mistress of my father's house. Cyril was then residing with him in town. Greatly to the delight of Roxby, my brother had shown a marked bias for the career of a painter, and was now a student in the Academy. As for my fath-

er, he seemed to have grown younger, so genial and serene was his expression. Cyril, whose health had become established, was now a stripling of more than twenty. I could not but be proud of him — of his face, bright with kindness and intelligence, and of his simple, frank bearing. Then at times he had my mother's old look of placid affection, especially in those moments of reverie to which he had been prone from childhood. Of course we reverted to old friends, especially to the Lathams. Before long I discovered a portrait which Cyril had recently taken of his early playmate Amelia. It represented Miss Latham at eighteen. I recalled easily the face, classically-regular, with its pure tint of olive, the clear earnest eyes, and the old demure look now refined into a sentiment of dignity.

When, in a few week's time, Cyril left us for a short visit to Winborough, I was at no loss to guess his chief motive for the journey. During his absence I learned from my father that the lad's intimacy with the Lathams had continued until his departure for London. My brother, he said, was somewhat reserved upon the subject of Amelia, and had certainly made no formal disclosure of his feelings; but they were tolerably evident, nevertheless. My father had no doubt, too, that the state of affairs was understood by the Lathams, whose cordiality might be regarded as a sanction.

It is by no means my purpose to write a history of myself, but I may touch for a minute upon an interest which — though the main one in my own life — is

merely incidental to this narrative. During a Swiss tour with my uncle, I met with my fate — which, let me once for all say, is a most happy one — in Mr. F....., an English barrister, now my husband. The sentiment which woke to life, amid the romance of lake and mountains, had in a few months grown hardy enough to brave the dull skies of England and to knock pertinaciously at the door of a prosaic London house. To dismiss figure, Mr. F..... became a guest at our fireside. On the night of Cyril's expected return, he had spoken to me such words as — when the hearer can echo them — make the epoch of life. Mr. F..... had taken his leave, and I was sitting alone, lost in delicious musing, my feet on the fender, when the door opened abruptly and Cyril entered.

His look was so haggard, the voice in which he uttered his brief greeting was so husky, the lips that kissed me formed so mechanically into a channel for the smile that would not flow, that for a moment I doubted his identity. „What has happened, Cyril?” I asked, approaching the chair on which, still in his travelling dress, he sank motionless and silent. He roused himself, and answered evasively, in a tone that vainly affected indifference. Suddenly his manner changed. He inquired earnestly for my father; then spoke at random of household affairs, and became quite voluble on matters of trivial import. He plunged the poker into the fire, remarked that the night was bitter, and again fell into silence.

The springs of my love — re-

plenished it might be by my own great joy — welled towards him. I knelt by his side, wound my arm around him, and reminded him of all the bonds of our childhood. I urged him, for our mother's sake, not, not to shut up his heart from me. I spoke of the old times when I had trembled for his life, and vowed to make it happy if God would preserve it.

He turned to me with a softened aspect, kissed my forehead, and murmured, „Ah! Lucy, you should have let me go!”

The words were not meant for a complaint. They had escaped him almost unconsciously; but they gave me a new right to plead with him. By the time of my father's return I had won Cyril to tell us all.

The cherished dream of his life — the dream so sacred that he could never shape it into words — had been cruelly dispelled. On his visit to Winborough he had been received by Amelia with an air of sadness and constraint, and by Mr. Latham with a cold formality at first unaccountable. Tortured by suspense, my brother sought an explanation, when the banker replied that, although wishing always to regard Cyril as a friend, it had become necessary to warn him that no closer relationship could be sanctioned. Mr. Latham added, that he made this statement with pain, but that circumstances rendered it a duty.

„Heartless! heartless!” cried my father, wringing Cyril's hand.

I had never seen Dr. Woodford so roused. His sense of justice was outraged. He knew well that Cyril's love for Amelia, though not directly avowed, had

been long known to the Lathams and tacitly encouraged.

„And Amelia herself?” I asked.

Mr. Latham, it appeared, had withstood Cyril's demand to take leave of her. My brother remonstrated, and angry words ensued. Mr. Latham, by some taunt on the young artist's profession, stung his high spirit to retort, and Amelia had by accident entered the room as my brother, with flushed cheek and indignant tones, repelled the affront.

In a hard sarcastic tone the banker thanked Cyril for alleviating the pain of parting by a demeanour which showed that further intercourse would have been undesirable. Amelia, who had witnessed my brother's incensed manner, but not the provocation which caused it, addressed him in language which, though gentle and mournful, conveyed a deep reproach. Reproach from her at such a moment overcame the poor lad altogether, and in order to conceal his feelings he took an abrupt farewell and left the house.

I suffered too much on Cyril's account to be very tolerant to Amelia. „She did not deserve such love!” I exclaimed impatiently.

He rose, took my hand, and said in that low, governed voice that belongs to deepest emotion, „You meant this kindly, Lucy; but do not say it again — do not even think it, as you love me. I have known Amelia too long, too well, to doubt her goodness. The knowledge of it is all that consoles me. I may have been no more to her than a friend — a dear friend; I never may be more; but I can be grateful to her for the past. While trust-

ing in herself, I can even bear to know that she was not destined for me. I can hope and strive. Without that trust I do not think I could.”

He then told us that he had written, asking her forgiveness for the angry words which he had uttered to her father, and begging a reply, however brief, to soften the anguish of such a separation. He said no more upon the subject, but for days after when the postman's knock was heard I marked a quick tremor shoot over the fixed calm of his face. It was still more sad to note the listless quiet with which he took up his letters in that further season when hope deferred had sickened the heart. At length one morning the post brought him the *Winborough Guardian*. We happened to be alone. After a few minutes' perusal he silently handed me the paper, directing me with his finger to one short paragraph. It told with all the transparent mystery of provincial gossip that „unless rumour were more than ordinarily faithless, an eloquent divine well known at Winborough might shortly be expected to lead to the hymeneal altar the only daughter of Mr. L...., the eminent banker.”

I could only utter „Cyril”, and cling to his erect steady form, as if I had most needed comfort.

„God bless her!” he said after a pause; his voice was scarcely above a whisper, but clear and firm.

I could not restrain myself. „She has dealt falsely with you!” I cried,

„I think not”, he answered; „but were it so, I should still say

God bless her — she would then need it more."

Mr. Latham's changed conduct to Cyril seemed now accounted for. We had before learned that Lady Naseby — by this time advanced in life, and lately recovered from severe illness — had passed into a state of hypochondria which she was pleased to term religious conviction. To expiate the sin of a life whose pleasures and graces had been superficial, she had become an ascetic and a bigot. Her contrition, even though sincere, was as merely external as the enjoyments and the charms which she had abjured. On the death of the old vicar she had been influential in the appointment of his successor — a teacher who confounded penance with repentance to her heart's content. What I then surmised was afterwards proved. Lady Naseby, whose will was law to Mr. Latham, had endeavoured to promote a union between the new vicar and her god-daughter Amelia. Cyril had himself found this gentleman a favoured and even an intimate guest at Mr. Latham's table.

My brother went out that day; how he passed it I never knew, but when he returned there was a placidity, almost a cheerfulness in his manner that told of a struggle undergone and ended. My father and myself abstained from all reference to it. It was only by a certain gentleness, so to speak, in the footfalls of our thoughts that one could have guessed there was a grief to be tended; it was only by the softness of Cyril's look that you could have told that tendance was understood.

CHAPTER IV.

At that time there was no railway to Winborough, and we were consequently almost entirely cut off from its interest and its news. Cyril's younger friends there either removed or became absorbed in the pursuits of life, and all communications from the old town gradually ceased.

The morning after the events just related found Cyril early in his studio. From that time his labours, interrupted for months, were steadily resumed. It was a deep interest for us, as years went by, to watch the young artist's advance. The first book that he illustrated, his first picture in the exhibition, the first generous criticism that pointed out his ripening genius, were all epochs in our family history. The world now knows his pictures well — those stories of fireside happiness and domestic heroism which have touched and cheered many a spectator.

Not even in his art did Cyril make any conscious allusion to the one memory which I knew had never left him. If in child or maiden I caught glimpses of it, the expression, not the features, revealed them. They were the records of an influence unknown even to himself.

Time rolled by; I was a wife and a mother. In his own circle, whether sharing in my children's games, or surrounded by that true brotherhood of genius who own a new tie in deserved success, Cyril was still the same, equable and genial, though never hilarious.

One May evening — a balmy evening, that almost redeemed the

character of the month — he entered our little parlour at Kensington. My husband was at the time reading aloud a notice of Cyril's new picture just exhibited, and then considered his masterpiece. We welcomed him, therefore, with more than usual happiness. He looked happy himself. There was in his face the restful joy of one who had achieved honour bravely to use it nobly — a feeling this so distinct from vanity or pride, that it consists with the very humblest moments of man's experience.

„My visit might hardly have been so welcome”, said Cyril to my husband, „had you foreseen its object. That is nothing less than to rob you of your wife for a week.”

He then told us that there had sprung up within him a sudden and peremptory yearning — a thirst, he called it — to see Winborough and the haunts of his childhood once again, and in company with his sister. My kind husband's consent was readily gained. Our preparations were hastily made, and on the afternoon of the following day we were whirling at the rate of thirty miles an hour towards our first home.

It seemed strange to me to desert the old coach-road by which, many years before, I had travelled to London; strange, instead of nooky village inns with buxom, apron-smoothing landladies, to find slate-roofed, naked-looking stations — innovations from which at that time the old territorial families of trees and flowers stood disdainfully aloof. When we approached towns, I sighed in vain for the winding horn and

the clatter over the stones, and felt hurt at the usurpation of the railway-bell and whistle. I would have found every mile-stone leading to dear old Winborough just as I had left it. Cyril, who had seen the place more recently, was prepared for changes, but they pained me extremely.

At the end of our journey — it was then night — I could scarcely set foot in Naseby Arms omnibus, from a sense that it had injuriously displaced the defunct Monarch coach. I was positively wroth to see the quaint, red-bricked Naseby Arms of yore now fronted with stucco and transformed into a hotel. The chamber-maids of past days had been lively and smiling; the new ladies of the bed-chamber were reserved and mincing. The waiters of old ran about in jackets, and cried „coming!” Their successors, grave in tailed coats and starch, glided before you like ghosts, and, like them, waited until you broke the spell of silence by speaking first. It was not until Cyril and I were seated in a snug room at our little tea-table that my spirits revived. The first thing that did me good was the sight of a venerable urn of obsolete shape and battered sides. Shortly after, the waiter brought us tea-cakes of a kind peculiar to the district, and emitting a scorched, oveny sort of perfume. Had the scent been that of heliotrope, violet, or verbena, it could not so have touched me. That long-lost odour sent me back to the bright wide-ranged grate of the kitchen in Pollux Lane. I am not ashamed to say that I wept, and felt that I was once more at Winborough.

Cyril now told me that while entering the inn he had been recognised by Roxby the artist. I was glad to hear that my brother had asked this old friend to join us. He had gone home — as I surmised, for purposes of the toilet; but they must have been accomplished rapidly, as he presented himself in a few minutes. The dear old man was much altered. His hair was grey, his face ploughed up in anxious lines, and he had contracted a stoop. But for the quick vivacious eye, I might not have known him. Without at first noticing me, he seized Cyril's hands, worked them as if they had been handles of a pump, and laughed till he cried while speaking of his former pupil's success. „I knew he had it in him!” he shouted exultingly.

Touching on his own prospects the good man was somewhat subdued. His nature was too buoyant to despond easily; but he hinted that the patron who was, some day, to discover his genius, was rather late in making his appearance. It was not envy, but a dawning knowledge of life as he neared its close, that made him observe to me, — „Perhaps the nobleman who is to find me out might have done so before this; if, like your brother, I had painted modern people instead of Homer's gods.” Of course, we did our best to cheer our old friend, one of whose pictures Cyril predicted, would soon be exhibited. I thought my brother too sanguine, but the picture — a far more finished one than I could have expected — was, in due time, seen on the walls of the

academy, and found a liberal purchaser.

Our first pilgrimage, next day, was to the resting-place of our beloved mother. We then re-entered the town, delaying by a sort of tacit understanding our visit to the old house.

Jubb's old shop, in the market-place, was now kept by another proprietor. It gloried in plate-glass windows, and styled itself „Metropolitan Emporium.” Perkins, the patrician hair-dresser, had vanished, and slept, perchance, among unnoted townsfolk who had never been summoned to the Hall. His son, a young gentleman, whose revolutionary ideas might have hastened the old man's decline, had joined the business of toyseller to that of hair-dresser, and dispensed toys and marbles to noisy urchins in those erst silent precincts, where his awful father had once shred their locks. Sparkes, the bookseller, had retired, and his window, under the sway of his successor, was distinguished by numerous denouncing pamphlets from the pen of the new vicar, — The way to the Pit — levelled at poor De l'Orme and his Comedians, and A Snare for the Young, directed against the race-ball, may instance the commodities that were to be had within. As we approached the shop a carriage drove up, and we saw protrude a gouty-looking foot, swathed, rather than clad, in a very ample velvet slipper. The tenant of the carriage got out with difficulty, though aided by her servant. She dropped a gold-headed stick on which she leaned. Cyril stooped and gave it

to her. The lady steadied herself, and a gleam of gracious feeling softened her sharp, sad face. By that sign only could we have recognised the once brilliant Countess of Naseby.

We passed into the High Street, and were nearing Pollux Lane. I felt the arm on which I leaned tighten, nor was I surprised when Cyril said that he had letters to post, and begged me to precede him, by a few minutes, to the old house. I knew that the subdued emotions of life were surging on his firmness, and that he waited for the tide to ebb.

We took different ways. In a minute or two I reached the lane, the corner shop, still a grocer's, was new, so dazzling that the reticent Nettleship would have scorned to own it. Glass jars with crystallised candies refracted the sunlight. Confections of fruit lay temptingly in half-opened boxes, on the lids of which the peasants of all Europe, stimulated, no doubt, by their propinquity to such dainties, were performing their national dances. I might not have known where I was, but for the measured thump of the steam-engine, which worked a mill on the opposite bank of the river. The sound, so familiar to my childhood, startled me. Since I first heard it how many hearts have throbbed with love, grief, ambition, and then ceased to throb! What changes since then had befallen empires as well as house-holds! Firesides had been desolated — thrones overturned; but that dull mechanical pulse beat on the same. No matter, I thought, it is because man is a spirit and lives, that his forms wear out.

I was now fairly in the lane — that lane where, as a girl, I had so often tripped on, hand-in-hand, with my mother. I looked up the archway, close by the surgeon's; the groom was busy — as of old — polishing harness. Then I saw a tall, dignified, Queen Anne sort of house, picked out with stone and guarded with palisades. It was the Latham's. The door was open, and a lazy-looking footman was taking a parcel from a shop-boy. I saw within a lamp, like that beneath whose cheerful beam I had stood in the nights of long-ago Christmas parties. I noted the very steps which the boy Cyril would have kissed for love of the light feet that passed over them.

Then with a thrill, swifter than sight I looked down the street on the opposite side; yes, there it stood, the quaint, straggling, dear old house! We had already learned that it was to let. A middle-aged woman who stood at the window saw me approach, and quickly admitted me. I made her understand gently that I wished to explore the apartments alone. Then I went into the old panellied-room, and into the little library — neither of them much altered save for being unfurnished, I went up-stairs into my former bed-chamber, then into my mother's, then into the drawing-room, and looked out upon the grass-plot, the lime walk, and the river. Finally, I bent my way to the garden, longing to muse beneath the shadows of the green, transparent leaves.

But I was disappointed of solitude. Turning into the walk I saw before me, a lady, simply

but elegantly dressed, and engaged in binding up a straggling creeper. She performed this task with a care and gentleness that went to my heart, for every leaf-fibre in the old place was dear to me, and I felt as if, instead of a plant, she had bound up a memory.

She moved on with a slow easy grace, now and then delaying to root out some overgrown weed, or to free some entangled rose which peered up helplessly amid the tall grasses between the limes. But that I knew the house was to let I should have supposed her at home. At length a thorn-tree, that lay half levelled, barred her path. Raising her arm to set aside the intruder she stood in a more open spot. The mazy light glided down her dress and made a bright island at her feet. As she turned her face suddenly, it met me like a revelation. Though years had past since I saw the girl of eighteen in Cyril's sketch, and though she now wore a subdued veiled kind of expression, I did not, for a moment, mistake Amelia Latham.

Did I see her again with resentment or with yearning? Perhaps with a mixture of both. Could she feel pleasure in a scene that must recal the hopes she had destroyed? If not, what brought her there? It flashed upon me that Cyril would join me almost instantly. What was to be done?

I advanced towards her. It was clear, from her face, that she had no recollection of me. I inquired, if the house had been to let long.

„About a year”, she replied.

I said, in a careless manner, that the place was prettily situat-

ed, but forlorn and ill-kept — capable, indeed, of great improvement.

„Tastes vary so much”, she answered, adjusting her shawl.

„These old limes”, I pursued, „interrupt the view. They ought to be felled.”

She favoured me with a look almost haughty in its coldness. She could only repeat that tastes varied. The future tenant would of course indulge his own.

Then she would not like, I thought, to see the dear old trees cut down.

She bent her head slightly, as if to leave me; but I said, quickly, „The place has some interest for me. It once belonged to a family that I knew.”

„Indeed!”

„To the Woodfords.”

There was a moment's silence. Then she answered steadily, „The Woodfords were also friends of my own. Have you seen them lately?”

„Very lately”, I said, preserving my forced incognita. I could not have avowed myself without giving way.

It was she who spoke next. She inquired after my father, then after Lucy (myself), who, she was pleased to say, had been kind to her as a child. „Perhaps”, she added, „they may remember me, Amelia Latham.”

Still Amelia Latham, then! In a softened tone I said, „Lucy will be obliged to you, But you have not asked after her brother.”

„What, the artist?” she replied, busying herself with a lilac bush.

„Yes, the distinguished artist. His very first picture, News from the Colony, brought him into notice”.

„You mean, The Leave-taking”, she observed, „that was his first picture.”

Her memory was better than his sister's.

„His last picture has been much liked, Miss Latham, the one called —” I paused wilfully, and tapped my forehead.

The lilac bush shook as a low murmuring voice answered from it, „Old Times.”

She was right again.

In a minute she looked up calmly, and walked by my side. „Tell me more”, she said, „of Cyril Woodford. He is well?”

„Yes.”

„And happy?”

„No great life is an unbroken calm; but he seems content.”

„And is he still —?”

„Unmarried?” One woman can of course guess another's question. „Yes, still unmarried. He has never forgotten some youthful ideal, who, from all that I have heard, little deserved such preference. It comes from the romance of the artist's temperament, I suppose, that, spite of proof, he clings to his illusion still.”

She linked her arm into mine, and there was a pause. At last she said, „Women must judge women gently.”

„True; but in this case”, I urged, „where they had been boy and girl together, played the same games, shared the same innocent joys and griefs; the wrong was no common one. To renounce for interest the affection that had dawned so early, was a treason not only to love but to childhood. Well, such wrongs carry their own retribution. The woman's heart must either harden into worldliness, or, if not, how must she feel

as she recalls the past — stands, perhaps, in the old spot, views the old scenes, hears in fancy the accents of love and trust which, except in fancy, she can hear no more, — knows that she has embittered for ever one noble life, and that a gulf divides her from all that was purest in her own!”

I spoke with passionate earnestness. We had left the walk. There was no shrub or flower to tend now; but she bent over the moss-grown dial by the grass-plot, and traced its circle with her finger. „You are severe”, she said. Then I saw slow heavy tears fall upon the dial.

„I have pained you?”

She looked at me frankly. „Not by your censure. I was touched to think that — that he could still trust her.”

She said this so falteringly that I could bear no more. „Forgive me”, I cried, „I meant not to be cruel; but for his sake I was forced to learn all, Amelia, is there hope for him? I am Lucy, his sister!”

She threw herself on my bosom, and we wept together. Then fondly, wonderingly, as if she were half-sister, half-child — some Perdita recovered from the elements — I kissed her repeatedly, and, her dear head leaning on my arm, guided her again into the walk. I asked her no question. I did not need. Who could doubt those eyes and that pressure of the hand?

When we wound back through the alley, I saw a tall figure slowly descending the garden-steps.

„Amy”, I whispered, „there is some one coming — my companion in this journey, can you meet him?”

She looked at me keenly, then down the path, and gave me an assuring grasp. I walked before her, and met my brother advancing.

„Cyril”, I cried, „prepare yourself! Here is a friend — a dear friend!” Before I could say Amelia Latham, he had read it in my face. A feeling leaped to his own so intense, that it might either have been bliss or anguish. But O! the calm that succeeded, the soft transfiguring smile in which more than the lustre of his youth re-dawned. She had followed me with extended hands. He took them without a word, and led her on.

I knew my part well enough to linger behind. Their silence was soon broken. Then Cyril learned how his letters to Amelia,

and hers to him — though she was long ignorant that he had written — had been intercepted by her father; how the report of her betrothal to the vicar had arisen from his frequent visits at Mr. Latham’s, and from the known wishes of the latter for a match which Amelia had always resisted; how Mr. Latham himself, before his death, had revealed to her, with deep penitence, the stratagem which wrecked her hopes. She, too, had been faithful to the memory of childhood. In a few days my father was summoned to Winborough. We were four — all members of one family — when we left the town: and Cyril’s sister felt, but felt happily, that she had resigned to its lawful claimant a woman’s chief place in his heart.

THE LAND-SHARK.

In that wild region of mountains in Tasmania, called the Western Tier, which stretches north and south, over a large portion of that side of the island, and terminates only on the western coast, in high black precipices lashed by the booming billows of the ocean, two young men were travelling in the month of May, and lamenting that the fall of the year was about to put an end to their delightful wanderings. Through the long, light summer they had lived the life of nature and of freedom, which is the heaven of the hunter: and hunters they were, being natura-

lists — hunters of plants and of animals, not for the mere pleasure of destroying or devouring them, but to widen the realm, and enrich the life, of science. The spirit of the chase was their soul and their life’s blood. To pursue their object over sea, and moor, and mountain; to seek out, discover, and make prize of something new and curious, was the dream of their existence. To rush impetuously upon some unknown thing, as the hunter rushes upon his noblest game, and to stand on mountain peak or in forest glen with waving caps, and exulting

„*juchhe!*” as they stood before some beautiful object that never before gladdened the eye of naturalist, which yet had never found its name or its place in the books of the learned, — that was their glory and their reward. Young as they were, they had traversed many lands, in the frozen North, in the flowery South, in the vast and wonder-fraught realms of America: they had sailed on the Mississippi, the Amazon, and the Plate, and revelled in the boundless forests of Brazil. But here, at the antipodes, a Flora and a Fauna existed, exhibiting singular laws and modes of being, hitherto unknown to them. They had visited every quarter of the island, climbed the mountains, traced its shores, dived into the densest obscurity of its forests, and stretched themselves, when wearied, on the green banks of its streams, counting up and putting in order their acquisitions.

From day to day they drove their faithful packhorse before them, burdened with bundles of their gatherings and their supplies, or left him in some luxurious nook, while they ascended hills, or explored woods. With the lowering sun they lit their fire at the foot of some tree or crag, raised a screen of boughs against the night-dew and the wind, and over their homely supper sung the songs of the Fatherland — for they were Teutons — and slept. From time to time, they found warmest welcome in country-homes, where manly men and fair women had brought the refined tastes and intelligence of European life, to blend them with the peace and freshness of a gracious southland nature. These happy and hospitable people

almost invariably became their guides to new discoveries. With eagerest enthusiasm, men and women mounted their horses, and led the way to distant rock, river, mountain, or morass, where were to be found the peculiar productions of the district. And, for many a long year yet, will come back on their memories, snatches of romantic country, bits of solitary forest, the sounding shores of the ocean, the scalp of the naked hill overlooking worlds of woods, and illimitable sea, where the feathered hat and flying veil led the way, — or some bewitching face flushed like a rose at the presentation of some glorious new thing; or the manly form of the Tasmanian gentleman on his sure-footed steed, pioneered the track down the shelving declivity or across the rushing stream.

But now their travel drew to a close, for the year drew to a close. The myriads of flowers had disappeared, except the crimson epacris, and a few other natives of sheltered glades; and they were on their way homewards, warned by rains, and winds, and sharp nights.

> The scene in which they found themselves, was wild and remote from life. They had made their way up profoundly silent and spectral forests, along the banks of the Mersey, rank with most luxuriant vegetation, over steepest rocks, and through the grimmiest outlets of precipitous ravines, and to the lofty table-lands of the Tier.

Their way was still through dreary forests, in the glades of which already lay patches of snow, where stringy bark-trees of such bulk and altitude still met their view as even, after all they had

seen, awoke fresh astonishment. They were in search, as the evening came on wild and stormy, of a resting-place which they had occupied on a former occasion. It was a rude hut erected of boughs and bark, probably by bushrangers or convicts who had fled hither at some time when government was keen in its pursuit of them. It was raised against the face of a rock in a little green glen which bordered a mountain lake, whose dark deep waters increased the awe-inspiring gloom of the scene. Having reached it, they turned out their tired horse, and proceeded to kindle a fire in their hut. Fritz, the younger, obtained a bright blaze of dry leaves and twigs in the chimney, which dazzled their eyes by its sudden lustre, and then fetched the tears into them by filling the place with smoke. But presently the flame bore the damp air upwards in the chimney, and all became clear; and the active Fritz was not long in cultivating the fire into a generous glow. Around the wretched tenement were seats formed of posts driven into the ground supporting a rude framework of branches. These, covered with a mass of boughs and leaves of the gum-tree, were to serve as beds for the travellers, as they had done for their unknown predecessors.

While Fritz was collecting this luxury, the professor, his companion, forgetting his learning and his early-won fame in the scientific world, drew from their baggage a small frying-pan, and a tin pan bearing the familiar name of a billy, and proceeded to slice a solid piece of ham into the frying-pan. Anon, there commenc-

ed a lusty frying and crackling over the fire. Fritz brought in the billy full of water, and set it to boil; and the place, with its two cheerful faces, and a very savoury smell floating through it, assumed a wondrously home-like aspect. Fritz, humming some favourite *Studenten Lied*, threw a handful of tea into the billy as it began to boil, set, on the nearest bed, tin pannikins and sugar, and the two comrades sate down to tea.

The wind roared, as if it would carry the struggling trees all away together. Fritz declared it was dark even now, and they mutually congratulated each other on having reached this shelter while it could be seen. But hark! at the moment that they were settling about to enjoy themselves, the sound of a horse's hoofs on the rocky ground caught their ear. At the same instant came the thump of a heavy whip or stick on the rude door, and a loud „Hillo! there, within!” Fritz started up, and, as he plucked open the hurdle, in stepped a tall man, stooping, as was needful, from the humility of the portal.

„What! Fritz? what, *mein lieber Herr Professor!*” exclaimed a tall, gentlemanly man, in dark green riding-coat and handsome jack-boots, vehemently, shaking the hands of the strangers. „Well, this is a surprise; though one ought not to be surprised to meet you in any savage spot. I saw a light here, to my great wonder, and determined to take refuge from the storm, though it were with bushranger or devil. Oh! what a night—dark as the lowest pit of Erebus, and with a suffocating wind, that sends the

fir branches down about your ears in most perilous style. Had it not been for my faithful Jack, I must have given it up; but he tumbled along, courageously, over stock and stone."

"But what in the world", said the two naturalists, "leads you here, Doctor, in such a night? Sit down, and tell us all about it, over a pannikin of tea."

"But, first, my horse! Jack", exclaimed the doctor, who was the medical man from a township, some twenty miles distant; and, stepping out, he brought up his horse to the light of the door, took off his saddle, girthed his own rug round his smoking body, and hung to his nose a little bag of oats that he had carried with him. This done, the three friends sat down, and commenced an animated conversation which ran through the recent adventures of the two friends and the doctor's too; who, it turned out, had been over the mountains to a new settlement, at a most urgent call to a sick man, and naturally, for an adequate fee.

"A case of life and death", said he, "and really almost of the same to the doctor. May the settlement flourish and set up its own surgeon; for I never wish to go there again. Fifty miles through these terrible ranges, on the edge of winter, is no trifle; one ought to make one's will before attempting it."

Here the doctor seeing his horse had finished his oats, jumped up, and little Fritz, with a flaming brand, took the animal to be company for the naturalist's horse, in the little sheltered glen, just by. Returned to the blazing fire, they once more blessed their stars for so opportune a shelter, drank pan-

nikin after pannikin of tea, digested many a good slice of ham, and basked in luxurious content in the glow of the ample fire.

"This has been some robber's den, take my word for it", said the doctor. "Some desperate convict skulked here till he found means to get over to the other side, and the goldfields. But what times these are to those of our fathers in the island? The Musquito came down upon them with the enraged natives, and Michael Howe and his gang spread terror from the Tamar to the Derwent. There is a story — a wonderful one — told of those times, which few who hear it will believe; yet, it is quite true, and has been mentioned by West in his history of the colony.

"At the time when a heavy sum was offered for the capture of Howe, alive or dead, and when the desperate fellow was so hunted and laid wait for, that he was irritated to a state of deadly ferocity, — a convict happened to make his escape. He bolted to the woods in nothing but the bright yellow suit which the so-called canary-birds, the convicts, wear. He had made his way up the country, by venturing to approach shepherds and solitary stockmen, who were often of the class, and actuated by the fellow-feeling which makes wondrous kind.' From them he had procured damper enough to carry him on, and at length, arriving in the mountains, he encountered the celebrated bandit, at the head of a gang of his desperate followers.

"Eh, mate!" said Howe, "whither away?"

"To join the bushrangers", said the man; "I have made my escape."

„That won't pass, my friend', said Howe, pouncing savagely on the man. 'This is a stale dodge; — won't do here; it has been tried too often. Rather tempting, eh? — that price on my head? But we've settled all that. The man that comes here, dies; and so all's safe. Mate, here's a choice for you; — we don't wish to be too arbitrary. The cutlass, the pistol, or the contents of this little vial;' producing one from his waistcoat-pocket.

„The poor fellow, thunderstruck with astonishment and terror, begged piteously for his life, protested over and over again, his innocence of any treason, and his desire to join them. In vain. The savage outlaw bade him cease whining, and make his choice, or they would at once choose for him. The poor wretch selected the poison as the least appalling. They saw him swallow it off, wished him a comfortable doze, and disappeared in the wood. The potion began to take instantaneous effect. The man sank down, overcome with drowsiness, on a stump, and felt himself falling into an overpowering stupor. But the dose was too strong; it produced violent sickness, and the man, relieved, arose in a while, and marched on.

„After travelling some hours, taking, as well as he knew, a direction widely different from that of the bushrangers, to his own and their astonishment, he found himself once more crossing their path.

„What!' exclaimed they, 'are you not dead?'

„The man fell on his knees, and prayed vehemently for his life. It was useless. The choice of

sword or pistol was again offered him, and as he continued to implore for mercy, crack went Howe's pistol, and the victim fell motionless on the ground.

„But he was not yet killed. After a time he recovered consciousness, felt the top of his head smarting and burning terribly, and his eyes blinded by blood. But his bodily strength and feeling of soundness was wholly undiminished. He rose, wiped the blood from his eyes, washed his head at a pool, and found that the ball had merely grazed his skull. Binding up his head with his handkerchief, he once more set forward, trusting this time to steer clear of the merciless crew of bushrangers. But no such good fortune attended him. After marching some miles through a most laborious mountain-track in a deep inlet valley, he again saw to his horror the robber troop approaching. It was too late to conceal himself; they already saw him; and he heard distinctly the shout of wonder that they raised on perceiving him.

„What!' exclaimed the terrible Howe, 'still alive? Will neither poison nor bullet destroy thee? Why, thou art a cat-o'-mountain, with not nine, but any number of lives at the devil's need. Art thou man, or ghost, or fiend?'

„The poor wretch once more, and still more movingly, pleaded for his life.

„What had he done?' he asked. 'He wanted only to join them, and he would be their slave, their fag, their pack-horse, their forlorn hope in any desperate cases — anything, so that they only let him live.'

„Live!' exclaimed the barba-

rous leader; live! Why, thou liest in spite of me! Neither fire nor physic harm thee! Nay, I would kill thee, if it were only to see what it takes to do it. I have a curiosity to know whether thou can'st be killed, or whether thou art not the Wandering Jew, or Old Nick himself.' With these words, listening no more to the tears and entreaties of the man than if he had been a hyena, he devoted him to the infernal powers in familiar language, and, stabbing him with his cutlass, said, 'Take that!'

„The man struggled violently on the ground for a few seconds, and then lay still on the sand.

„That's a settler, I think', said the outlaw, whose hand had executed worse horrors than even that, since he had been hunted and bidden for by government; burning secluded families in their own huts at midnight, and making solitary travellers run a race for their lives as a mark for the rifles of his men. 'If the fellow comes to life again', he said, coolly, 'I must get his secret, for it is very likely to be useful to me.' Wiping his cutlass, first on some long grass that he pulled up, and then on his coat-sleeve, he coolly marched away with his crew."

„And that certainly must have been a settler, said the professor.

„By no means", added the doctor. „After a time the convict returned to consciousness. Fearfully weak, he was tormented with a burning thirst; but was still alive. With much effort, and various faintings, he managed to crawl in the direction of a stream that ran riotously and sonorously down the

rocky valley, and there quenched his burning thirst in the deliciously cold water. Again exhausted, he sank back on the bank; and would no doubt have perished, had not a stockman come in quest of stray cattle. He removed him to his hut, having first bound up the wound in his chest; and, after a long period of illness and debility, the man was once more well, and determined to return, and deliver himself up to the authorities at Hobart Town, where, you may be sure, his story and the confirmatory scars upon him, excited, an immense sensation."

„But how could the man survive a thrust through the body?" said the professor, in amazement.

„It was a mere case of loss of blood", replied the doctor; „the weapon had luckily passed between the ribs without touching any vital part, and the man had swooned from agony and hæmorrhage."

„Horrid times!" ejaculated Fritz. „In those days of unnatural history, natural history, of course, was not. Only think of stumbling on Musquito or Howe, who may be called the Tasmanian Alexander the Great; for, literally —

„Thrice he fought his battles o'er,
And thrice he slew the slain."

„Fie, Fritz!" said the doctor, laughing. „Yet, even in my early days, here I botanised and entomologised. And that was the sole cause of my encountering any danger, or being compelled, in a single instance to shed blood."

„To shed blood!" simultaneously exclaimed his hearers.

A serious cloud passed over the worthy doctor's features, and

in a different tone he added — „Yes! In all my rough and solitary rides in this insular depôt of excited ruffians; in all my night wanderings, when called, as must be the case, to, often distant abodes, in the very worst parts of the island; I have always found my profession and my errand an infallible safeguard. Whenever I have been stopped by outlawed fellows, whose very name and fame all over the island were a horror, to their demand of „Who goes there?” my reply, „The Doctor”, brought the instant rejoinder — „All right! Go, in God’s name, doctor!” Nay, these very fellows have, on many an occasion, been my guides, conducting me by ways known only to themselves, confident that I would never betray them. To them I owe a knowledge of passes and short cuts through these hills that no man besides is acquainted with. I have often received refreshments from these fierce outcasts of humanity, when I was ready to faint with exhaustion; more than once I have even slept all night in their rude huts in the mountains, feeling the profoundest security in guards who had the repute of being destitute of all feelings but the most diabolical. I have attended them in their sickness or their wounds, and I have seen and heard revelations by the death-beds of robbers and murderers that would draw tears from a stone. Oh! if the world did but know what glorious faculties and feelings might be cultivated in youth, in the poorest and most abject of our population — toads and deformed reptiles as they afterwards appear to us, yet in whose heads and hearts God has originally deposit-

ed the precious jewel of a great and capable nature — many a man, who has come hither leprous with crime, and venomous as a trodden serpent, would have remained at home to adorn society, and to accelerate its progress towards higher knowledge and a nobler standard of opinion!”

„But what was the exception?”

„This: I had but little to do, and I made long rambles, devoting those attentions to insects which were not required by patients. In one of these, I entered a new township in a remote situation, and stopped for the night at an inn still but partly furnished. I observed that my bedroom had no lock, but that was too common to give me any concern. But, having deposited in this room when I had gone up, on entering, to wash my hands, a brace of pistols, and a small morocco case in which I carried my insects, I observed that these articles had been removed and replaced in a very different manner. I examined the pistols, and found, to my surprise, that they had been both unloaded, and that water had been poured into them. This gave me a strange sensation, and it occurred to me that my insect case had been supposed to contain money, and that there was a design to rob me. It was too late to quit the house without notice, and without running greater risk outside than in the room itself. I carefully wiped dry and reloaded the pistols, drew with as little noise as possible a heavy chest of drawers against the door, and threw myself down in my clothes, anxiously waiting for the anticipated attack. It came. About midnight, I heard something at the door —

force applied to push back the obstruction. My candle had burnt out; but I exclaimed, „Who's there?”

„Oh! are you awake?” said a man's voice, which I supposed that of the landlord; „I want to come in for some bed linen in the drawers — a guest has just arrived, and we can't do without it.”

„I told him nobody should come in on any account till morning. The man swore that he must and would, and proceeded to push violently at the door. On this I started up and cried, „Desist! or take the consequences; whoever comes in here is a dead man!” But the man — and he was a huge, brawny fellow — swore dreadful oaths that he would come in; and, as he furiously thrust open the door, I fired.”

„Mein Gott!” exclaimed the two German gentlemen, recurring in their excitement to their native tongue, though they usually spoke English like Englishmen.

„Yes”, continued the doctor; „he fell, I heard a groan. I could see nothing, but I heard a great running on the stairs, and low, suppressed exclamations of horror, and whisperings. Then all was still, and I remained in a condition which you may imagine, till morning. No one came near the chamber. At daybreak I pushed away the drawers, looked out, expecting to see a frightful stain of blood, but all was clean — the floor had been carefully scoured.

„I descended. There was no one to be seen but a girl, who looked at me with a sort of stupid wonder. I asked what I owed, paid it to her, and walked away. No one appeared to op-

pose or to question me. It seemed all like a horrible dream. As I ascended the village, a man began tolling a bell which hung in a tree by a new wooden chapel. I asked what that meant.

„It is the passing-bell”, said the man, „for the landlord down yonder, who died suddenly in the night.”

„The words struck me like an actual blow; I went on — no one pursued me — no one ever afterwards spoke or seemed to know of the affair. A short time ago I was in that neighbourhood. The place is become a great town; a new family is in the inn, which is one of extensive business. I ventured to ask if such a tradition did not exist? No one had heard a syllable about it.”

„You had a narrow escape, doctor”, said his wondering friends.

„Ay; and what would I now give that I had told that dishonest landlord that I had discovered his trick, and that my pistols were once more loaded. It was his conviction that they were empty which made him secure.”

„No doubt of it”, replied the professor, „and enabled you to rid the country of a monster who would have victimised others if he even failed with you.”

„That is my only comfort”, said the doctor musingly; „but we must soon to bed, and before I can do that, I must relieve my mind of another scene, which I can only effect by giving it words, and thus insure my sleep. I have just witnessed the end of one of those extraordinary criminals which it requires the air of Europe and that of new colonies combined, to produce.”

„What criminal can that be?”

asked the naturalists, their attention excited by the expectation of some novelty in their own region of inquiry.

„It is the land-shark”, said the doctor.

„The land-shark!” said the eager expectants, laughing; „that must be a *lusus naturæ*, a non-descript, indeed.”

„No”, replied the doctor; „it is a creature well known, accurately described and classified, no sport of nature, but the offspring of colonial life and of the spirit of modern Europe. You have seen the Tasmanian devil — a furious beast that will devour its own species when wounded. The land-shark is even a worse devourer of his kind. You have seen how horses here will paw up and devour earth on which salt has been spilled?”

„Yes”, said Fritz, merrily; „I know that to my cost; for many a time have I had to rise and rush forth in the night and, undressed, chase away into the bush wretched horses who were champing, and pawing, and snorting close to our tent, where our host had poured out the salt water from pickled beef.”

„Well”, continued the doctor, the land-shark swallows up earth by acres and leagues; the wehrwolf of Scandinavian legends never had such a capacity for the marvellous in deglutition. Australia has produced no lion, tiger, grizzly bear, or such ferocious monsters, but it has produced the land-shark, and that is a monstrem horrendum worse than all of them put together. It is worse, because it wears the shape of a man; and, with a face as innocent, as meek, and placid as a manticora or a

syren, takes shelter under human laws. In a word, a landshark is a thing which combines all the attributes of the incubus, the cannibal, the vampyre, and the choke-damp. Where it lives nobody else can live.

„I have to-day stood by the death-bed of a primate of this class. Peter Stonecrop was one of the earliest inhabitants of this colony, and his death will make a sensation. Of his beginning, which must have been rather obscure, I know nothing; but he was an illiterate man, and sordid from the first known of him. He got a large grant of land here, when grants were going as freely as the winds or the clouds. He never cultivated it. He bought more land — cheap, dog cheap — but he never cultivated it. What he got he kept, for he spent nothing. A hut scarcely fit for a labourer was his sole abode. He never could afford to marry. He was in this respect more penurious than Long Clarke, a congener, and the prince of land-sharks.

„Peter Stonecrop is little behind his celebrated chief, I mean in accumulation of lands. Though to-day he possesses but some six feet of earth, yesterday he was lord of fifty thousand acres. In one respect his influence had been more mischievous than Clarke's; for he has contrived to pitch, with a singular foresight, on a whole host of places that must, in the nature of things, become populous and influential. Where a port was needed, they had to repurchase the site from Stonecrop, at cent. per cent. cost. Where a town should spring up, the purchases of Stonecrop stood in the way,

and turned the tide of building into a far worse position. Where families longed to settle, and saw in imagination fertile farms and happy homes, Stonecrop had put his hand on the waste, and a waste it remained. Thus have this man and his congeners, gone on obstructing settlement, distorting progress, pushing back from the warm sunshine of existence thousands of human creatures, because there was no place for them in the new and beautiful lands which God has revealed to the deserving uses of crowded Europe. Imagine Battery Point, in Hobart Town, with its magnificent situation on the estuary, and in the very centre of the new metropolis, being bought by the father of the present excellent chief-justice for eight hundred pounds. Imagine what it is worth now, with its sites, its buildings, its capabilities, nay, its necessities — every foot of earth precious as so much gold-dust. It is such startling, prominent, exciting spectacles, that have created the tribe of voracious, yet indigesting land-sharks. But it is in Victoria that the race and the mischief have at length culminated. There, the in-rushing torrents of gold-seekers have found the squatter and the land-shark in a coalition terrible as an antarctic frost. What the one was reluctantly compelled to let go, the other seized. The land-shark was before the population, but certain of its arrival, purchasing up large tracts when they were to be had. Wherever the government offered modicums of land to the clamorous public, the land-shark was there, and outbid them, because he could wait, and knew that the higher

the pressure of population the higher the price. You are no strangers to the outcries on that side the Straits for land; the indignant remonstrance and the reflux of despairing emigrants from those fair and fertile shores, where the squatter and the land-shark reign — the lords of a monopoly that amazes all wise men, and fills the valleys and prairies of America with millions on millions of people meant by Providence for the planters and forefathers of a glorious England of the south. You will yet hear, if this unholy alliance be not speedily canceled, of woful tempests of vainly repressed passion, and melancholy chronicles of bloodshed.

„Adelaide is the only Australian colony which, warned by the vicinity of the prowling monster, has guarded against him, and has offered to the small capitalist the opportunity of securing small farms; and it has seen its reward in a numerous, increasing, thriving, and happy rural population, capable already of sending out surplus produce to the incubus-ridden Victoria. But to my man.

„Peter Stonecrop was one of my very first patients, and he taught me one of my earliest lessons of caution. He came to me with a violent inflammation of the pleura. He doubtless selected me, as a young, and as he hoped, a cheap practitioner. He actually passed on his way a much nearer and very able medical man, and in agonies which nothing but the intensest avarice could have enabled him to endure, arrived at my door. Any other individual would have sent for a medical man to come to him, but his penurious soul would not allow him

such a luxury. I opened my door, and saw him seated on a white, bony steed. I involuntarily thought of Death upon the pale horse; such was his ghastly and tortured aspect.

„I took him in, doctored, nursed, and kept him for a month. As he grew nearly well, he began to talk to me of my practice and prospects. Said he knew it was anxious and up-hill work for a young man in a new place. I candidly confessed it was, and he sympathised — as I thought, feelingly — with me. He frequently shook his head seriously, muttered, 'Yes; hard work, very hard work: but we must help one another, My good doctor, let me know what I owe you. You've been very kind to me, and I hope I shall show myself sensible of it.'

„My impression was that he meant to make me some handsome present — something correspondent to his ample fortune, and the services I had rendered him. I therefore was careful to charge him as moderately as possible. I felt bound to rely on his generosity. He took his bill, paid me exactly to the farthing, called for his horse, and rode off. The land-shark and the miser are one.

„Twenty years have flown since then. Old age has only bent his iron frame nearer to the earth which held his soul. If ever there was a thing of the earth, earthly, it was Stonecrop. Like Mammon,

„The least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks
and thoughts
Were always downward bent',

Stonecrop seemed only to see the earth, and be anxious of its exi-

stence. Whether he ever saw the sky, with its translucent and inspiring universe of suns and worlds, is doubtful, but certainly it never suggested, to him colonies of spiritual life, and all the sublime thoughts that claim for us kinship with the infinite. From time to time sad stories of hard dealings and oppressive acts towards widows and orphans, over whose property he had extended his mortgage net, reached the public, and of wondrous sums of money, of no more real use to him than so many oyster-shells. From the day that I restored him to a worthless life, he never came again under my hands, and never did me the slightest kindness.

„Yet, the other day came a messenger with hot haste to call me to him. Stonecrop, he said, was dying, or feared so. A new settlement was laid out on the western coast, the vultures of speculation had already flocked there, and Stonecrop was put in the field. He had pounced on various lots just when an acute surveyor should have reserved them for the public. He had possessed himself of the only site for quays and wharves, for the erection of a church, and for the supply of spring water. He had managed to monopolise woodlands, just where their magnificent timber was at hand for exportation. If they wanted a market, they must re-buy it of him.

„From what the man could tell me, I perceived that the very complaint of which I had formerly relieved him, had seized him once more in his old age. I believed his time was come, but I did not feel justified in refusing his call under such solemn cir-

cumstances, where no other aid was to be got; I resolved, however, to make a stand for some fair remuneration this time. When the messenger saw I hesitated to undertake the journey, he pulled from his pocket an open note. It was in Stonecrop's own scraggy, scrambling hand, now almost illegible from feebleness; but it offered large terms, which showed that he doubted of my coming. I wrote at the foot of the note that I accepted them, and made the messenger witness it. We went.

„When we descended into this new township it was evening, almost dark, and there was a fog so thick that as my guide said, 'you might almost hang your hat upon it.' We made our way through roods of mire a yard deep, ploughed up by bullock-teams; and piles of sawn timber, and trunks of felled trees, amongst blazing fires that blinded us, when near, and which gave us no help at a distance for the dense haze. In the midst of all the indescribable confusion, discomfort, and ugliness of such a nascent settlement, we found our great man, domiciled in a mere shed, which had been erected by some sawyers. There he had cooked for himself; and, if one might jest on such a subject, had literally taken in and done for himself. The dampness of that low, hollow spot, and the incessant rains had again produced a pleurisy.

„A kind-hearted woman, the wife of a drayman just by, had gone in at his cries, and nursed him to the best of her ability. She described his agonies and moans as having been terrible; and when I said, 'but he is still

now; she gave a look full of meaning, and said:

„Yes, and to my thinking will soon be stiller."

„I went in. A candle burnt on a deal box, besides the bedstead, the only furniture of the hut. The wretched man lay wide awake, watching with a keen look the doorway, and as I advanced, he lifted up his right hand and said —

„That's you, doctor; but I'm better, we were in too great a hurry. You'll consider that, eh?"

„You are better, you think?"

„O, much better! my pains are gone. They were shocking, shocking. If I could but move my legs — but they seem to be bad. Yet what can ail them? I am better, much better."

„During this time I was feeling his pulse. He watched me with a look which betrayed a far deeper anxiety than his words would indicate. I put down his arm quietly, and sate in solemn silence on a rude stool, which the woman brought me to his bedside.

„You think me better, doctor, don't you?" said the wasted old man with a ghastly and eager look. „You must think so, I am so easy now."

„Mr. Stonecrop', I said, in a tone to prepare him as well as I could for the truth. „You are now an old man, and no circumstance should take you by surprise, especially where it concerns your most important affairs. You are easy; thank God for it; but don't calculate upon that as delaying the crisis at which we must all arrive. I cannot flatter you with hopes of recovery."

„The thin, prominent features

of the dying man, which looked wan and bloodless before, at these words grew livid. His eyes glared on me with a fearful expression, their white gleaming with a strange largeness and glaziness. He clutched me by the sleeve with his big, bony hand, which yet seemed to retain an iron grasp.

„But you don't think I shall die soon? Not for some days, weeks, months? No, no, I cannot die. I have so much to do."

„Let me speak plainly to you," I added. „If you have so much to do, you have little time to do it in. Your hours, nay your minutes, are numbered."

„At these words, he lay for a few moments, as if stunned. Then, dragging hard at my sleeve, he exclaimed, in a fearful, gasping voice, between a screech and a whisper —

„No, no, doctor, you must not say that! You won't say that! Save me! Save me! and take half my land."

„Not all the land on earth," I said, „could save you for a second beyond the two short hours that the progress of your disease has marked out for you."

„But you must save me, doctor. You can do it; you did it before. Think what I have to do; what affairs I have unsettled; and that Widow Tredgold, who prayed that I might never see her mortgaged fields again. What won't she say? A judgment she'll call it. No, no, doctor, save me! Say but the word, and I'll forgive the widow all. And those Hexham's children — them, too — them, too! O Lord! O Lord? who would have to do with widows and orphans! A man has no

chance. There is no driving a bargain with them with any comfort — only trouble, trouble, trouble! But let them do just as they like. Doctor, say the word, and I'll build a church here. They'll want one. Say it at once, doctor. I can't die, for I have so much — so very much to do!"

„Have you made your will?!"

„No — yes, I once did. I left my nephew the land, and my two nieces the houses and the money. But it would not do. When I looked on my lands they seemed no longer mine. These, I said, are Tom's; and when I looked at the houses and securities, these, I said, are Mary's and Jane's. No, no; they were no longer mine. I could not feel them mine, and I tore up the will."

„You must make another."

„Yes, yes, doctor — you'll give me time for that? Oh, I have much — so very much to do!"

„I gave the woman instructions to fetch in pen and paper, quickly; but such things are not soon procured in such a spot. When she was gone, I added: „And your Maker, who has crowned you with so much of his favour, how stand your preparations with him?"

„Time enough for that, doctor. Let us make the will first. That's the first thing — that must be done first."

„He endeavoured to turn himself, as if to be ready to dictate; but sudden spasms seized him; he gasped for breath; clutched convulsively my sleeve; groaned, his head fell back, and with a deep sigh, saying half-audibly, „I have so much — to do!" the days of the great owner of many lands were over. The shrewd foreseer of events, the sagacious specula-

tor, the keen safe bargainer, died, with his chief work unaccomplished — the grand bargain of existence unsecured!

„It has required the sharp ride of to-day, over rock, and stone, and fallen trunk, up steep jagged acclivities, and over many a mile of dark mountain forest, amid the moaning winds and the snapping boughs, to dissipate the black

impression of that deathbed. But now for a sleep!”

The three friends threw themselves on their hard couches; and, at break of day, were travelling through a region of magnificent mountains, with a bright sun beaming above them amid flying clouds, towards the hospitable home of the accomplished and popular Æsculapius.

GLOSSARY.

A.

- A, an, ubest. Art. *en, et*.
 Abandon, v. *overgive*.
 Abandoned, part. *overladt*.
 Abate, v. *formindskes, (om Feber) bedres*.
 Abatement, s. *Nedsættelse (i Pris)*.
 Abhorred, part. *afskyet*.
 Ability, s. *Evne*.
 Abject, adj. *ussel, ynkelig*.
 Able, a. *istand til, formaaende*.
 Abode, s. *Bolig*.
 Abominable, a. *afskyelig*.
 Abound, a. *være, findes i Overflødig-
dighed, vrinkle*.
 About, prp. *omkring; om*.
 Above, prp. *oventil, foroven*.
 Abroad, adv. *ud; ude; udenlands; udenfor Huset*.
 Absence, s. *Fraværelse*.
 Absent, a. *fraværende*.
 Absolutely, adv. *ligefrem (p. 70)*.
 Absorbed, part. *hensjunken*.
 Absurd, a. *urimelig*.
 Abundance, s. *Overflødighed*.
 Abyss, s. *Afgrund*.
 Accept, v. *modtage*.
 Acceptable, a. *antagelig, kjærkom-
men*.
 Accident, s. *Hændelse, Tilfælde*.
 Accidental, a. *tilfældig*.
 Acclamation, s. *Bifaldsraab*.
 Accompany, v. *ledsage, følge*.
 Accomplice, s. *Medvider, Medskyl-
dig*.
 Accomplish, v. *udføre, iværksætte*.
 Accomplished, a. *dannet, (især om
Damer)*.
 Accomplishments, s. pl. *Fortrin,
(især Opdragelsens)*.
 Accordance, s. *Harmoni*.
 Accordingly, adv. *følgeligen*.
 According to, i *Overeenssetemmelse
med*.
 Accost, v. *henvende sig til, tale til*.
 Account, s. *Beretning, Regning; on
that account, af den Aarsag; on
any account, paa nogen Maade*.
 Accountant, s. *Regnemester*.
 Accustomed, part. *vant*.
 Ache, v. *gjøre Ondt, smerte*.
 Acknowledge, v. *erkjende, bekjende*.
 Acquaint, v. *gjøre bekjendt med,
lade vide*.
 Acquaintance, s. *Bekjendtskab*.
 Acquiescence, s. *Samtykke*.
 Acquire, v. *erhverve*.
 Acquisition, s. *Ejendom, Erhverv*.
 Across, adv. *over, tversover*.
 Act, s. *Handling; to be in the act,
være ifærd med, i Begreb med*.
 Action, s. *Handling*.
 Active, a. *virksom; behændig*.
 Actor, s. *Skuespiller*.
 Actually, adv. *virkeligen*.
 Add, v. *tilføje*.
 Addicted, a. *forfalden*.
 Addict, one's self, *henfalde*.
 Additional, a. *ny, tilføjet; yderligere*.
 Address, s. *Behændighed*.
 Addresses, s. pl. *Frieri, Cour pay
addresses, fri til, gjøre Cour*.
 Adhere, v. *hænge ved, klæbe ved*.
 Adjoining, part. *tilstødende*.
 Adieu, s. & interj. *Farvel*.
 Admirable, a. *beundringsvædig*.
 Admire, v. *beundre*.
 Admit, v. *indlade, tage imod*.
 Admonition, s. *Paamindelse*.
 Ado, s. *Møje, Vanskelighed*.
 Adopt, v. *antage, adoptere*.
 Advance, v. *komme frem, nærme
sig; rykke frem; laane*.

- Advantage, s. *Fordeel*.
 Advantageous, a. *fordeelagtig*.
 Adventure, s. *Hændelse*. *Eventyr*.
 Advise, v. *raade*.
 Advice, s. *Raad*.
 Affair, s. *Sag*, *Affaire*.
 Affected, part. *affecteret*; *angreben*; *bevæget*, *rørt*.
 Affection, s. *Kjærlighed*.
 Affectionate, a. *hengiven*, *kjær*.
 Affirm, v. *bekræfte*, *paastaae*.
 Affirmative, s. *Bekræftelse*; reply in the affirmative, *svare bekræftende*.
 Afflict, v. *bedrøve*, *bekymre*.
 Affliction, s. *Sorg*.
 Affluence, s. *Rigdom*.
 Afford, v. *staae sig ved*, *taale* (om *Udgifter*).
 Afloat, adv. i *Omløb*.
 Afraid, a. *bange*.
 After, prp. *efter*.
 Afterwards, adv. *siden*, *siden efter*.
 Again, adv. *igjen*.
 Against, prp. *imod*.
 Age, s. *Alder*, *Tidsalder*; of age, *myndig*.
 Agitated, part. *hæftig*, *bevæget*.
 Agitation, s. *hæftig Sindsbevægelse*.
 Ago, adv. *tilforn for* (en *Tid*) *siden*.
 Agree, v. *komme overeens om*, *samtykke*.
 Agreeable, a. *behagelig*.
 Ah! Ah! interj. *Oh*, *Ja*, *Ja!*
 Aid, s. *Hjælp*.
 Aim, s. *Sigte*.
 Air, s. *Luft*; *Mine*.
 Airy, a. *luftig*.
 Alacrity, s. *Lyst*, *Munterhed*.
 Alarm, s. *Frygt*, *Rædsel*, v. *for-
skrække*.
 Alas! interj. *Ach!*
 Alhabbal, s. *Rebslageren*, (et *ara-
bisk Ord*).
 Alight, v. *stige af*, *nedstige*, (om *Fugle*) *sætte sig*.
 Alive, adv. *ilive*.
 All, a. *al*, *alle*, *hele*.
 Alla } , s. (et *arabisk Ord*) *Gud*.
 Allah }
 Allege, v. *anføre*, *sige*.
 Alley, s. *snæver Gade*, *Gang*.
 Alliance, s. *Forbindelse*.
 Allow, v. *tillade*; *tilstede*, *give*.
 Allude, v. *hentyde*, *antydde*.
 Ally, s. *Bundsforvandt*, v. *alliere*.
 Almighty, a. *almægtig*.
 Almost, adv. *næsten*.
 Alms, s. pl. *Almisse*.
 Aloes, s. *Aloe*.
 Along, adv. *fort*, *frem*, *langsmed*.
 Aloud, adv. *høit*, *lydeligt*.
 Already, adv. *allerede*.
 Alter, v. *forandre*.
 Alteration, s. *Forandring*.
 Altercation, s. *Trætte*, *Strid*.
 Amass, v. *samle*.
 Amaze, v. *forbause*.
 Amazement, s. *Bestyrtelse*.
 Amends, s. pl. *Skadeserstatning*.
 Ambassador, s. *Gesandt*.
 Ambergris, s. *Ambra*.
 Ambition, s. *Ærgjerrighed*.
 Amenities of life, *Livets Yndig-
heder eller Elskeligheder*.
 Amiable, a. *elskelig*, *elskværdig*.
 Amid, prp. *under*, *midt i*.
 Among, prp. *iblandt*.
 Amount, s. *Beløb*; v. *beløbe sig*.
 Ample, a. *stor*.
 Amply, adv. *rigeligt*.
 Amuse, v. *more*; *drive Tiden*; *narre*.
 Amusement, s. *Underholdning*, *Mor-
skab*.
 Ancestors, s. pl. *Forfædre*.
 Anchor; s. *Anker*.
 Anew, adv. *paa Ny*.
 And, conj. *og*.
 Anger, s. *Vrede*.
 Angry, a. *vred*.
 Anguish, s. *Smærte*, *Angst*; *Hjerte-
sorg*.
 Another, a. *en anden*, *nok een*.
 Answer, v. *besvare*, s. *Svar*.
 Anticipate, v. *komme i forkjøbet*
 (p. 112).

- Anxious, a. *cængstelig, begjerlig.*
 Any, pron. *nogensomhelst, enhver-somhelst.*
 Apartment, s. *Værelse.*
 Apothecary, s. *Apotheker.*
 Appalling, part. *bestyrtende, for-færdende.*
 Apparatus, s. *Apparat, Redskaber; Værktøj.*
 Apparel, s. *Klædning.*
 Apparent, a. *aabenbar, øjensynlig.*
 Apparently, adv. *tilsyneladende, som det synes.*
 Appeal, s. *Appell.*
 Appear, v. *synes.*
 Appearance, s. *Fremtræden; Ud-seende.*
 Appetite, s. *Appetit, Spiselyst.*
 Apple, s. *Æble.*
 Application, s. *Henvendelse.*
 Apply, v. *henvende sig; anvende.*
 Appoint, v. *bestemme, indsatte.*
 Appointed hour, *bestemt Time.*
 Apprehensive, a. *frygtende.*
 Apprehension, s. *Frygt.*
 Apprise, v. *underrette.*
 Approach, v. *nærme sig, s. Nærmelse.*
 Appropriate, v. *tilegne sig.*
 Approve, v. *bifalde.*
 Arab, a. & s. *arabisk, Araber.*
 Arch, s. *Bue.*
 Archery, s. *Bueskydning.*
 Archives, s. pl. *Archiv, Rigs-Archiv.*
 Ardently, adv. *hæftigt.*
 Argument, s. *Grund, Forestilling.*
 Arm, s. *Arm.*
 Arm, v. *bevæbne.*
 Arouse, v. *opvække.*
 Arrange, v. *ordne, forberede, gjøre, istand.*
 Arrangement, s. *Orden.*
 Arrant, a. *erke- (i slem Betydning).*
 Arrive, v. *ankomme.*
 Arrow, s. *Pil.*
 Art, s. *Konst.*
 Artful, a. *listig, snu*
 Artfully, adv. *listigt, paa en snu Maade.*
 Articulate, v. *fremsigte, yltre.*
 Artizan, s. *Haandværksmand.*
 As, adv. *som.*
 Ascend, v. *bestige.*
 Ascertain, v. *forvise sig om.*
 Ashamed, a. *skamfuld.*
 Ashore, adv. *iland.*
 Aside, adv. *tilside.*
 Ask, v. *spørge.*
 Asleep, adv. *i Søvn; i Søvn.*
 Aspect, s. *Udseende.*
 Ass, s. *Æsel.*
 Assail, v. *angribe.*
 Assassin, s. *Snigmorder.*
 Assassinate, v. *snigmyrde.*
 Assertion, s. *Udsagn.*
 Assiduous, a. *vedholdende.*
 Assign, v. *bestemme.*
 Assist, v. *hjælpe, staa bi; være til-stede.*
 Assistance, s. *Hjælp, Bistand.*
 Associations, s. pl. *Erindringer.*
 Astonish, v. *forbause.*
 Assumption, s. *Antagen, Anskaffelse.*
 Assure, v. *forsikre.*
 Astonishment, s. *Forbauselse.*
 At, prp. *i, ved; at home, hjemme; at sea, til Søes; at all, paa nogen Maade; not at all, paa ingen Maade.*
 Atrocious, a. *gruelig.*
 Attached, part. *hengiven.*
 Attack, s. *Angreb; v. angribe.*
 Attain, v. *opnaa, naa.*
 Attempt, s. *Forsøg; v. forsøge.*
 Attend, v. *indfinde sig, være til-stede, ledsage.*
 Attend to, *iagttage.*
 Attention, s. *Opmærksomhed.*
 Attentive, a. *opmærksom.*
 Attentively, adv. *opmærksomt.*
 Attired, part. *klædt.*
 Attitude, s. *Stilling.*
 Attract, v. *tiltrække.*
 Attribute, v. *tilskrive.*
 Audience, s. *Audients.*
 Augment, v. *forøge.*
 Author, s. *Forfatter; Ophavsmand.*

Authorize, v. *berettige*.
 Avail one's self, *afbenytte sig*.
 Avaricious, a. *gjerrig*.
 Aversion, s. *Modbydelighed, Afsky*.
 Avoid, v. *undgaae*.
 Avowal, s. *Tilstaaelse, Bekjendelse*.
 Await, v. *oppebie*.
 Awake, v. irr. *vække, vaagne*.
 Awaken, v. *vække*.
 Aware, a. *vaer, vidende om*.
 Away, adv. *afsted; bort*.
 Awkwardness, s. *Keitethed*.
 Azure, v. *azurblaa, himmelblaa*.

B.

Back, adv. *tilbage*.
 Back, s. *Ryg*.
 Back, v. *understøtte, staa bi*.
 Backwards, adv. *tilbage*.
 Badly, adv. *ilde*.
 Baffle, v. *narre, skuffe, forvirre*.
 Bag, s. *Sæk*.
 Bagpipe, s. *Sækkepibe*.
 Bait, s. *Madding*.
 Balcony, s. *Altan*.
 Bale, s. *Balle, Pakke*.
 Ball, s. *Bold*.
 Bandage, s. *Bind*.
 Banditti, s. pl. *Røvere*.
 Banish, v. *forjage, fordrive, landsforvise*.
 Bank, s. *Bred*.
 Banker, s. *Banquier*.
 Bank-note, s. *Bankseddel*.
 Banquet, s. *Gilde*.
 Banter, v. *have til Bedste*.
 Barbarous, a. *barbarisk*.
 Barefooted, a. *barfodet*.
 Bargain, s. *Kjøb, godt Kjøb*.
 Bark, s. *Baad*.
 Barley, s. *Byg*.
 Barren, a. *ufrugtbær*.
 Base, s. *Fod, Fodstykke, nederste Del*.
 Base, a. *nedrig*.
 Basket, s. *Kurv, Æske*.
 Bas-relief, s. *Lavt-ophøjet Billedhugger-Arbeide*.
 Bath, s. *Bad*.

Bathe, v. *bade*.
 Battered, part. *forslaaet*.
 Battery, s. *Batteri*.
 Battle, s. *Slag*.
 Bawl, v. *skraale, brøle*.
 Be, v. subst. *være*.
 Be about, *være i Begreb med*.
 Beach, s. *Strand*.
 Beam, v. *straale; s. Straale; Bjælke*.
 Bear, v. ir. *taale; bear me out, gjøre mit Ord gyldigt*.
 Bear, v. irr. *bære, føre*.
 Beard, s. *Skjæg*.
 Bearer, s. *Overbringer*.
 Beast, s. *Dyr, Beest*.
 Beat, v. irr. *slaa*.
 Beating, s. *Slaaen, Banken; [Pladsken]*.
 Beaufet, s. *Skjenkebord*.
 Beautiful, a. *skjøn, deilig*.
 Beauty, s. *Skjønhed*.
 Becalmed, part. *som har Vindstille*.
 Become, v. irr. *blive; what is become of it, hvor er det blevet af*.
 Bed, s. *Seng*.
 Bedew, v. *bedugge*.
 Befall, v. *tilstøde, ramme; hænde*.
 Before, prp. *for, (foran); før*.
 Beg, v. *bede; tigge*.
 Beggar, s. *Tigger*.
 Begin, v. irr. *begynde*.
 Behalf, s. *Vegne; in his behalf, paa hans Vegne*.
 Behave, v. *opføre sig; lade (S. 101)*.
 Behind, prp. *bagved, bag*.
 Behold, v. irr. *beskue, betragte*.
 Being, s. *Væsen*.
 Believe, v. *tro*.
 Belly, s. *Mave, Bug*.
 Belong, v. *tilhøre*.
 Beloved, a. *elsket*.
 Below, adv. *nedenfor*.
 Belt, s. *Belte*.
 Bend, v. *rette, tage en Retning*.
 Beneath, prp. *under*.
 Benefactor, s. *Velgjører*.
 Beneficence, s. *Godgjørenhed*.
 Benefit, s. *Fordeel; Velgjerning; v. have Nytte, Gavn af*.

- Benevolent, a. *godgjørende*.
 Be no more, at være død.
 Bequeath, v. *testamentere*.
 Bermecide } s. *Nedstammet af Ber-*
 Barmecide } *mec's Familie*.
 Beseech, v. irr. *bede indstændig*.
 Beset, v. *omringe*.
 Beside one's self, *ude af sig selv*
 (*rasende*).
 Besides, adv. *desuden*.
 Best, a. *bedst*.
 Bestow, v. *yde, skjenke, give*.
 Bestow upon, *yde*.
 Betake, v. irr. *begive*.
 Bethink one's self of, *falde paa*.
 Betray, v. *forraade; forlede*.
 Better, v. *forbedre; a. bedre*. p. 73.
 Better, a. *bedre faren*.
 Between }
 Betwixt } prp. *imellem, mellem*.
 Bewail, v. *beklage, begræde*.
 Bezestein eller Bezestan, s. *Vare-*
Halle, Tyrkisk Bazar.
 Bias, s. *Retning*.
 Bias, s. *Tilbøjelighed, Forkjærlighed*.
 Bid, v. irr. *byde; bede*.
 Bid farewell, *sige Farvel*.
 Bier, s. *Ligkiste; Baare*.
 Bidding, s. *Bud*.
 Bigness, s. *Størrelse*.
 Bill, s. *Fuglesnabel; Regning*.
 Bill of exchange, s. *Vexel*.
 Billow, s. *Bølge, Vove*.
 Bind, v. irr. *Binde*.
 Bird, s. *Fugl*.
 Bird-nesting, s. *Søgen efter Fugle*
reder.
 Birth, s. *Fødsel*.
 Bit, s. *Bid; lille Stykke*.
 Bitter, a. *bitter*.
 Bitterly, adv. *bittert*.
 Black, a. *sort*.
 Blame, s. *Daddel, Skyld*.
 Bland, a. *blid*.
 Bleed, v. *bløde*.
 Blend, v. *forene*.
 Bless, v. *velsigne*.
 Blessing, s. *Velsignelse*.
 Blind, adj. *blind, v. blinde*.
 Blindfold, v. *binde for Øjnene*.
 Blissful, a. *lykkelig, lykkelig*.
 Born, part. *født*.
 Blood, s. *Blod*.
 Blot, s. *Plet; v. plette*.
 Blow, v. irr. *blæse*.
 Bluntly, adv. *ligefrem*.
 Blush, v. *rødme*.
 Board, s. *Bord; on board, om Bord*.
 Boat, s. *Baad*.
 Body, s. *Legeme*.
 Boil, v. *koge*.
 Bold, a. *dristig*.
 Bone, s. *Knokkel, Been*.
 Book, s. *Bog*.
 Border, s. *Grændse*.
 Bore, v. *bore*.
 Borrow, v. *borge, laane*.
 Bosom, s. *Barm*.
 Both, a. *begge, adv. baade*.
 Bottom, s. *Bund; at bottom, i*
Grunden.
 Bough, s. *Green*.
 Bound, part. *bunden; (om Skibe)*
bestemt.
 Bountiful, a. *godgjørende, rund-*
hændet.
 Bounty, s. *Godgjørenhed; Godhed*.
 Bow, s. *Bue; e. boie, bukke*.
 Bowl, s. *Bold, Kugle; Skaal, Kumme*.
 Bow-window, s. *Bue-Vindue, frem-*
ragende Vindue.
 Box, s. *Æske, Kasse*.
 Boy, s. *Dreng*.
 Braid, v. *flette; s. Fletning*.
 Bramble, s. *Tornebusk*.
 Bran, s. *Klid*.
 Brave, a. *brav, tapper*.
 Bread, s. *Brød*.
 Breadth, s. *Brede*.
 Break, v. *brække, bryde; break into*
a house, gjøre Indbrud.
 Breakfast, s. *Frokost*.
 Break of day, s. *Daggry*.
 Break off, *afbryde*.
 Breast, s. *Bryst*.
 Breath, s. *Aande*.
 Breathe, v. *aande; indaande*.
 Breed, v. irr. *opfostre, opdrage*.

Breeze, s. *Kulling*.
 Bribe, v. *bestikke*; s. *Bestikkelse*.
 Bright, a. *lys, skinnende*.
 Brightness, s. *Glands*.
 Brilliant, a. *glimrende*.
 Bring, v. irr. *bringe*.
 Brocade, s. *Brocade, Guldstof*.
 Broil, v. *stege paa Rist*.
 Brook, s. *Bæk*.
 Broth, s. *Suppe (som kun ikke er lavet af Ækekjød)*.
 Brother, s. *Broder*.
 Brushwood, s. *Krat*.
 Buffet, v. *Beaufet*.
 Built, part. *bygget*.
 Bulky, a. *tyk, svær, klumpet*.
 Bundle, s. *Pakke, Bundt*.
 Buoyant, a. *gyngende, livlig*.
 Burden, s. *Byrde*.
 Burial, s. *Begravelse*.
 Burn, v. *brænde*.
 Burst out a laughing, *briste i Latter*.
 Bury, v. *begrave*.
 Bush, s. *Busk*.
 Busily, adv. *geskæftigen, flittigen*.
 Business, s. *Beskjæftigelse; Forretning; Anliggende; Sag*.
 But, conj. *men*.
 But, conj. *hvis ikke, dersom ikke*.
 Buy, v. *kjøbe*.
 Buyer, s. *Kjøber*.
 By, prp. *ved; af; ad*.
 Bystander, s. *Tilstedeværende*.

C.

Cabbage-leaf, s. *Hvidkaals-Blad*.
 Cabin, s. *ussel Hytte; (til Søes) Kahyt*.
 Cable, s. *Toug*.
 Cackle, v. *kagle*.
 Calamitous, a. *ulykkelig*.
 Calculated, part. *beregnet paa*.
 Calebash } s. *Flaske-Græskar, Ka-*
 Calabash } *labash*.
 Caliphate, s. *Kaliphdomme, (Kejserdømme)*.
 Call, v. *kalde, nævne, benævne; gjøre Besøg*.

Call on, *paakalde*.
 Calm, v. *berolige*.
 Calumny, s. *Bagvaskelse*.
 Can, v. irr. & def. *kan*.
 Cannibal, s. *Menneskeæder*.
 Cap, s. *Kappe (for Hovedet)*.
 Capable, a. *istand til*.
 Capital, s. *Hovedstad*.
 Captain, s. *Anfører, Høvding*.
 Cards, s. pl. *Spillekaart*.
 Care, s. *Omsorg*.
 Carelessly, adv. *skjodesløst*.
 Cargo, s. *Ladning*.
 Carpet, *Gulvtæppe*.
 Carriage, s. *Vogn, Karet*.
 Carry, v. *bære, føre*.
 Case, s. *Tilfælde*.
 Cash, s. *rede Penge*.
 Cast of a net, *Dræt*.
 Cat, s. *Kat*.
 Catch, v. irr. *fange, gribe; fatte*.
 Cause, s. *Aarsag, v. foraarsage*.
 Cautious, a. *forsigtig*.
 Cavalcade, s. *Tog; Procession*.
 Cave, s. *Hule*.
 Cease, v. *ophøre, holde op*.
 Cede, v. *opgive*.
 Celebrated, part. *bekjendt, berømt*.
 Censure, s. *Daddel, Bebrejdelse*.
 Certain, a. *vis*.
 Certainly, adv. *visseligen*.
 Certainty, s. *Vished*.
 Chalk, s. *Kridt; v. kride*.
 Challenge, v. *fordre; gjøre Krav paa*.
 Chamber, s. *Kammer*.
 Chance, s. *Hændelse, Lykketræf; v. indtræffe, hænde sig*.
 Chancel, a. *Kor*.
 Change, s. *Forandring*.
 Chapman, s. *Kjøbmand, Bissekræmmer*.
 Charge, v. *paalægge*.
 Charity, s. *Kjærlighedsgave, Almisse; Godgjørenhed*.
 Charm, s. *Trylleri*.
 Charmed, part. *indtagen; henrykt*.
 Charming, a. *indtagende; fortryllende*.

- Charms, s. s. *Yndigheder*.
 Chasm, s. *Hul, Gab*.
 Château, s. *Hus, Lystslot paa Landet (et Franskt Ord)*.
 Chaste, a. *kydsk*.
 Cheek, s. *Kind*.
 Cheerful, a. *munter, oprømt*.
 Cheerfully, adv. *med Glæde, gjerne*.
 Cheering, part. *opmuntrende, munter*.
 Chest, s. *Kiste, Kasse*.
 Chief, s. *Høvding*.
 Child, s. *Barn*.
 Childhood, s. *Barndom*.
 Childishness, s. *Barnagtighed*.
 Chimney, s. *Skorsteen*.
 Chimney-piece, s. *Ildstedsramme*.
 China, s. *Porcelain*.
 Chip, v. *knække (om Æg)*.
 Choice, s. *Valg, Forraad*.
 Choke, v. *quæle*.
 Choose, v. *irr. vælge; finde for godt*.
 Cinnamon, s. *Kaneel*.
 Circuitous, a. *kroget, snoet*.
 Circulation, s. *Omløb*.
 Circumstance, s. *Omstændighed*.
 Citizen, s. *Borger*.
 City, s. *By, Stad*.
 Civility, s. *Artighed*.
 Civilization, s. *Folkedannelse*.
 Claim, v. *fordre, s. Fordring*.
 Clamber, v. *klattre*.
 Clandestine, a. *hemmelig*.
 Clasp, v. *omspænde*.
 Clean, v. *rense: a. reen*.
 Cleanliness, s. *Renlighed*.
 Clearly, adv. *klart*.
 Cleft, s. *Kløft, Klippekløft*.
 Clerk, s. *Comptorist*.
 Clerkship, s. *Contoir-Tjeneste*.
 Clever, a. *kløgtig, klog*.
 Cliff, s. *Klippe*.
 Climb, v. *klattre*.
 Cling, v. *klynge sig*.
 Clock, s. *Stueuhr*.
 Close, v. *lukke; lukke sig; adv. & a. tæt ved; close by, tæt ved*.
 Cloth, s. *Klæde; Dug; Toj*.
 Clothe, v. *klæde*.
 Clothes, s. pl. *Klæder*.
 Cloth of gold, *Guldvæv*.
 Cloud, s. *Sky*.
 Clouded, part. *fordunklet, forstyrret*.
 Cloves, s. *Krydernelliker*.
 Club, s. *Kølle*.
 Cluster, s. *Klase, Gruppe*.
 Coachman, s. *Kudsk*.
 Coal, s. *Kul*.
 Coarse, a. *grov*.
 Coast, s. *Kyst*.
 Cobbler, s. *Skoflikker*.
 Cocoa-nut, *Kokusnød*.
 Coffin, *Ligkiste*.
 Cogitation, s. *Tanke*.
 Coil, v. *snoe sig*.
 Coin, s. *Mynt*.
 Cold, v. *koldt*.
 Coldly, adv. *koldt*.
 Collation, s. *et lille Festmaaltid*.
 Colour, s. *Farve*.
 Column, s. *Søile*.
 Come, v. *irr. komme*,
 Combat, v. *bekjæmpe; s. Kamp*.
 Come by, *faa, komme til*.
 Come on, *komme paa, komme (om Nat, Uveir etc.)*.
 Comfort, s. *Trøst, Bequemmelighed, Hyggelighed; v. trøste*.
 Comforter, s. *Trøster*.
 Comical, a. *komisk*.
 Command, v. *befale, s. Befaling*.
 Commander, s. *Befalingsmand, Overhoved, Fyrste, Høvding*.
 Commander of the faithful. (*Kaliphens Titel*) *de Troendes Fyrste (Emir ol mumenin)*.
 Commend, v. *rose*.
 Commercial, a. *som hører til Handel, Handels-*.
 Commission, s. *Hverv; v. give i Commission*.
 Commit, v. *øvergive; begaae*.
 Commodity, s. *Vare, Gods*.
 Common, a. *almindelig*.
 Communicate, v. *meddele*.
 Communication, s. *Meddelelse; Samfærsel*.
 Companion, s. *Kammerad*.
 Company, s. *Selskab*.

- Comparative, a. *relativ, forholds-*
mæssig.
- Compare, v. *sammenligne.*
- Comparison, s. *Sammenligning.*
- Compassion, s. *Medlidenhed.*
- Compel, *tvinge.*
- Complain, v. *klage.*
- Complaint, s. *Klage; Sygdom.*
- Complaisance, s. *Føielighed.*
- Complete, v. *fuldkommen.*
- Completely, adv. *fuldkomment,*
ganske.
- Comply with, *føie sig, rette sig*
efter.
- Composed, part. *sammensat.*
- Composure, s. *Rolighed.*
- Comprehend, v. *begribe.*
- Compromise, v. *sætte i Fare.*
- Comrade, s. *Kammerat.*
- Conceal, v. *fordølge, skjule.*
- Conceive, v. *fatte.*
- Concerned, part. *bekymret.*
- Conclude, v. *slutte.*
- Conclusion, s. *Slutning.*
- Condescend, v. *nedlade sig.*
- Condemn, v. *fordømme.*
- Condition, s. *Betingelse; Tilstand.*
- Condole, v. *condolere.*
- Conduct, v. *føre, lede, drive; s.*
Opførsel.
- Conductor, s. *Fører.*
- Confer, v. *udvise, yde, give.*
- Confess, v. *bekjende.*
- Confession, s. *Tilstaaelse, Bekjen-*
delse.
- Confide, v. *betroe.*
- Confidential, a. *fortrolig, høitbetroet.*
- Confined, a. *indeskuttet.*
- Confined, part. *indskrænket.*
- Confirm, v. *bekræfte, befæste.*
- Conform, v. *rette sig efter.*
- Confused, part. *forvirret, usammen-*
hængende.
- Confusion, s. *Skamfuldhed.*
- Congratulate, v. *lykønske.*
- Connected, part. *beslægtet, som*
staaer i Forbindelse med.
- Connection, s. *Forbindelse.*
- Connubial tie, *Ægteskabsbaand.*
- Conquer, v. *erobre.*
- Conscience, s. *Samvittighed.*
- Consent, v. *samtykke.*
- Consequence, s. *Følge.*
- Consider, v. *betænke, betragte;*
anse.
- Consort, s. *Ægtefælle.*
- Constant, a. *idelig.*
- Constitution, s. *Legemsbygning, Con-*
stitution.
- Contain, *holde, indeholde.*
- Contemplation, s. *Beskuelse.*
- Contempt, s. *Foragt.*
- Content, a. *tilfreds, fornøiet; v.*
være tilfreds med; tilfredsstille.
- Contents, s. pl. *Indhold.*
- Continual, a. *bestandigt, uafbrudt.*
- Continue, v. *forblive, vedblive, fort-*
sætte.
- Contorsion, s. *Fordrejning.*
- Contract, v. *tilegne sig.*
- Contract a marriage, *indgaa Ægte-*
skab.
- Contrary, s. *det Modsatte; a. mod-*
sat; stridende imod.
- Contrast, s. *Modsætning.*
- Contribute, v. *bidrage.*
- Contrivance, s. *Kneb, Paafund,*
Indretning.
- Contrive, v. *indrette, udfinde, op-*
finde.
- Controversy, s. *Strid, Trætte.*
- Convenience, s. *Bequemmelighed.*
- Convenient, a. *bequem, passende.*
- Conveniently, adv. *bequemt.*
- Conversation, s. *Samtale, Under-*
holding.
- Conviction, s. *Overbevisning.*
- Convince, v. *overbevise.*
- Convert, v. *forvandle.*
- Convey, v. *føre, bringe, bibringe.*
- Convulse with laughter, *bring til*
at briste af Latter.
- Cook, v. *kaage; s. Kok.*
- Cool, s. *Kuling; a. kjølig.*
- Copper, s. *Kobber.*
- Corn, s. *Korn.*
- Corner, s. *Krog, Hjørne.*
- Corpse, s. *Lig.*

- Correct, v. *rette*.
 Cost, v. irr. *koste*; cost what it will, *hvad det end koster*.
 Costly, a. *kostelig*.
 Cottage, s. *Hytte*; *Villa*.
 Cotton, s. *Bomuld*, *Bomuldsvare*.
 Couch, s. *Leje*.
 Counsel, s. *Raad*.
 Count, v. *tælle*, *regne*.
 Count, s. *Greve*.
 Countenance, s. *Ansigt*, *Aasyn*; *Udseende*; *Bestyrkelse*, *Støtte*.
 Counterbalance, v. *veie op imod*.
 Countess in her own right, *arvelig Besidderinde af en Jarls-Værdighed*; *ikke blot Jarl-inde ved Ægteskab*.
 Counting-house, s. *Kjøbmands-Comptoir*.
 Country, s. *Land*.
 Countryman, s. *Landsmand*.
 Country-house, s. *Landsted*.
 Courage, s. *Mod*, *Uforsagthed*.
 Course, s. *Kurs*, *Kaas*; *Løb*, *Gang*; in course of conversation, i, *under Samtalen*; of course, *naturligvis*.
 Course of nature, *Naturens Gang*.
 Court, s. *Gaard*; *Hof*; *Ret*.
 Courteously, adv. *artigen*.
 Courtship, s. *Frierie*.
 Court-yard, s. *Gaard*.
 Cover, s. *Laag*; v. *bedække*.
 Cow, s. *Ko*.
 Cradle, s. *Vugge*.
 Create, v. *skabe*, *stifte*.
 Creator, s. *Skaber*.
 Creature, s. *Skabning*; *Dyr*.
 Credible, a. *troværdig*.
 Credit, s. *Tiltro*, v. *tro*.
 Creep, v. irr. *krybe*.
 Crew, s. (*Skibs*)-*Mandskab*.
 Crime, s. *Forbrydelse*.
 Criminal, a. *forbryderisk*.
 Crimson, a. *karmosin-rød*.
 Crooked, a. *kroget*.
 Cross, eller Market-cross, s. *et Kors*, som opstilles i Centrum paa *Torvet* i *Engelske Byer*.
 Cross, v. *gaa tværs over*.
 Cross road, s. *Krydsvei*, *Tvervei*, *Vej som støder sammen med en anden*.
 Crossway, s. *Krydsvej*.
 Crow, v. *gale*.
 Crowd, s. *Mængde*, *Masse*; v. *for-samles i Mængde*; *stimle sammen*; *trykke*, *klemme*.
 Crown, s. *Krone*; *Eng. Mynt*, som *gjelder omtr. 2 Rdl. 24 Sk.*
 Cruel, a. *grusom*.
 Cruelty, s. *Grusomhed*.
 Crush, v. *knuse*.
 Crier, s. *Udraaber*.
 Cry, s. *Skrig*, v. *skrige*; *sige*.
 Cultivate, v. *dyrke*, *pløje*.
 Cunning, a. *listig*, *smu*.
 Cup, s. *Bæger*.
 Cupboard, s. *Skænkebord*, *Skab*.
 Cure, v. *helbrede*; s. *Helbredelse*.
 Curiosity, s. *Mærkværdighed*; *Nys-gierrighed*.
 Curious, a. *rar*, *kunstig*.
 Current, s. *Strøm*.
 Cushion, s. *Pude*.
 Custom, s. *Skik*, *Sædvane*.
 Customer, s. *Kunde*.
 Cut, v. irr. *skære*, *hugge*.
 Cut off, *afskjære*.

D.

- Dagger, s. *Dolk*.
 Daily, a. *daglig*.
 Dame, s. *Kone*.
 Damper, s. *Brød*, *Føde*; [*Pøbel-sprog*].
 Dance, v. *dandse*, s. *Dands*.
 Dancer, s. *Dandser*, *Dandserinde*.
 Danger, s. *Fare*.
 Dangerous, a. *farlig*.
 Dangle, v. *dingle*.
 Dare, v. irr. *vove*, *turde*.
 Dark, a. *mørk*, s. *Mørkning*.
 Darken, v. *mørkne*.
 Darkness, s. *Mørke*.
 Darling, a. & s. *kjær*; *Yndling*.
 Dart, e. *kaste*; *skyde* (som en *Pil*).

- Date, s. *Tid*; of a fresh date, *nyligt*.
 Date-tree, s. *Daddel-Træ*.
 Daughter, s. *Datter*.
 Dawn, s. *Daggry*, *Dagbrækning*.
 Day, s. *Dag*; Daylight, *Dagslys*.
 Daybreak, s. *Daggry*.
 Daytime, s. *Dagstid*; in the day-time, *om Dagen*.
 Dazzle, v. *blænde*.
 Dead, a. & part. *død*.
 Deadly, a. *dødelig*.
 Deal in, *handle med*.
 Dear, a. *kjær*.
 Death, s. *Død*; put to death, *af-live*, *dræbe*.
 Deathbed, s. *Døds-Seng*.
 Debauchery, s. *Udsvævelser*.
 Debtor, s. *Skuldner*.
 Deceased, part. *afdød*.
 Deceive, v. *skuffe*, *bedrage*.
 Decent, a. *sømmelig*.
 Decide, v. *dømme*, *afgjøre*, *tage Bestemmelse*.
 Deck, v. *smykke*, *pryde*.
 Deck, s. *Dæk* (*paa et Skib*).
 Declare, v. *erklære*.
 Decline, v. *unddrage sig*, *afslaa*.
 Decline, of life, *affældig Alder*.
 Decrepit, a. *udlevet*, *svag af Alderdom*.
 Dedicate, v. *tilegne*, *dedicere*.
 Deep, a. *dyb*.
 Defective, a. *mangelfuld*.
 Defend, v. *forsvare*.
 Defiance, s. *Trods*.
 Deformity, s. *Vanskabning*, *Hæslighed*.
 Degrade, v. *nedværdige*.
 Degree, s. *Grad*; by degrees, *gradeviis*.
 Delay, s. *Ophold*, *Tøven*; v. *tøve*; *opsætte*.
 Deleterious, a. *ødelæggende*, *dræbende*.
 Deliberately, adv. *forsætlig*, *med Overlæg*.
 Delicacy, s. *fin Legemsbygning*.
Zarthed.
 Delicious, a. *yndig*.
 Delight, s. *Fornøjelse*, *Fryd*.
 Delighted, part. *meget glad*, *veltilfreds*.
 Delirious, a. *som phantaserer*.
 Deliver, v. *befrie*; *aflevere*.
 Deliverance, s. *Frelse*; *Befrielse*.
 Demand, v. *fordre*; *spørge*; s. *Fordring*.
 Demonstration, s. *Bevis*.
 Den, s. *Hule*.
 Denial, s. *Afslag*.
 Deny, v. *negte*.
 Depart, v. *tage afsted*.
 Departure, s. *Afreise*.
 Dependence, s. *Afhængighed*; *Tillid til*.
 Dependent, a. *afhængig*.
 Depending, ou, *afhængig af*.
 Deplorable, a. *ynkelig*, *sorgelig*.
 Deportment, s. *Adfærd*, *Opførsel*.
 Deposit, v. *hensætte*, *gemme*; *lægge op*.
 Deprivation, *Savn*, *Mangel*.
 Deprive, v. *berøve*.
 Depth, s. *Dyb*, *Afgrund*.
 Derive, v. *udlede*; *vinde*, *drage*.
 Descend, v. *stige ned*, *dale*.
 Descendant, s. *Efterkommer*.
 Describe, v. *beskrive*.
 Description, s. *Beskrivelse*; *Slags*.
 Descry, v. *faa Øje paa*, *opdage*.
 Desert, s. *Ørken*; a. *øde*.
 Deserve, v. *fortjene*.
 Design, s. *Hensigt*, *Plan*; v. *have isinde*.
 Designedly, adv. *forsætlig*.
 Desire, v. *forlange*; s. *Ønske*, *Attraa*, *Længsel*.
 Desirous, a. *begjærlig*, *ønskende*.
 Desist from, *opgive*.
 Desolate, a. *øde*.
 Desolating, part. *ødelæggende*.
 Despair, s. *Fortvivelse*.
 Despise, v. *foragte*.
 Despondency, s. *Mismod*.
 Destined, part. *bestemt*.
 Destiny, s. *Skjæbne*, *Tilskikkelse*.
 Destitute, a. *i Trang*, *nødlidende*.
 Destroyer, s. *Ødelægger*, *Drabsmand*.

- Destruction, s. *Ødelæggelse, Undergang*.
 Detain, v. *opholde*.
 Detect, v. *opdag*.
 Detection, s. *Opdagelse*.
 Determine, v. *beslutte*.
 Deviate, v. *afvige*.
 Devote, v. *hellige*.
 Devour, v. *opsluge*.
 Dexterity, s. *Behændighed, Kløgt*.
 Diamond, s. *Diamant*.
 Die, v. *dø*.
 Difference, s. *Forskjel*.
 Different, a. *forskjellig*.
 Difficult, a. *vanskelig*.
 Difficulty, s. *Vanskelighed*.
 Dig, v. irr. *grave*.
 Dignify, v. *forherlige*.
 Dignity, s. *Værdighed*.
 Dilemma, s. *Forlegenhed*.
 Diligence, s. *Flid; Hurtighed*.
 Diligently, adv. *flittigt, omhyggeligt*.
 Diminish, v. *formindske*.
 Dine, v. *spise til Middag*.
 Dinner, s. *Middagsmaaltid*.
 Direct, v. *vise (om Vej); foreskrive*.
 Direction, s. *Retning, Kaas*.
 Directly, adv. *lige; strax; ligefrem*.
 Dirty, a. *smudsig*.
 Disappear, v. *forsvinde*.
 Disappointed, part. *skuffet (i Forventninger)*.
 Disaster, s. *Ulykke, Uheld*.
 Discern, v. *skjælne*.
 Disconsolate, a. *sørgelig, trøstesløs*.
 Discourse, s. *Samtale, Tale*.
 Discover, v. *opdag; aabenbare*.
 Disembark, v. *udskibe (sig)*.
 Discoverer, s. *Opdager*.
 Discovery, s. *Opdagelse*.
 Disgrace, s. *Vanære; v. vanære*.
 Disguise, v. *forklæde; gjøre ukjendelig; s. Forklædning*.
 Disgust, v. *vække Afsky*.
 Dishevelled hair, *uredt, nedslaget Haar*.
 Dishonest, a. *uærlig*.
 Disincline, v. *gjøre utilbojlig*.
 Dislike, s. *Mishag*.
 Dismal, a. *fæl, melancholsk*.
 Dismember, v. *sønderlemme*.
 Dismiss, v. *afskedige*.
 Dispatch, v. *afsende, udsende*.
 Display, v. *opstille, udstille; vise*.
 Disposal, s. *Raadighed*.
 Dispose, v. *bestemme*.
 Dispose of, *afsætte*.
 Disposition, s. *Characteer; Natur, Naturanlæg*.
 Dispute, v. *sætte sig imod, bestride; s. Strid*.
 Distance, s. *Afstand; to some distance, noget bort*.
 Distant, a. *fjærn*.
 Distemper, s. *Sygdom*.
 Distinction, s. *Forskjel (p. 113)*.
 Distinctly, adv. *tydeligt*.
 Distinguish, v. *skjelne*.
 Distracted, a. *rasende*.
 Distress, s. *Nød, Kummer, Sorg; v. plage, bekymre*.
 Distressed, part. *nødlidende, ulykkelig*.
 Distribute, v. *uddele*.
 Disturb, v. *forstyrre*.
 Dive, v. *dykke, dukke*.
 Diver, s. *Dykker*.
 Divert, v. *more, underholde; adsprede*.
 Divested of, *blottet for*.
 Divide, v. *dele; adskille*.
 Divulge, v. *udsprede, gjøre bekjendt*.
 Do, v irr. & aux. *gjøre*.
 Do for one, *blive færdig med een, ombringe een*.
 Do without, *undvære; this will never do, dette gaaer aldrig an*.
 Dodge, s. *Knæb*.
 Dog, s. *Hund*.
 Doleful, v. *klagende, sørgelig*.
 Dome, s. *Kuppel*.
 Dominion, s. *Herredømme*.
 Doing, s. *Værk, Gjerning*.
 Don't, *gjør ikke; samment. for do not: I don't know, jeg veed ikke*.
 Doom, v. *fordømme*.
 Door, s. *Dør*.

Dotted, a. *puncteret, punctuøs besat*.
 Doubt, v. *tvivle, s. Tvivl*.
 Doubtlessly, adv. *upaatvivleligt*.
 Down, prp. *ned*.
 Downwards, adv. *nedad*.
 Doze, s. *Slummer*.
 Dozen, s. *Dousin*.
 Dragon, s. *Drage*.
 Draw, v. *drage, trække; tegne*.
 Drawingroom, s. *Sal, Salon*.
 Dread, s. *Frygt; v. frygte*.
 Dreadful, v. *frygtelig*.
 Dreadfully, adv. *forskrækkelig*.
 Dream, v. *drømme; s. Drøm*.
 Dress, v. *tilberede (om Mad); s. Klædning; v. klæde*.
 Drink, v. *drikke; s. Drik*.
 Drive, v. irr. *drive*.
 Droll, v. *løjerlig*.
 Drop, v. *falde; s. Draabe*.
 Drown, v. *drukne*.
 Drowsiness, s. *Søvnighed, Døsighed*.
 Drug, s. *Middel, Lægemiddel, Gift*.
 Due, a. *forskyldt; tilbørlig*.
 During, adv. *under, i; medens*.
 Duty, s. *Pligt*.
 Dwarf, s. *Dverg*.
 Dwell, v. *bo, opholde sig*.
 Dwelling, s. *Bolig*.
 Dye, s. *Farve, Farvestof*.

E.

Each, pron. *hver*.
 Eager, a. *hidsig, forhippet, ivrig (begjærlig)*.
 Eagerness, s. *Iver*.
 Eagle, s. *Ørn*.
 Early, adv. *tidligt*.
 Earn, v. *erhverve, tjene*.
 Earnest, a. *alvorlig, inderlig; s. Alvor; Penge paa Haanden*.
 Earnestness, s. *Alvor*.
 Ear-rings, s. pl. *Ørenringe*.
 Earth, s. *Jord*.
 Earthen, a. *som er af Leer*.
 Ease, s. *Lethed; Mag, gode Omstændigheder*.
 Easily, adv. *let*.

East, s. *Østen, Orienten*.
 Eat, v. irr. *spise; æde*.
 Ebony, s. *Ibenholt*.
 Edge, s. *Rand, Kant*.
 Educate, v. *opdrage*.
 Education, s. *Opdragelse*.
 Ee'n (*samment. for even*), just, netop.
 Efface, udslette.
 Effect, s. *Virkning*.
 Effectually, adv. *fuldkomment*.
 Effort, s. *Anstrængelse*.
 Egg, s. *Æg*.
 Egress, s. *Udfart, Udgang*.
 Eight, num. *otte*.
 Eighty, num. *firsindstyve*.
 Either, conj. *enten*.
 Eldest, a. *ældst*.
 Elapse, v. *forløbe, henrinde*.
 Elephant, s. *Elefant*.
 Eloquent, a. *veltalende*.
 Else, adv. *ellers*.
 Else-where, s. *andetsteds*.
 Elevate, v. *ophøje*.
 Embark, v. *gaae ombord; indskibe; indlade sig i*.
 Embarassment, s. *Forlegenhed*.
 Emerald, s. *Smaragd*.
 Embrace, v. *omfavne*.
 Emerge, v. *komme frem; dykke op; komme tilsyne*.
 Emotion, s. *Sindsbevægelse*.
 Emperor, s. *Keiser*.
 Empire, s. *Keiserdømme*.
 Employ, v. *bruge, anvende*.
 Emphasis, s. *Eftertryk*.
 Employment, s. *Beskæftigelse*.
 Empty, v. *tømme, a. tom*.
 Enable, v. *sætte istand til*.
 Encircle, v. *omgive*.
 End, s. *Ende; v. ende, slutte*.
 Enclosure, s. *Indhegning*.
 Encompass, v. *omgive, omringe*.
 Encounter, v. *gaae imøde*.
 Encourage, v. *opmuntre*.
 Encourager, s. *Opmunttrer*.
 Endeavour, v. *søge, stræbe*.
 Endure, v. *udholde*.
 Enemy, s. *Fiende*.

- Energy, s. *Kraft*; energy of mind, *Sjælsstyrke, Aandsstyrke*.
 Engaged, part. *beskjeftiget*.
 Engrave, v. *indskære, indprente*.
 Engagement, s. *Forpligtelse; Slag*.
 Engross, v. *bemægtige sig, tilvende sig*.
 Enjoy, v. *nyde*.
 Enjoy one's self, *gjøre sig til Gode*.
 Enjoyment, s. *Nydelse*.
 Enlarge, v. *udvide*.
 Enliven, v. *oplive, opmuntre*.
 Enormous, a. *uhyre stor*.
 Enough, a. *nok*.
 Enquiry, s. *Efterspørgsel, Fore-spørgsel*.
 Enrich, v. *berige; forskjønne*.
 Enter, v. *gaae ind, træde ind*.
 Enterprise, s. *Foretagende*.
 Entertain, v. *beværte*.
 Entertainment, s. *Gjestmaaltid, Gilde; Underholdning*.
 Entirely, adv. *ganske*.
 Entitle, v. *berettig*.
 Entitled, part. *havende til Overskrift eller Titel*.
 Entrance, s. *Indgang*.
 Entreaty, s. *indstændig Bøn*.
 Entrust, v. *betro*.
 Envious, a. *misundelig*.
 Envy, s. *Misundelse*.
 Equal, v. *ligner, a. lige*.
 Equally, adv. *lige*.
 Equipage, s. *Udvortes*.
 Equipment, s. *Paaklædning; Rustning*.
 Error, s. *Fejltagelse*.
 Escape, v. *undslippe*.
 Espy, v. *faa Øje paa, opdage*.
 Essence, c. *Essenz*.
 Essential, a. *væsentlig*.
 Establish, v. *fastsætte*.
 Estate, s. *Gods, Landgods; Tilstand*.
 Esteem, s. *Agtelse; v. agte*.
 Estimable, a. *agtværdig*.
 Evening, s. *Aften*.
 Exact, a. *nøjagtig*.
 Exactness, s. *Nøjagtighed*.
 Examine, v. *undersøge*.
 Exceed, v. *overgaa, overtræffe*.
 Excessive, a. *overdreven*.
 Excellent, a. *fortreffelig*.
 Exchange, *bytte, tuske*.
 Except, conj. *undtagen*.
 Excite, v. *vække, foranledige*.
 Exclaim, v. *udraabe*.
 Exclamation, s. *Udraab*.
 Excursion, s. *lille Tour, Udflugt*.
 Excuse, s. *Undskyldning; v. undskyld*.
 Execration, s. *Forbandelse*.
 Execute, v. *udføre, iværksætte*.
 Execution, s. *Udførelse; Henrettelse*.
 Exempt, v. *fritage*.
 Exercise, s. *Øvelse, Legemsøvelse*.
 Exert, v. *anstreng*.
 Exhausted, part. *udtømt*.
 Exhibit, v. *udstille*.
 Exorbitant a. *overdreven, udsuende*.
 Expect, v. *vænte*.
 Expedition, s. *Hurtighed, Tog, Fart*.
 Expel, v. *fordreve*.
 Expend, v. *spendere, bruge op*.
 Expense, s. *Bekostning*.
 Experience, s. *Erfaring*.
 Experiment, s. *Forsøg*.
 Expiate, v. *udsone*.
 Expire, v. *døe*.
 Explain, v. *forklare*.
 Expose, v. *udsætte (frembyde, stikke frem); beskjenne; gjøre skamfuld*.
 Exposed, part. *udsat*.
 Expostulation, s. *Klage, Forestilling*.
 Express, v. *udtrykke; s. Stafet*.
 Expression, s. *Udtryk*.
 Exquisite, a. *udsøgt, sjælden*.
 Extend, v. *udstrække, udstrække sig*.
 Extensive, a. *udstrakt, vidtløftig*.
 Extent, s. *Udstrækning*.
 Exterior, s. *Udvortes*.
 Extinguish, v. *slukke*.
 Extol, v. *lovprise*.
 Extract, s. *Uddrag; v. uddrage*.
 Extravagant, a. *ødsel*.
 Extreme, a. *yderlig, overordentlig; s. det Yderste*.
 Extremity, s. *Yderlighed, det Yderste*.

Extricate, v. *udfrie*.
 Event, s. *Begivenhed*.
 Every, a. *enhver*.
 Evil, s. *Onde, Ulykke*; a. *ond*.
 Evidently, adv. *klarliggen, aabenbart*.
 Eye, s. *Øje*.

F.

Face, s. *Ansigt*.
 Facility, s. *Lethed*.
 Fact, s. *Kjendsgjerning, Begivenhed*.
Tilfælde; virkeligt Tilfælde eller Begivenhed.
 Fade, v. *falme*.
 Fagots, s. *Quiste, Fagotter*.
 Fail, v. *fejle, være uheldig; undlade, svigte, forsage*.
 Faint, v. *besvime*.
 Fainting, s. *Besvimelse*.
 Fair, s. *Marked*; a. *skjøn; redelig; lys*.
 Fairly, adv. *redeligt; billigt; heelt og holdent, ganske, aldeles, reent*.
 Fair wind, god *Vind, Medbør*.
 Faith, s. *Tro; Troskab; Tiltro*.
 Faithful, a. *tro, trofast; Troende*.
 Fall, v. irr. *falde*.
 Fall a crying, *give sig til at græde*.
 Fall in love, *blive forelsket*.
 Fall in with, *møde, træffe paa*.
 Fall out, *blive uenig*.
 Fall to work, *tage fat paa Arbejde*.
 False, a. *falsk, opdigtet*.
 Falsehood, s. *Løgn, Falskhed*.
 Fame, s. *Ry, Rygte*.
 Familiar, a. *fortrolig*.
 Family, s. *Familie*.
 Famine, s. *Hungersnød*.
 Famished, part. *forhungret*.
 Famous, a. *berømt*.
 Fancy, s. *Indbildning, Grille*.
 Far, a. & adv. *fjærn, langt borte*.
 Farthing, s. $\frac{1}{4}$ af en Penny, *lidt mindre end en Rigsbank-Skilling*.
 Fashion, s. *Mode*.
 Fatigued, part. *træt*.
 Fast, a. *fast*; adv. *hurtigt*.
 Fasten, v. *fæste*.

Fat, a. *feed*.
 Fatal, a. *ulykkelig; drøbende*.
 Fatality, s. *Ulykkes-Tilfælde*.
 Fate, s. *Skjæbne*.
 Father, s. *Fader*.
 Fathom, s. *Favn (sex Fod)*.
 Fatigue, s. *Møje, Besværlighed*.
 Fatten, v. *fede*.
 Fault, s. *Fejl; Skyld*.
 Favour, s. *Gunst*.
 Favourable, a. *gunstig*.
 Favourite, s. *Yndling*.
 Fear, v. *frygte*.
 Fearful, a. *bange*.
 Feast, v. *smause; mætte, gotte*.
 Features, s. pl. *Træk*.
 Feed, v. *fodre, give Føde*.
 Feel, v. *føle*.
 Feeling, s. *Følelse*.
 Feign, v. *skrømte, forstille sig*.
 Fellow, s. *Fælle, Staldbroder; Krabat*.
 Female, a. *quindelig*.
 Fence, s. *Hegn*.
 Ferment, v. *gære*.
 Festooned, part. *bekrandset*.
 Fetch, v. *hente*.
 Fever, s. *Feber*.
 Few, a. *faae*.
 Fiction, s. *Opdigtelse*.
 Fictitious, a. *opdigtet*.
 Fidelity, s. *Troskab*.
 Field, s. *Mark*.
 Fierceness, s. *Grumhed*.
 Figure, s. *Figur, Billede*.
 Fifteen, num. card. *femten*.
 Fifteenth, ord. *femtende*.
 Fifty, num. card. *halvtredssindstyve*.
 Fight, v. *kjæmpe, slaaes*.
 Fill, v. *fylde*.
 Find, v. irr. *finde*.
 Fine, a. *dejlig; fin*.
 Finish, v. *fuldende*.
 Fire, s. *Ild*; v. *opflamme*.
 Fireplace, s. *Ildsted*.
 Firmly, adv. *fuldt og fast*.
 First, a. & adv. *først*.
 Fish, s. *Fisk*; v. *fiske*.
 Fisherman, s. *Fisker*.

- Fishing-tackle, s. *Fiskeredskaber*.
 Fissure, s. *Sprække, Revne*.
 Fit, s. *Anfald*.
 Fit, a. *passende, beqvem*.
 Five, num. *fem*.
 Fixed, part. *fæstet*.
 Flame, s. *Lue*.
 Flatter, v. *smigre*.
 Flee, v. irr. *flygte, undvige*.
 Fleecy, a. *ullet*.
 Flesh, s. *Kjød*.
 Flesh-meat, *Kjød*.
 Flit, v. *svæve*.
 Float, s. *Flaade*; v. *flyde*.
 Flower, s. *Blomst*, F. of age, *blomstrende Alder*.
 Fluctuate, v. *svæve*.
 Fly, v. irr. *flyve*; to let fly, *at afskyde, skyde*.
 Fold, s. *Fold*.
 Folding-basket, s. *Kurv med Laag delt i Midten*.
 Follow, v. *følge*.
 Follower, s. *Følgesvend, Kammerad*.
 Folly, s. *Daarskab*.
 Fondly, adv. *kjærligt*; *eenfoldigvis*.
 Food, s. *Føde*.
 Foolish, a. *tosset*.
 Foot, s. *Fod*.
 Footstep, s. *Fodtrin*; *Fodspor*.
 Forbear, v. irr. *afholde sig fra*.
 Forbid, v. *forbyde*.
 Forbode, v. *bebude*.
 Force, s. *Kraft, Magt*; v. *aabne med Magt, sprengte op; tvinge*.
 Forced, part. *nødsaget*.
 Forcibly, adv. *med Magt*.
 Forerunner, s. *Forløber*.
 Forest, s. *Skov*.
 Foretell, v. *komme i Forkjæbet*.
 Forehead, s. *Pande*.
 Foresight, s. *Ahnelse*.
 Foreign, a. *fremmed, udenlandsk*.
 Foreigner, s. *Fremmed, Udlænding*.
 Fore-tooth, *Fortand*.
 Forfeit, v. *at have forbrudt*.
 Forged, part. *falsk (om Penge)*.
 Forget, v. *forgiette, glemme*.
 Forgetfulness, s. *Glemsomhed*.
 Forgive, a. *tilgive*.
 Forgiveness, s. *Tilgivelse*.
 Forlorn hope, *haabløs Forhaabning (Haab grundet paa saare liden Sandsynlighed)*.
 Form, s. *Form, Skikkelse*; v. *danne, udgjøre*.
 Former, a. *tidligere*.
 Formerly, adv. *før, tilforn*.
 Fortress, s. *Fæstning*.
 Fortunately, adv. *heldigvis*.
 Fortune, s. *Lykke; Skjæbne; Formue*.
 Forty, num. *fyrgetyve*.
 Forty-nine, num. *ni og fyrgetyve*.
 Forward, adv. *frem, fremad*.
 Forward, v. *befordre*.
 Foul, a. *fæl; smudsig*.
 Founder, v. *kæntre; synke*.
 Four, num. *fire*.
 Fourth, ord. *fjerde*.
 Fowl, s. *Høne*.
 Fox, s. *Ræv*.
 Fragrant smell, *behagelig Lugt*.
 Frame, s. *Ramme*; frame of mind, *Sindstemning*.
 Franc, s. *en Fransk Sølvmynt som gjælder 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rb.*
 Fraud, s. *Swig*.
 Free, a. *frie*; v. *befrie, løslade*.
 Freedom, s. *Frihed*.
 Freely, adv. *frit, frivilligt, gjerne*.
 Freight, v. *fragte*; s. *Fragt*.
 Frequently, adv. *ofte*.
 Fresh, a. *fersk; frisk*.
 Fret, v. *ærgre sig, græmme sig*.
 Frettingly, adv. *ærgertliden; med Græmmelse*.
 Friend, s. *Ven*.
 Friendly, adj. *venskabelig*.
 Friendship, s. *Venskab*.
 Fright, s. *Frygt; Skræmsel; Skræk*.
 Frighten, s. *skrække; skræmme*.
 Frightful, a. *frygtelig*.
 Frolic, s. *lystig Streg*.
 From, prp. *af, fra, efter*.
 Front, v. *at ligge (staa) lige for Fronten*.
 Frugality, s. *Sparsommelighed*.
 Fruit, s. *Frugt*.

Fruitful, a. *frugtbar, frugtbringende*.
 Fugitive, s. *Flygtning*.
 Fulfil, v. *opfylde*.
 Full, a. *fuld, fuldkommen*.
 Fully, adv. *fuldkomment*.
 Fumes, s. pl. *Dunster (af stærk Drik)*.
 Funds, s. pl. *Pengeforraad*.
 Funeral, s. *Begravelse*.
 Further, } *fjærnere, længere bort*.
 Farther, }
 Furnish, v. *meublere; forsyne (en Boutique) med Varer*.
 Fury, s. *Raseri*.
 Future, s. *Eftertid, Fremtid; a. tilkommende*.

G.

Gain, v. *erholde, vinde, faa; s. Vinding; Fordeel; Gevinst*.
 Gaieties, s. *Lystigheder, Forlystelser*.
 Gallantly, adv. *tappert; ædelmodigen*.
 Gamble, v. *spille (Hazardspil)*.
 Gambling, s. *Hazardspil*.
 Gang, s. *Bande*.
 Garden, s. *Have*.
 Gardener, s. *Gartner*.
 Garment, s. *Klædning, Klæde*.
 Gate, s. *Port*.
 Gather, v. *samle*.
 Gaze, v. *betragte*.
 Generally, adv. *almindeligen*.
 Generous, a. *ædelmodig*.
 Generously, adv. *rigeligt; ædelmodigt*.
 Gentle, a. *mild, blid*.
 Gentleman, s. *Herre*.
 Gently, adv. *sagte, blidt*.
 Gesticulate, v. *gesticulere*.
 Get, v. irr. *faa; blive; get up, staa op; get down, gaa ned, stige af*.
 Giant, *Kiempe, Jette*.
 Gift, s. *Gave*.
 Gilt, a. *forgylt*.
 Gird, v. *omgjorde, omspænde*.
 Girdle, s. *Gjortel, Belte*.
 Girl, s. *Pige*.

Give, v. irr. *give*.
 Give way, *vakle, give efter*.
 Glad, a. *glad*.
 Glimmer, v. *glimte, glimre; s. Glimmer*.
 Gloomy, a. *mørk, melancholsk*.
 Glory in, *være stolt af*.
 Gluttonous, a. *graadig*.
 Gnaw, v. *gnave*.
 Go, v. irr. *gaae*.
 God, s. *Gud*.
 God-send, s. *Guds Gave*.
 Gold, s. *Guld*.
 Good cheer, s. *Maveguden, god Leve-maade*.
 Goods, s. pl. *Varer*.
 Good-tempered, a. *af et godt Gemyt*.
 Good-will, *Velvilje*.
 Gossiping stories, *Faddersladder, Smaasnaks-Historier*.
 Government, s. *Regiering*.
 Grace, s. *Naade*.
 Graciously, adv. *naadigt*.
 Gradually, adv. *gradvis*.
 Grain, s. *Korn*.
 Grandeur, s. *Storhed; Yppighed*.
 Grand Seignior, *Storherre (den Tyrkiske Kejser eller Padishah)*.
 Grant, *forunde, tilstæde; indvilge*.
 Grape, s. *Drue, Vindrue*.
 Grass, s. *Graes*.
 Gratefully, a. *taknemmeligen*.
 Gratify, v. *tilfredsstille*.
 Gratitude, s. *Taknemmelighed*.
 Grave, s. *Grav*.
 Great, a. *stor; a great many, en hel Del*.
 Greatly, adv. *storligen, i høj Grad*.
 Greedily, adv. *graadigen*.
 Greedy, a. *graadig*.
 Green, a. *grøn*.
 Greeting, s. *Hilsen*.
 Grid-iron, s. *Rist*.
 Grief, s. *Sorg, Kummer*.
 Grimace, v. *gjøre Grimacer*.
 Grope, v. *famle*.
 Grotesque, a. *grotesque*.
 Ground, s. *Jorden, Grund*.
 Grove, s. *Lund*.

Grow, *v. irr. voxæ, blive.*
 Growl, *v. knurre (som en Hund).*
 Grumble, *v. knurre, murre.*
 Guard, *v. vogte; guard against, vogte sig for.*
 Guard, *s. Bevogtning.*
 Guardian, *s. Laugværge.*
 Guardianship, *s. Formynderskab.*
 Guess, *v. gjette, formode.*
 Guest, *s. Gjest.*
 Guide, *v. lede, føre; s. Fører, den som viser Vej.*
 Guidance, *s. Førelse.*
 Guilty, *a. skyldig, brødefuld.*
 Gulf, *s. Havbugt.*
 Gut, *v. rense, udtage Indvoldene.*

H.

Haberdasher, *s. Kræmmer.*
 Habilitment, *s. Klædningsstykke.*
 Habit, *s. Vane.*
 Habitation, *s. Bolig.*
 Haggles, } *v. prutte.*
 Higgles, }
 Hair, *s. Haar.*
 Hale, *a. sund, karsk.*
 Half, *a. halv.*
 Half-crown, *s. Engelsk Sølvmynt, som gjælder 2 Skill. og 6 pence, omtrent 1 Rd. 12 ß.*
 Hall, *s. Hal; Forstue.*
 Hamlet, *s. Bondeby.*
 Hamper, *s. Torvekurv.*
 Hand, *s. Haand.*
 Hand about, *lade gaæ omkring.*
 Handle, *v. have i Hænder; tage fat paa.*
 Handsome, *a. skjøn (smuk).*
 Handwriting, *s. Haandskrift.*
 Hang, *v. hænge.*
 Happen, *v. hænde sig.*
 Happily, *adv. heldigen, igod Behold.*
 Happiness, *s. Tilfredshed, Lyksalighed; Lykke.*
 Harbour, *s. Havn; v. underholde, nære.*
 Hard, *a. vanskelig; haard.*
 Harden, *v. hærde; hærdes.*

Hardship, *s. Besværighed, Ubehagelighed.*
 Harm, *s. Skade, Ulykke.*
 Harmony, *s. Eendragtighed.*
 Harshness, *s. Haardhed.*
 Harsh tones, *skurrende Toner.*
 Haste, *s. Il. Hast.*
 Hasten, *v. skynde sig.*
 Hasty, *a. hastig, opfarende.*
 Hastily, *adv. pludselig, hurtig; i Hast.*
 Hat, *s. Hat.*
 Hatch, *v. udruge.*
 Hatchet, *s. Øxe.*
 Haunt, *v. forfølge, forurolige (som et Spøgelse).*
 Have, *v. aux. have.*
 Have at heart, *lade sig være magtpaaliggende.*
 Hazardous, *a. vovelig, usikker; farlig.*
 He, pron. *Han.*
 Head, *s. Hoved; Kapitel, Sag; Spids.*
 Health, *s. Sundhed.*
 Heap, *s. Masse, Dyng.*
 Hear, *v. høre.*
 Heart, *s. Hjerte.*
 Heartfelt, *a. inderlig, hjertelig.*
 Heat, *s. Hede.*
 Heaven, *s. Himmel.*
 Heavy, *a. tung.*
 Height, *s. Højde.*
 Heinous, *v. grov, forfærdelig.*
 Heir, *s. Arving.*
 Heiress, *s. qvindelig Arving, presumptive heiress, væntelig eller presuntiv Arving.*
 Helm, *s. Roer.*
 Help, *v. hjælpe, bare sig for; s. Hjelp.*
 Hem, *s. Søm (Flig).*
 Hemp, *s. Hamp.*
 Hence, *adv. herfra, af den Aarsag.*
 Henceforth, *adv. efter denne Tid, i Fremtiden.*
 Her, pron. *hendes.*
 Herb, *s. Urt.*
 Here, *adv. her.*
 Herself, pron. *hende selv, sig.*
 Hesitate, *v. betænke sig.*
 Hide, *s. Hud.*

Hide, v. irr. *skjule*.
 High, a. *høj*; adv. *høit*.
 Hill, s. *Høj*.
 Hilt, s. *Haandgreb*.
 Himself, pron. *sig*. *sig selv*, *selv*.
 His, pron. *hans*.
 Hiss, v. *hysse* (om *Slanger*).
 Historian, s. *Historieskriver*.
 Hire, v. *hyre*, *tage til Leje*.
 Hitherto, adv. *hidindtil*.
 Hoist, v. *hejse*.
 Hold, v. irr. *holde*.
 Hold good, *staa fast*, *gjælde*, *staa stik*.
 Hold up, *fremstille*.
 Hole, s. *Grube*, *Hul*.
 Hollow, a. *hul*.
 Home, s. & adv. *Hjem*, *hjem*.
 Homewards, adv. *hjem*, *hjemad*.
 Honest, a. *ærlig*, *redelig*.
 Honesty, s. *Ærlighed*, *Redelighed*.
 Honesty is the best policy, (*Ærlighed er den bedste Politik*), *Ærlighed varer længst*.
 Honestly, adv. *ærligen*; *redeligen*.
 Honour, s. *Ære*, *Hæder*; v. *beære*.
 Honour s. (*Titel*), *Velbaarenhed*.
 Honours, s. pl. *Æresbevisninger*.
 Hop, s. *et Hop*.
 Hope, v. *haabe*; s. *Haab*.
 Hopeless, a. *haabløs*.
 Horde, s. *Horde*.
 Horrible, a. *rædsom*.
 Horrid, a. *fæl*.
 Horror, a. *Rædsel*.
 Horse, s. *Hest*; *Rytteri*.
 Horseback, s. *Hesteryg*; on horseback, *til Hest*.
 Horseman, s. *Rytter*.
 Hospitable, a. *gjæstfri*.
 Hospitably, adv. *gjæstfrit*.
 Hospitality, s. *Gjæstfrihed*.
 Host, s. *Vært*.
 Hot, a. *heed*.
 Hour, s. *Time*.
 House, s. *Huus*.
 Housekeeper, s. *Huusholderske*.
 Hover, v. *sveve*.
 How, adv. *hvorledes*.

However, conj. *alligevel*; *dog*.
 Howl, v. *hyle*.
 Hurl, v. *styrte*.
 Hurt, v. irr. *skade*.
 Husband, s. *Mand*, *Ægtemand*; v. *holde Huus med*, *spare*.
 Hussy, s. *Taske*, *Kjælling*, *Quinde-Menneske*.
 Hundred, num. *Hundrede*.
 Hundredth, ordin. *hundredende*.
 Hunger, s. *Hunger*.
 Hungry, a. *hungrig*.
 Hungry, v. *drive*, *fremdrive hæftigt*; s. *il*, *Hast*.
 Humour, s. *Lune*.

I.

Idea, s. *Idee*, *Begreb*, *Forestilling*.
 Identical, a. *identisk*, *den selvsamme*.
 Idle, a. *ørkesløs*; *tom*.
 Idle, v. *hendrive*; *være ørkesløs*.
 Idleness, s. *Ørkesløshed*.
 Ignominious, a. *væncerende*, *skjændig*.
 Ignorance, s. *Uvidenhed*.
 Ignorant, a. *uvidende*.
 Ill, a. *ond*; *syg*.
 Ill-natured, a. *ondskabsfuld*.
 Illness, s. *Sygdom*.
 Ill placed, a. *ilde anbragt*.
 Illustrious, a. *høit berømt*.
 Imagine, v. *forestille sig*.
 Imagination, s. *Indbildning*.
 Iman, s. *mahomedansk Præst*, *Imam*.
 Immediately, adv. *strax*.
 Immense, a. *umaadelig*.
 Immensely, adv. *uhyre*.
 Immersed, part. *nedsunken*.
 Immoveable, a. *ubevægelig*.
 Impatient, a. *utaalmodig*.
 Impelled, part. *tilskyndet*.
 Impenetrable, a. *uransagelig*.
 Impervious, a. *uigjennemtrængelig*.
 Impious, a. *ugudelig*.
 Implore, v. *bede*, *bønfalde*; *udbede sig*.
 Import, v. *betegnet*.
 Import, s. *Betydning*.

- Important, a. *vigtig*.
 Importance, s. *Vigtighed*.
 Impose upon, *bedrage, føre bag Lyset; narre*.
 Impossible, a. *umulig*.
 Impression, s. *Indtryk*.
 Improve, v. *forbedre, forøge*.
 Imprudence, s. *Uforsigtighed*.
 Impunity, s. *Strafløshed*.
 In, prp. i, *paa*.
 Inability, s. *Uformuenhed*.
 Inaccessible, a. *utilgjængelig, ubestigelig*.
 Inadvertently, adv. *ufrivilligt, uforsettligt*.
 Inch, s. *Tomme*.
 Incident, s. *Begivenhed*.
 Inclemency, s. *Umildhed*.
 Inclination, s. *Tilbøielighed*.
 Inclined, part. *tilbøielig*.
 Income, s. *Indkomster*.
 Inconsiderable, a. *ubetydelig*.
 Inconsiderately, adv. *uforsigtigen, ubetænksomt*.
 Inconsolable, a. *utrøstelig*.
 Inconvenience, s. *Uejlighed, Ubehagelighed*.
 Increase, a. *tiltage*.
 Incredulity, s. *Utilbøjelighed til at tro, Vantro*.
 Indebted, a. *skyldig; i Gjæld til*.
 Indeed, adv. i *Sandhed, vistnok*.
 Independent, a. *uafhængig*.
 Independently, adv. *foruden, uafhængigt af*.
 Indicate, v. *tilkjendegive*.
 Indifferent, a. *middelmaadig*.
 Indifferent Frenchman, *en som taler maadeligt Fransk, f. Ex. en som helst taler Engelsk*.
 Indigence, s. *Fattigdom*.
 Indiscreet, a. *ubesindig*.
 Indisposition, s. *Upasselighed, Sygdom*.
 Indistinct, a. *utydelig*.
 Individual, s. *Individ*.
 Indolence, s. *Dorskhed, Dovenskab*.
 Indolent, a. *dorsk, ørkesløs*.
 Induce, v. *lede, bringe*.
 Indulge one's self, *gjøre sig tilgode; hengive sig til*.
 Indulgence, s. *Overbærenhed*.
 Industry, s. *Flid*.
 Inebriated, part. *beruset, fuld*.
 Ineffectually, adv. *uden Virkning, forgjæves*.
 Inexhaustible, a. *uudtømmelig*.
 Inexpressible, a. *uudsigelig*.
 Inevitable, a. *uundgaaelig*.
 Inevitably, adv. *uundgaaeligen*.
 Infallibly, adv. *ufejlbarligen*.
 Infamous, a. *øreløs*.
 Infest, v. *behærge, forurolige*.
 Infinite, a. *uendelig, usigelig*.
 Infirmary, s. *Syge-Hospital*.
 Inflict, v. *paalægge*.
 Inform, v. *underrette*.
 Ingenious, a. *sindrig, konstig*.
 Ingenuity, s. *Kløgt, Sindrigheid*.
 Ingratitude, s. *Utaknemmelighed*.
 Ingulf, v. *opsuge (om Bølger, Hav &c.)*.
 Inhabitant, s. *Beboer*.
 Inhabited, part. *beboet*.
 Inheritance, s. *Arv*.
 Inhuman, a. *umenneskelig*.
 Injure, v. *forurette*.
 Injured, part. *forurettet*.
 Injury, s. *Skaade, Forurettelse*.
 Inn, s. *Værtshuus*.
 Inmost, a. *inderst*.
 Innocent, a. *uskyldig*.
 Innumerable, a. *utallig*.
 Inquire, v. *undersøge; spørge*.
 Inquiry, s. *vid. Enquiry*.
 Insensible, a. *bevidstløs*.
 Insert, v. *indrykke*.
 Insignificant, a. *ubetydelig*.
 Insist upon, *paastaae*.
 In so much, *saa at*.
 Inspire, v. *indgive, indbyde*.
 Inspection, s. *Opsyn, Eftersyn*.
 Instance, s. *Ecempel*.
 Instant, s. *Øjeblik, a. øjeblikkelig*.
 Instantly, adv. *strax, paa Øjeblikket*.
 Instead, adv. *istedenfor*.
 Instruct, v. *lære*.
 Insufferable, a. *utaalelig*.

Integrity, s. *Redelighed; Retskaf-fenhed*.
 Intelligence, s. *Efterretning*.
 Intend, v. *have isinde; bestemme*.
 Intently, adv. *ivrigt, fast*.
 Interest, s. *Rente*.
 Interior, s. & a. *det Indre; indvendig*.
 Intermission, s. *Ophold*.
 Interrupt, v. *afbryde*.
 Interspersed, a. (*S. 73*) *adskilt hist og her*.
 Interview, s. *Sammenkomst*.
 Intimate, v. *antydde; a. fortrolig*.
 Into, prp. *i, ind, op i*.
 Intoxicate, v. *beruse*.
 Intoxicated, prp. *beruset*.
 Introduce, v. *indføre, indbringe; indsnige*.
 Introduction, s. *Indførelse, Præ-sentation*.
 Intruder, s. *en uvelkommen Gæst*.
 Invade, v. *angribe; gjøre Indfald*.
 Invalid, s. *Krøbling*.
 Invent, v. *opfinde, opspinde*.
 Inviolable, a. *uforkrænkelig, ubrø-delig*.
 Invitation, s. *Indbydelse*.
 Invite, v. *indbyde, invitere*.
 Involuntary, a. *ufrivillig*.
 Irritated, part. *ophidset*.
 Irreparable, a. *uopstaaelig*.
 Irresistible, a. *uimodstaaelig*.
 Island, s. *Ø*.
 Issue, s. *Udfald; Udgang; v. komme frem; udstæde*.
 It, pron. *det (den)*.
 Itinerant, a. *omrejsende*.
 I've (*sammentr. for*) *I have*.
 Ivory, s. *Elphenbeen*.

J.

Jacket, s. *Troje*.
 Jar, s. *stor Krukke, Vase, Leerkar*.
 Jealousy, s. *Skinsyge*.
 Jest, s. *Spøg*.
 Jewel, s. *Juvel, Ædelsteen*.
 Jeweller, s. *Juveleer*.
 Jew, s. *Jøde*.

Jewish, a. *jødisk*.
 Join, v. *forene, forene sig*.
 Join to, *støde til*.
 Joke, v. *spøge*.
 Joke, s. *Spøg*.
 Journey, s. *Rejse; v. rejse*.
 Joy, s. *Glæde*.
 Juice, s. *Saft*.
 Jump, v. *hoppe, springe; s. Spring*.
 Just, adv. *netop; a. retfærdig*.
 Just by, *tæt ved*.
 Justice, s. *Retfærdighed*.
 Justly, adv. *med rette*.
 Justify, v. *retfærdiggjøre*.

K.

Keep, v. *irr. beholde, bevare, holde*.
 Keeper, s. *Vogter*.
 Khan, s. (*egentl. Khana*) *Huus, Lo-gis, Bolig (et Persisk Ord)*.
 Kick, v. *sparke, støde*.
 Kid, s. *Kid*.
 Kill, v. *dræbe*.
 Kind, a. *kjærlig, venlig*.
 Kind, s. *Slags*.
 Kindle, v. *tænde*.
 Kindly, adv. *venskabeligen, kjær-ligen*.
 Kindness, s. *Venlighed, Godhed*.
 Kindred, s. *Slægt, Slægtninger*.
 King, s. *Konge*.
 Kitchen, s. *Kjøkken*.
 Kite, s. *Glente*.
 Knock, v. *banke; slaae*.
 Knot, s. *Knude*.
 Know, v. *irr. vide, kjende; there is no knowing, man kan ikke vide*.

L.

Labelled, part. *paategnet, mærket*.
 Labour, s. *Arbejde*.
 Laborious, a. *møjsommelig*.
 Lace, s. *Kniplinger*.
 Lad, a. *Knøs*.
 Lady, s. *Dame, Frue*.
 Lament, v. *beklage*.
 Lamentable, a. *beklagelig*.

- Lamentation, s. *Klage*.
 Lamp, s. *Lampe*.
 Lance, s. *Landse*.
 Land, v. *lande*.
 Landed property, *Landejendom*.
 Landlord, s. *Vært*.
 Landshark, s. *Land-Hai*.
 Lane, s. (*paa Landet*) *en smal Vej med Hækker paa begge Sider, en Gyde*.
 Language, s. *Sprog*.
 Languish, v. *smægte*.
 Lapse, s. *Forløb*.
 Large, a. *viid, stor*.
 Last, a. & adv. *sidst*; at last, *tilsidst*.
 Late, a. *sildig*; *afdød*.
 Lately, adv. *nyligt*.
 Latitude, s. *Bredde*; *Udstrækning*.
 Latter, a. *sidst*; the latter, *det Sidste*.
 Laugh, v. *lee*.
 Laughter, s. *Latter*.
 Launch, v. *skyde frem i Vandet*.
 Lavish, a. *rundhaandet*; *gavmild*; *ødsel*.
 Laws, s. *Lov*.
 Lawful, a. *lovlig*.
 Lay, v. *lægge*.
 Lead, v. irr. *lede, føre*.
 Lead the way, *gaa foran*.
 Lead, s. *Bly*.
 Leaf, s. *Løv, Blad*.
 League, s. *Vejmaal af 3 Eng. Mil.*
 Leaky, a. *læk*.
 Lean, a. *mager*.
 Lean-to, s. *Skuur, en liden Tilbygning ved Enden af et Hus*.
 Learn, v. *lære, erfare*.
 Learning, s. *Lærdom*.
 Least, a. *mindst*; at least, *i det Mindste*.
 Leave, v. irr. *forlade*; s. *Tilladelse*.
 Lectures, s. pl. *Formaninger*.
 Left, a. *venstre*.
 Leg, s. *Been*.
 Legitimate, a. *lovlig*; *ægte*.
 Lend, v. irr. *laane*.
 Lemon-tree, s. *Citrontræ*.
 Lengdthened, part. *forlænget*.
 Less, a. *mindre*.
 Lest, conj. *at ikke*; (*efter Ord som betegne Frygt*) *at*.
 Let, v. irr. *lade, tillade*.
 Letter, s. *Brev*; *Bogstav*.
 Letter of exchange, s. *Vexel*.
 Level, a. *jævn, lige med, i lige Flade med*; s. *lige Flade*; v. *jærne*.
 Liar, s. *Løgner*.
 Liberal, e. *gavmild, rigelig*.
 Liberality, s. *Gavmildhed*.
 Liberty, s. *Frihed*.
 Lid, s. *Laag*.
 Lie, v. irr. *ligge*; s. *Løgn*.
 Lie, v. *lyve*.
 Life, s. *Liv*.
 Lifeless, a. *livløs, død*.
 Light, s. *Lys*.
 Lighted, part. *tændt*.
 Like, v. *behage, finde for godt*; *holde af*.
 Likely, a. & adv. *rimelig, trolig, som kan formodes*.
 Likeness, s. *Lighed*.
 Likewise, adv. *ligeledes*.
 Limit, v. *begrændse*.
 Limited, part. *begrændset*.
 Linger, part. *langsom*; *nøgende*.
 Lining, part. *tøvende*.
 Linen, s. *Linned*; a. *af Linned*.
 Lion, s. *Løve*.
 Liquor, s. *Drik*.
 Listen, *høre paa, lytte til*.
 Literature, s. *Bogvæsen*.
 Little, a. *liden, lille*; s. *en Smule*.
 Live, v. *leve*; *boe*.
 Living, s. *Levebrød*.
 Load, s. *Byrde*; v. *belæsse*; *læsse paa*.
 Loaf, s. *et Brød*.
 Lock, v. *lukke i Laas*.
 Lock up, *nedlukke*.
 Lodge, v. *logere, tage ind*.
 Loneliness, s. *Eensomhed*.
 Lonely, a. *eensom*; *lønlig*.
 Long, a. & adv. *lang*; *længe*.
 Longer, a. & adv. *længere*.
 Long, v. *længes efter, lyste*.
 Look, v. *see*.

Loquacious, a. *snakksom*.
 Lose, v. *irr. tabe*.
 Lose no time, (*ikke tabe nogen Tid d. e.*) *uden Opsættelse*.
 Loss, s. *Tab*, to be at a loss to know, *slet ikke kunne begribe*.
 Lot, s. *Lod*, *Skjæbne*.
 Loud, k. *høj*, *lydelig*.
 Love, s. *Kjærlighed*.
 Low, a. *lav*; lower, *nedre*.
 Lowness of voice, *sagte Stemme*.
 Lower, v. *hejse ned*.
 Loyal, a. *trofast*.
 Lozenge, s. *en lille sød rund eller firkantet Medicin-Kage, eller Morcel (som Pebermynt-Kage), en Lozendsj*.
 Luck, s. *Held*, *Lykke*.
 Luckily, adv. *hædigrvis*.
 Lurk, v. *lure*, *ligge i Baghold*.
 Lustre, s. *Glands*, *Ild (om Demanten)*.
 Luxurious, a. *overdaadig*.
 Luxury, s. *Overdaad*.

M.

Mad, a. *afsindig*, *gal*.
 Madness, s. *Raseri*.
 Madam, s. *Hofligheds-Tiltale til gifte og ugifte Damer*.
 Magazine, s. *Vare-Oplag*.
 Magistrate, s. *Øvrighedsperson*.
 Magistrates, s. pl. *Øvrighed*.
 Magnificence, s. *Pragt*.
 Magnificent, a. *prægtig*, *pragtfuld*.
 Main ocean, *det vide Hav*; *rum Sø*.
 Majestic, a. *majestætisk*.
 Majesty, s. *Majestæt*.
 Make, v. *irr. gjøre, (i Handel) vinde*.
 Male, a. *mandlig*.
 Malice, s. *Ondskab*.
 Malicious, a. *ondskabsfuld*.
 Man, s. (pl. men) *Mand*.
 Manage, v. *styre*, *lede*, *sætte igjennem*.
 Management, s. *Forvaltning*; *Forretningsførelse*; *Bestyrelse*.
 Manger, s. *Krybbe i en Hestestald*.
 Mangle, v. *sønderhakke*.

Maniac, s. *en rasende Person*.
 Manifest, a. *aabenbar*.
 Manner, s. *Maade*, *Maneer*.
 Mansion, s. *Bolig*.
 Manticora, s. *et indisk Dyr med Løve-Krop og Menneske-Ansigt, beskrevet af Aristoteles og Plinius*.
 Manual, a. *som gjøres med Hænderne*.
 Manufactory, s. *Fabrik*.
 Manufacture, s. *Haandværk*.
 Manufacturer, s. *Fabrikant*.
 Many, a. *Mange*.
 March, v. *marchere*; s. *Marsch*, *Tog*.
 Mariner, s. *Sømand*.
 Mark, v. *mærke*; s. *Mærke*; *Kjendetegn*, *Tegn*.
 Market, s. *Torv*.
 Marriage, s. *Ægteskab*; *Giftermaal*.
 Marry, v. *gifte sig*; *ægte*.
 Mask, s. *Maske*.
 Mass, s. *Masse*.
 Master, s. *Herre*.
 Match, s. *Parti*, *Ægteskabs-Forbindelse*; *Svovlstik*.
 Mate, s. *Kammerat*.
 Maternal, a. *moderlig*.
 Matter, s. *Sag*.
 May, v. def. *maa*, *kan*.
 Mayor, s. *Borgermester*.
 Meadow, s. *Eng*.
 Meal, s. *Maaltid*.
 Mean, v. *mene*.
 Means, s. *Middel*; by that means, *derived*; by no means, *ingenlunde*.
 Meantime, s. *Midlertid*.
 Meanwhile, adv. *imidlertid*.
 Measure, s. *Maal*; v. *maale*.
 Measure, s. *Forholdsregel*.
 Meat, s. *Mad*; *Kjød*.
 Medicine, s. *Lægekunst*; *Lægemiddel*.
 Meditate, v. *overlægge*, *overtænke*.
 Meddle, v. *blande sig i*, *give sig af med*.
 Meet, v. *irr. møde*.
 Melancholy, a. *tungsindig*; s. *Tungsindighed*.
 Mellow, a. *blød (om Lys og Farver)*.
 Memory, s. *Hukommelse*.

- Menace, *s. Trudsel.*
 Mend, *v. forbedre sig; forbedre, udbedre.*
 Mention, *v. omtale, tale om; mælde; s. Omtale.*
 Merchant, *s. Kjøbmand.*
 Merchandise, *s. Varer.*
 Mercy, *s. Barmhjertighed.*
 Merciful, *a. barmhjertig.*
 Merely, *adv. blot.*
 Midnight, *s. Midnat.*
 Midst, *s. Midten.*
 Mien, *s. Udseende.*
 Might, *v. def. kunde (maatte).*
 Might, *s. Kraft, Kræfter.*
 Mildly, *adv. mildt.*
 Mind, *s. Sind, Sjæl; have a mind, være tilsinds.*
 Mine, *s. Mine.*
 Minority, *s. Mindreaarighed.*
 Mirroring, *a. speildannende. speilklar.*
 Mischief, *s. Fortræd.*
 Mischievous, *a. ondskafuld.*
 Miser, *s. Gnier.*
 Miserable, *a. elendig.*
 Miserably, *adv. jammerligen.*
 Misery, *s. Elendighed.*
 Misfortune, *s. Ulykke.*
 Mislead, *v. vildlede.*
 Miss, *v. sarve; forfeile, ikke træffe.*
 Mistake, *s. Fejltagelse; v. tage Fejl; antage urigtigen.*
 Mistaken, *a. som tager Fejl.*
 Mob, *s. Pøbel.*
 Model, *a. modellere.*
 Moderate, *a. maadelig, ringe.*
 Moderate, *v. temme, formilde; stille, sagte.*
 Moderation, *s. Maadehold.*
 Moment, *s. Øieblik.*
 Money, *s. Penge.*
 Month, *s. Maaned.*
 Monster, *s. Uhyre.*
 Monstrous, *a. uhyre.*
 Mood, *s. Sind; Stemning.*
 Moonlight, *s. Maanelys; a. maanelys.*
 More, *a. & adv. mere.*
 Morning, *s. Morgen.*
 Morose, *a. lunefuld, vranten.*
 Mortifying, *krænkende.*
 Mortification, *s. Krænkelse.*
 Mosque, *s. Moskee.*
 Motherless, *a. moderløs.*
 Motion, *s. Bevægelse.*
 Motive, *s. Bevæggrund.*
 Mount, *v. bestige.*
 Mountain, *s. Bjerg.*
 Mountaineer, *s. Bjergboer.*
 Mounted, *part. ridende, til Hest.*
 Mourn, *v. sørge.*
 Mouse, *s. Muus.*
 Mouth, *s. Mund; Munding.*
 Move, *v. bevæge.*
 Movement, *s. Bevægelse (Stilling).*
 Much, *a. & adv. megen; meget; mange.*
 Mule, *s. Muulæsel.*
 Multitude, *s. Mængde.*
 Multiplicity, *s. Mængde, Mangfoldighed.*
 Murder, *v. myrde; s. Mord.*
 Murmur, *v. knurre.*
 Murmuring, *s. Murmelen.*
 Must, *v. def. maa.*
 Music, *s. Musik.*
 Mutual, *a. gjensidig.*
 My Lord, *s. Min Herre (Tiltale til en Engelsk Adelsmand).*
 Mysterious, *a. hemmelig, uforklarlig.*

N.

- Name, *s. Navn; v. nævne.*
 Nape of the neck, *Nakken.*
 Napkin, *s. Serviet.*
 Nail, *s. Negl.*
 Nail, *v. nagle.*
 Narration, *s. Fortælling.*
 Narrative, *s. Fortælling.*
 Native city, *Fødeby.*
 Native country, *Fødeland.*
 Native port, *Fødehavn.*
 Natural, *a. naturlig.*
 Naturalist, *s. Naturhistoriker, Naturkyndig.*
 Nature, *s. Natur, Beskaffenhed.*

Navigation, *s. Seilads.*
 Nay, *adv. & interj. nei! Oh!*
 Near, *a. & adv. nær; nærved.*
 Nearly, *adv. næsten.*
 Neatly, *adv. næt, smukt.*
 Neck, *s. Hals.*
 Necessary, *a. nødvendig.*
 Necessitous, *a. nødlidende.*
 Need, *s. Nød; to stand in need, have nødig.*
 Needle-seller, *s. Naale-Kræmmer*
 Neglect, *v. forsømme.*
 Negligence, *s. Forsømmelse.*
 Neighbour, *s. Nabo.*
 Neighbouring, *a. nærliggende.*
 Neither, *conj. hverken.*
 Nest, *s. Rede.*
 Net, *s. Net.*
 Never, *adv. aldrig.*
 Never-failing, *a. uudtømmelig.*
 Nevertheless, *conj. alligevel, dog.*
 New, *a. ny.*
 News, *s. Nyheder.*
 Newspaper, *s. Avis.*
 Next, *a. næst.*
 Niece, *s. Broderdatter, Søsterdatter.*
 Nigher, *adv. nærmere.*
 Night, *s. Nat (Aften).*
 Nightfall, *s. Aftenslumring.*
 Nine, *num. ni.*
 Nineteen, *num. nitten.*
 Ninety, *num. halvfemsindstyve.*
 No, none, *a. ingen.*
 No, no, *adv. nej, nej.*
 Noble, *a. ædel.*
 Nobleman, *s. Adelsmand.*
 Nobles, *s. pl. Adelen.*
 Nobody, *s. Ingen.*
 Noise, *s. Støj.*
 None, *s. & a. Ingen.*
 Nor, *conj. heller ikke.*
 North-west, *s. Nord-Vest.*
 Not, *adv. ikke.*
 Notice, *s. Underretning, Efterretning; v. bemærke. lægge Mærke til.*
 Notion, *s. Begreb.*
 Notorious, *a. bekjendt, berygtet*
 Notwithstanding, *adv. uagtet.*
 Novelty, *s. Nyhed, Sjældenhed.*

Number, *Tal, Antal.*
 Numerous, *a. talrig.*
 Nurse, *s. Amme; v. pleie.*
 Nutmeg, *s. Muskat.*

O.

Oar, *s. Aare.*
 Oats, *s. pl. Havre; we were out of oats, vor Havre havde sluppet.*
 Obedience, *s. Lydighed*
 Obey, *v. adlyde.*
 Objection, *s. Indvending; feel obj. have imod*
 Object, *s. Gjenstand; Øjemed.*
 Obligation, *s. Forbindtlighed; Forpligtelse.*
 Oblige, *v. forpligte, nødsage.*
 Obliterate, *v. udslette.*
 Obscure, *a. dunkel; ringe.*
 Obscurity, *s. Dunkelhed; Ringhed; lav Sphære*
 Observe, *v. iagttage; bemærke.*
 Obtain, *v. erholde.*
 Obviate, *v. forebygge.*
 Occasion, *s. Anledning, Lejlighed; v. foraarsage, foranledige.*
 Occasionally, *adv. lejlighedsvis, af og til.*
 Occupation, *s. Syssel; Beskæftigelse.*
 Occupy, *besætte, beboe.*
 Occur, *v. træffes, forefindes; it never occurred to her, det faldt hende aldrig ind; indtræffe.*
 Ocean, *s. Hav.*
 Odd, *a. besynderlig, særegen.*
 Of, *prp. som udtrykker Gen. el. Ejendoms-Forholdet, af.*
 Off, *adv. bort.*
 Off hand, *nonchalant.*
 Offence, *s. Anstød; Fornærmelse.*
 Offender, *Misdæder.*
 Offer, *v. tilbyde; s. Tilbud; tilbyde sig.*
 Office, *s. Tjeneste, Embede, Hverv.*
 Officer, *s. Embedsmand; Officeer; Betjent.*
 Officers of police, *Politi-Betjente.*

Offices, s. pl. *Udhuse*.
 Offspring, s. *Afkom*.
 Often, adv. *ofte*.
 Often times, *see* *Often*.
 Oh dear! *Oh Vee!* (*Kummers*,
Smertes Udraab).
 Oil, s. *Olie*.
 Oil-pot, s. *Oliepotte*.
 Old, a *gammel*.
 Omit, v. *udelade*, *glemme*.
 On, prp. *paa*.
 Once, adv. *en Gang*.
 One, num. *een*; den *ene*.
 One third, *en Trediedeel*.
 Only, adv. *blot*, *alene*; a. *eneste*.
 Open, v. & a. *aabne*; *aaben*.
 Opening, s. *Aabning*.
 Opinion, s. *Mening*, *Formening*.
 Opportunity, s. *Leilighed*.
 Opposite, a. *lige over for*; *modsat*.
 Opposition, s. *Modstand*.
 Oppressed, part. *trykket*, *beklemt*.
 Opulent, a. *rig*.
 Order, v. *befale*; s. *Befaling*; in
 order to, *for at*.
 Ordinary, a. *sædvanlig*.
 Orphan, s. & a. *Forældreløs*, *Faderløs*.
 Oriental, a. *østerlandsk*.
 Originally, adv. *oprindeligen*.
 Ostentation, s. *Bram*.
 Other, a. *anden*.
 Other-day, *forleden Dag*.
 Ourselves, pron. *os*; *os selv*.
 Ought, v. def. *burde*.
 Out, adv. *ud*; *ude*.
 Outcry, s. *Skrig*, *Udraab*.
 Out of, adv. *af*, *udaf*.
 Outlet, s. *Udgang*, *Udvej*.
 Outline, s. *Skitse*, *Omrids*.
 Outside, s. *Yderside*; *Couvert*.
 Over, prp. *over*; *forbi*.
 Over-against, a. *lige over for*.
 Overhang, v. *hænge*, *rage ud over*.
 Overhear, v. *høre*, *overhøre*.
 Overjoyed, a. *overmaade glad*.
 Overpowered, part. *overvaldet*.
 Overrun by, *som vrimler af*,
 Overtake, v. *indhente*.

Overtaken, part. *overfalden*.
 Overthrown, part. *kastet omkuld*.
 Overturn, v. *kuldkaste*.
 Overwhelm, v. *overvælde*.
 Owe, v. *skyldte*.
 Own, a. *egen*; v. *tilstaa*.
 Owner, s. *Ejermænd*.

P.

Pace, s. *Skridt*.
 Pack, v. *indpakke*.
 Packet, s. *Pakke* (*lille*).
 Pain, s. *Smerte*; Pains, s. pl. *Møje*,
Uleilighed.
 Pain of death, *Døds-Straf*.
 Painful, a. *smertelig*.
 Fair, s. *et Par*.
 Palace, s. *Palads*.
 Palate, s. *Gane*.
 Pale, a. *bleg*.
 Palliate, v. *besmykke*, *undskyldte*.
 Palm-leaves, s. pl. *Palmeblade*.
 Palm-tree, s. *Palmetræ*.
 Pane, s. *Rude*.
 Pannekin, s. *Blikskaal*.
 Pant, v. *puste*.
 Paper, s. *Papir*; *Document*.
 Papillotes, (*Fransk*) *Papirskrøller*.
 Papyroplastics, s. *den Konst at
 dannenætte Gjenstande af Papir*.
 Para, s. *Hvid*. (*den mindste Tyr-
 kiske Mynt*).
 Parcel, s. *Pakke*.
 Pardon, v. *tilgive*; s. *Tilgivelse*.
 Pardonable, a. *tilgivelig*.
 Parent, s. *Fader* eller *Moder*.
 Parental, a. *faderlig*.
 Parents, s. pl. *Forældre*.
 Part, s. *Del*; *Quarter*; *Side*: v. *ad-
 skilles*.
 Part from, *skille sig ved*.
 Part with, *skilles ved*.
 Partake, v. *tage Deel i* (*smage*).
 Partiality, s. *Partiskhed*.
 Partition-wall, *Skillevæg*.
 Partnership, s. *Compagni* (*i Handel*).
 Particular, s. *Punkt*, *Henseende*,
Omstændighed.

- Party, s. *Trop, Selskab*.
 Pass, v. *passere, gaa; forbi; tilbringe*.
 Passage, s. *Sted (i en Bog); Gjen-nemgang; Aabning; Passage*.
 Passion, s. *Lidenskab; Forkjærlig-hed*.
 Past, adv. & part. *forbi*.
 Pastil, s. *Røgelse*.
 Patch of ground, en *Plet Jord*.
 Patient, a. *taalmodig; s. Patient*.
 Patiently, adv. *taalmodigt*.
 Pattern, s. *Mynster*.
 Pause, v. *standse, betænke sig*.
 Pavement, s. *Steenbro, Brolægning*.
 Pay, v. *betale, vise, udvise; pay a visit, gjøre Visit*.
 Payment, s. *Betaling*.
 Peace, s. *Fred: den østerlandske Hilsen er Salam alaikum, d. e. peace be with you = Fred være med Eder*.
 Pearl-fishing, s. *Perlefiskeri*.
 Peasant, s. *Bonde*.
 Pebble, s. *Kiselsten, Smaasten*.
 Peculiar, s. *særegen*.
 Peep, s. *Titten; peep of day, Dag gry*.
 Penetrate, v. *gjennemtrænge*.
 Penetrated, part. *gjennemtrængt*.
 Penny, s. (pl. pence) *Penning, En-gelsk Kobbermynt, som gjælder noget mindre end 4 Rigsb. Skill. Tolv Pence gjælder en Shilling; og 240 Pence, et Pund Sterl. Skrivetegnet for penny er: d.*
 People, s. *Folk*.
 Pepper, s. *Peber*.
 Perceive, v. *bemærke*.
 Perfectly, adv. *ganske, fuldkomment*.
 Perform, v. *udføre*.
 Perfume, s. *Vellugt; v. gjøre vel-lugtende*.
 Perhaps, adv. *kanskee, maaskee*.
 Peril, s. *Fare*.
 Perish, v. *omkomme*.
 Permission, s. *Tilladelse*.
 Permit, v. *tillade*.
 Pernicious, a. *skadelig*.
 Perpetual, a. *bestandig*.
 Perplexed, part. *forviklet; forvirret*.
 Persecute, v. *forfølge*.
 Persist, v. *paastaae, vedblive haard-nakket*.
 Persuade, v. *overtale*.
 Person, s. *Person; Mand; Udvortes*.
 Pestiferous, a. *pestagtig*.
 Petticoat, s. *Skjørt, Nederdel*.
 Physician, s. *Læge*.
 Pick up, *snappe op*.
 Picture, s. *Maleri*.
 Piece, s. *Stykke*.
 Piece by piece, *Stykke for Stykke*.
 Pier, s. *Havne-Bolværk, Havdæm-ning*.
 Pierce, v. *gjennembore; gjennem-trænge; gjennemskue*.
 Pigeon, s. *Due*.
 Pile, v. *opdynge*.
 Pile of building, en *meget stor Bygning*.
 Pilot, s. *Lods; (Styrmand)*.
 Pine away, *hensmægte*.
 Pipe, *Tobakspibe*.
 Pirate, s. *Sørøver*.
 Pit, s. *Grube, Hul*.
 Pity, v. *ynkes over; s. Medynk*.
 Place, v. *Sted*.
 Place of honour, *Hædersplads*.
 Place, v. *lægge, sætte*.
 Plague, s. *Pest*.
 Plaguy, a. *forpestet*.
 Plain, Hassan, *slet og ret Hassan*.
 Plainly, adv. *klart; tydeligt*.
 Plait, s. *Fletning; v. flette*.
 Plan, s. *Plan, Forslag*.
 Planter, s. *Planter*.
 Plausible, a. *antagelig*.
 Play, v. *lege, spille*.
 Plaything, s. *Legetøj*.
 Pleasant, a. *behagelig*.
 Please, s. *behage, finde for godt*.
 Pleasure, s. *Fornøjelse, Forlystelse; Behag*.
 Pleasure-boat, s. *Lystbaad*.
 Pledge, s. *Pant*.
 Plentiful, a. *rigelig*.
 Plenty, s. *Overflodighed*.
 Plot, s. *Complot, Anslag*.

- Plum, s. *Blomme*.
 Plunder, v. *plyndre*.
 Plunge, v. *dykke, nedsænke*; (*om en Dolk*) *støde*.
 Pocket, s. *Lomme*.
 Point, s. *Punkt, Spids*; point of death, *det Yderste, Dødstimen*; v. *pege*; to be on the point of, *være paa Nippet af*.
 Point out, *udpege*.
 Point to, *pege paa*.
 Poisonous, a. *giftig*.
 Police, *see* Officers of.
 Polish, v. *slibe*.
 Politeness, s. *Artighed*.
 Pomp, s. *Pragt*.
 Poniard, s. *Dolk*.
 Poor, a. *fattig*.
 Poorly, adv. *fattigt, usselt*.
 Populous, a. *folkerig*.
 Porch, s. *Søile-Entree, Søile-Indgang, Porten*.
 Port, s. *Havn*.
 Porter, s. *Porteur*.
 Portico, s. *Buegang*.
 Portion, s. *Portion, Del*.
 Positively, adv. *bestemt*.
 Possess, v. *besidde, have, eje*.
 Possession, s. *Besiddelse*.
 Possible, a. *mulig*.
 Possibility, s. *Efterslægt*.
 Potent, a. *mægtig*.
 Poultry, s. *Høns*.
 Potion, s. *Lægedrik*.
 Pound sterling, *Engelsk Pengestørrelse, som gjælder omtrent 9 Rdl. Tegnet, den sædvanlig skrives med, er £, f. Ex. £ 10, læses Ti Pund Sterling*.
 Poverty, s. *Fattigdom*.
 Power, s. *Magt, Kraft*.
 Powerful; a. *sterk, kraftig*.
 Pratice, s. *Skik, Vane*.
 Praise, v. *sladdre, snakke*.
 Pray, s. *bede*.
 Prayer, s. *Bøn*.
 Precaution, s. *Forsigtighedsregel*.
 Precious, a. *kostbar*.
 Predestination, s. *forud bestemt Skjebne*.
 Prefer, v. *foretrække*.
 Preference, s. *Foretrakken*.
 Prejudice, s. *Fordom*.
 Prejudicial, a. *skadelig*.
 Premature, a. *for tidlig*.
 Preparation, s. *Tilberedelse*.
 Prepare, v. *tilberede*.
 Prepossessing, part. *indtagende*.
 Prepossession, s. *Fordom*.
 Prescribe, v. *foreskrive*.
 Presence, s. *Nærværelse*; presence of mind, *Aandsnærværelse*.
 Present, a. *nærværende*; at present, *for nærværende Tid*; s. *Foræring*.
 Presently, adv. *snart*; *strax*.
 Preserve, v. *bevare*.
 Press, v. *trykke, presse*.
 Press through, *trænge igjennem*.
 Presume, v. *formode, fordriste sig*.
 Presume upon one's-self, *prale*.
 Pretence, s. *Forstillelse*; *Paaskud*.
 Pretend, v. *foregive, skramte, lade som*; *gjøre Fordring paa*.
 pretty round sum, *god rund Sum, klækkelig Sum*.
 Prevail on, *formaa, overtale*.
 Prevent, v. *hindre, forebygge*.
 Prey, s. *Bytte*.
 Prey upon, *bemestre sig, gjøre sig til Bytte*.
 Prime minister, s. *Premier-Minister*.
 Prime of life, *blomstrende Alder, bedste Alder*.
 Primrose-tinted, a. *kodriverfarvet, primulafarvet*.
 Prince, s. *Prinds, Fyrste*.
 Princess, s. *Prindsesse*.
 Principal, s. *den Øverste*; a. *formem*.
 Prints, s. *trykkede Bomuldstøier*.
 Prison, s. *Fængsel*.
 Prisoner, s. *Fange*.
 Privately, adv. *hemmeligen, ubemærket*.
 Privilege, s. *Forrettighed*.

- Prize, s. *Bytte*; v. sætte *Pris paa*.
 Probity, s. *Redelighed*.
 Proceed, v. *blive ved*; fortsætte, *gaa videre*.
 Proceeding, part. *kommende ud fra*.
 Proceedings, s. pl. *Fremgangsmaade*.
 Procure, v. *forskaffe, anskaffe*.
 Prodigious, a. *forfærdelig stor*; *vidunderlig*.
 Produce, v. *fremdrage, bringe for Lyset*.
 Proficiency, s. *Fremskridt*.
 Profit, s. *Fordeel*; v. *nytte, gavne*.
 Profound, a. *dyb*.
 Profusion, s. *Overflod*.
 Prognostic, s. *Forudviden*.
 Project, s. *Plan, Anslag*.
 Prolong, v. *forlænge*.
 Promise, v. *love*; *staae inde for* (p. 71).
 Promontory, s. *Forbjerg, Næs*.
 Prompt, v. *tilskynde*.
 Pronounce, v. *fremsigte, udtale*.
 Proof, s. *Bevis*.
 Propensity, s. *Tilbøjelighed*.
 Proper, a. *rigtig, passende (Maade)*; *tilbørlig*.
 Property, s. *Eiendom*.
 Proportion, s. *Forhold*.
 Proportionable, a. *forholdsmæssig*.
 Proposal, s. *Ægteskabs-Forslag*.
 Propose, v. *foreslaae*.
 Proposition, s. *Sætning*.
 Prosper, v. *lykkes*.
 Prosperity, s. *Lykke, Held, Velstand*.
 Prosperous, a. *heldig*.
 Prostrate, v. *nedkaste*.
 Protect, v. *beskytte*.
 Protection, s. *Beskyttelse*.
 Protest, v. *erklære*.
 Protestation, s. *Erklæring*.
 Protracted, part. *langvarig*.
 Proud, a. *stolt*.
 Prove, v. *befindes, findes at være*; *bevise*.
 Proverb, s. *Ordsprog*.
 Provide, v. *forsyne, forskaffe*.
 Provided, part. *forudsat*.
 Providence, s. *Forsyn*.
 Province, s. *Provinds*.
 Provision, s. *Forraad*; *Lernetsmidler*.
 Provoke, v. *ophidse, opirre*.
 Proximity, s. *Nærhed*.
 Prudence, s. *Forsigtighed, Forstand, Klogskab*.
 Prudent, *forsigtig, forstandig*.
 Public, a. *offentlig*.
 in public, *offentligen*.
 Pull, v. *trække, rive, plukke* (S 36 L. 19).
 Pull down, *rive ned*.
 Pull out, *trække frem*.
 Pulpit, s. *Prækestol*.
 Pulse, s. *Årter, Belgfrugt*.
 Punish, v. *straffe*.
 Punishment, s. *Straf*.
 Purchase, v. *kjøbe*.
 Pure, a. *reen, klar*.
 Purpose, s. *Hensigt*; to no purpose. *til ingen Nytte, forgjæves*; on purpose, *forsætlig*.
 Purposely, adv. *forsætligen*.
 Purse, s. *Pengepung*.
 Pursue, *forfølge*; *fortsætte*.
 Pursuit, s. *Efterstræben, Forfølgen, Jagen efter*.
 Push, v. *skuppe, støde til*.
 Put by, *lægge tilside*.
 Put off, *tage af*.
 Put out, *slukke*.
 Put into writing, *opskrive*.
 Put to bed, *bringe iseng*.
 Put to death, *aflive, dræbe*.

Q.

- Quality, s. *Egenskab*.
 Quantity, s. *Mængde*.
 Quarrel, s. *Kiv, Trætte*; v. *skjælde, skjændes*.
 Quarter, s. *Fjerding, Fjerde Del*; quarters, *Logis*.
 Quay, s. (upt. ki) *Skibsværft*.
 Queen, s. *Dronning*.
 Quest, s. *Opsøgning*; in quest, *for at opsøge*.
 Question, s. *Spørgsmaal*.

Quicken, v. *haste, fremskynde.*
 Quickly, adv. *snart.*
 Quiet, a. *rolig; s. Rolighed; v. berolige, tilfredsstille.*
 Quietly, adv. *stille, rolig.*
 Quit, v. *give slip paa.*
 Quit, v. *forlade.*

R.

Raft, s. *Flaade.*
 Rage, s. *rasende Harm.*
 Ragout, s. *Ragout.*
 Raise, v. *opløfte; opreise; forskaffe.*
 Rampart, s. *Vold.*
 Range, v. *opstille i Orden.*
 Range of mind, s. *Aands-Omraade, Tankekreds, Tankesphære.*
 Rank, s. *Rang.*
 Rapid, a. *hæftig, stærk (om Strøm).*
 Rapidity, s. *Hurtighed.*
 Rarely, adv. *sjælden.*
 Rash, a. *ubesindig, dumdristig.*
 Rather, adv. *snarere, hellere.*
 Reach, v. *naae; s. Naæn; Rækning; out of the reach, hvor Noget ei kan naaes.*
 Reader, s. *Læser.*
 Readily a. *gjerne.*
 Ready, a. *hurtig, rede, færdig.*
 Reality, a. *Virkelighed.*
 Really, adv. *virkeligen.*
 Reason, s. *Aarsag, Grund, Fornuft.*
 Reasonable, a. *billig, fornuftig.*
 Rebuild, v. *gjenopbygge.*
 Recall, v. *tilbagekalde.*
 Receive, v. *erholde, modtage.*
 Reception, s. *Modtagelse.*
 Recital, s. *Fortælling.*
 Recite, v. *fremsig.*
 Reckon, v. *regne.*
 Recognize, v. *gjenkjende.*
 Recollect, v. *huske.*
 Recollection, s. *Erindring.*
 Recommend, v. *anbefale.*
 Recompence, s. *Belønning; v. belønne.*
 Record, s. *Optegnelse, Document.*
 Recourse, s. *Tilflugt.*

Recover, v. *samle sig, fatte sig igjen; erholde igjen; faa igjen; vinde igjen; komme sig, komme til sig selv igjen.*
 Recruit, v. *gjenvinde.*
 Red, a. *rød.*
 Redolent, a. *duftende, vellugtende.*
 Redouble, v. *fordoble.*
 Reduced, part. *bragt.*
 Reduce to, *bringe til, nødsage til.*
 Reflect, v. *betænke.*
 Reflection, s. *Tanke, Betænkning.*
 Refresh, v. *vederqvæge, forfriske.*
 Refusal, s. s. *Vægtring, Afslag.*
 Refuse, v. *afslaa, vægre sig ved.*
 Regain, v. *gjenvinde.*
 Regale, v. *forfriske, tractere.*
 Regard, s. *Agtelse; Hensyn; v. betragte.*
 Regardless, a. *ligegyldig, som ikke bryder sig om.*
 Region, s. *Egn, Land.*
 Regret, s. *Fortrydelse; v. fortryde.*
 Regulate, v. *ordne.*
 Reimbark, v. *indskibe sig igjen.*
 Reject, v. *forkaste.*
 Rejoice, v. *glæde sig.*
 Rejoin, v. *gjenstvare; møde igjen, forene sig med igjen.*
 Relapse, v. *falde tilbage.*
 Relate, v. *fortælle; angaa.*
 Relation, s. *Slægtning; Fortælling.*
 Relax, v. *løsne; slappe; formildes.*
 Relaxation, s. *Hvile, Forfriskning, Vederqvælgelse.*
 Relics, s. pl. *Lerninger.*
 Relief, s. *Understøttelse; Lindring, Hjælp.*
 Relieve, v. *befrie; understøtte; lindre; hjælpe.*
 Relish, v. *finde Smag i; lade sig falde,*
 Remainder, s. *Lerning.*
 Remains, s. pl. *Lerninger (Liig).*
 Remain, v. *forblive; blive tilbage.*
 Remark, s. *Bemærkning.*
 Remarkably, a. *mærkeligen, særdeles.*
 Remedy, s. *Middel, Lægemiddel.*

- Remember, *v. huske.*
 Remembrance, *s. Erindring.*
 Remind, *v. huske paa, erindre om.*
 Remit, *v. tilsende (helst om Penge).*
 Remittance, *s. Tilsending (af Penge).*
 Remonstrance, *s. Modforestilling.*
 Remonstrate, *v. gjøre Modforestillinger.*
 Remorse, *s. Samvittighedsnag.*
 Remote, *a. fjærnet.*
 Remove, *v. borttage; fjærne; flytte.*
 Rend, *v. irr. rive, sønderrive; revne, splittes.*
 Render, *v. yde, vise.*
 Renew, *v. fornye.*
 Renounce, *v. frasige sig, opgive.*
 Repeatedly, *adv. gjentagne Gange.*
 Repair, *v. erstatte, gjenoprette; begive sig; s. ordentlig Tilstand.*
 Repast, *s. Maaltid.*
 Repay, *v. gjenbetale.*
 Repent, *v. angre, fortryde.*
 Repentance, *s. Anger, Fortrydelse.*
 Repine, *v. klage, fortryde.*
 Replace, *v. sætte igjen, paasætte igjen.*
 Reply, *v. svare, gjensvare; s. Svar.*
 Report, *s. Efterretning; v. berette, angive.*
 Repose, *v. hvile; hvile sig.*
 Reprehensible, *a. dadelværdig.*
 Representation, *s. Forestilling.*
 Reproach, *v. bebrejde; s. Bebreidelse.*
 Reprove, *v. irettesætte.*
 Reptile, *s. Kryb, Orm.*
 Reputation, *s. Ry, Rygte.*
 Request, *v. bede, forlange; s. Forlangende.*
 Require, *v. fordre.*
 Requisite, *a. nødvendig.*
 Resemble, *a. ligne.*
 Resent, *v. harnes over, tage ilde op.*
 Reserve, *v. gemme, forbeholde.*
 Reserved, *a. tilbageholden, taus.*
 Reside, *v. boe, opholde sig.*
 Resignation, *s. Hengivelse, Henkastelse.*
 Resist, *v. modstaa.*
- Resistance, *s. Modstand.*
 Resolution, *s. Beslutning, Standhaftighed.*
 Resolve, *v. beslutte.*
 Resort to, *have sin Gang, pleje at søge; tyde hen til.*
 Respect, *v. agte; angaa; s. Agtelse, Hensyn.*
 Respectable, *a. agtværdig.*
 Respectfully, *adv. ærbødigt.*
 Repecting, *adv. angaaende.*
 Rest, *v. hvile; s. Rest, det Øvrige.*
 Restless, *a. rastløs, urolig.*
 Restore, *v. erstatte; give tilbage.*
 Restrain, *v. tilbageholde.*
 Resume, *v. paatage sig igjen, begynde igjen.*
 Retail, *s. Handel i det Smaa.*
 Retinue, *s. Følge.*
 Retire, *v. trække sig tilbage; lægge sig til Hvile.*
 Retrace, *v. opspore igjen; retrace one's steps, gaa den samme Vej tilbage igjen.*
 Retract, *v. tilbagekalde (sine Ord).*
 Retreat, *s. Tilflugtssted; Tilbagetog, Bortgang.*
 Return, *v. vende tilbage; gjengive; s. Venden tilbage; Gjengjeld.*
 Reveal, *v. aabenbare.*
 Revel, *v. gjøre sig lystig (p. 74),*
 Revenge, *s. Hævn, Hævnløst; v. hævne.*
 Revengeful, *a. hævngjerrig.*
 Reverie, *s. dybe Tanker.*
 Reward, *v. belønne; v. Belønning.*
 Ribbon, *s. Baand.*
 Ribstone pippins, *s. et Slags Engelske, velsmagende Æbler.*
 Rice, *s. Riis.*
 Rich, *a. rig.*
 Riches, *s. pl. Rigdomme, Skatte.*
 Rid, *v. irr. befrie.*
 Rides, *Ridt, Ridetour; v. irr. ride; kjøre.*
 Ridge, *s. Bjergaas, Bjergryg.*
 Right, *a. rigtig; ret; højre; s. Ret.*
 Rightly, *adv. rigtigen, med Rette.*
 Rill, *s. en lille Bæk.*

- Ripe, a, *moden*.
 Rise, v. irr. *staa op*.
 Risk, *stille, sætte i Fare*.
 Rite, *Skik, Ceremoni*.
 River, s. *Flod*.
 Rivulet, s. *Bæk*.
 Road, s. *Vei*; high road, *Konge Vei*.
 Roast, v. *stege*.
 Robber, s. *Røver*.
 Robbery, *Røveri, Tyveri*.
 Robe, s. *Kaabe; Kjole*.
 Robe de chambre (*Fransk*) *Slaaprok*.
 Roc, s. *en Fabel Fugl*.
 Rock, s. *Klippe*.
 Rocky, a. *klippefuld*.
 Roguery, s. *Skalkestreg*.
 Roll, s. *Rulle (Bog); Simle*.
 Romancing, s. *Digt, Usandfærdighed*.
 Roof, s. *Tag*.
 Root, s. *Rod*.
 Rope, s. *Toug*.
 Ropemaker, s. *Reebslager*.
 Ropemaking, s. *Reebslager-Haandværk*.
 Rose-water, s. *Rosenvand*.
 Round, a. & adv. *rund, rundt*.
 Rouse, v. *opvække, sætte i Bevægelse*.
 Rove, v. *streife, vandre*.
 Row, v. *ro*; s. *Rad, Række*.
 Rower, s. *Roerkarl*.
 Royal, a. *kongelig*.
 Royally, adv. *kongeligen*.
 Rub, v. *gnide, smøre*.
 Ruby, s. *Rubin*.
 Rudely, adv. *grovt, haardt*.
 Rudeness, s. *Uartighed, Grovhed*.
 Rug, s. *Saddel-Teppe*, p. 165.
 Ruin, v. *ødelægge*; s. *Ødelæggelse*.
 Rule, v. *regjere*.
 Run, v. irr. *løbe*.
 Rumour, s. *Rygte*.
 Rush, v. *styrte, trænge frem*.
 Rustling, s. *Raslen*.
- S.
- Sabre, s. *Sabel, Sværd*.
 Sacred, a. *hellig*.
 Sacrifice, v. *offre*; s. *Offer*.
 Sad, a. *sørgelig*.
 Safe, a. *sikker; heldig; frelst*.
 Safety, a. *Sikkerhed*.
 Sagacity, s. *Kløgt*.
 Sail, v. *seile*; s. *Seil*.
 Sailor, s. *Søfarer*.
 Sake, s. *Aarsag; Skyld*; for the sake of brevity, for *Kortheds Skyld*.
 Saloon, s. *Sal*.
 Salt, s. *Salt*.
 Salutation, s. *Hilsen*.
 Salute, v. *hilse*.
 Sanguine, a. *freidig, tillidsfuld*.
 Sash, s. *Belte; Livbaand*.
 Satisfaction, s. *Tilfredsstillelse*.
 Satisfy, v. *tilfredsstille*.
 Saunders, s. *Sandeltræ*.
 Savage, a. *vild*.
 Save, v. *redde, frelse*.
 Save money, *sammenspare Penge*.
 Saving, a. *sparsommelig*.
 Say, v. *sige*.
 Scale, s. *Skæl*; v. *bestige, klattre*.
 Scandalized, part. *forarget*.
 Scanty, a. *knap*.
 Scarcely, adv. *næppe*.
 Scarlet, s. & a. *Skarlagen*.
 Scatter, v. *adsprede*.
 Sceptre, s. *Scepter*.
 Science, s. *Viaenskab*.
 Scourge, s. *Svøbe*.
 Scouring-sand, *Sand til at skure med*.
 Scrape, s. *Knibe*.
 Scroop, s. *Skjærv*.
 Scruples, s. pl. *Samvittigheds Skrupler*.
 Seal, s. *Segl*; v. *forsegle*.
 Search, v. *undersøge, gjenomsøge, ransage*.
 Search-warrant, s. *Retsbevilling til Husundersøgelse*.
 Sea-shore, s. *Søkyst*.
 Season, s. *Aarstid*; v. *krydre*.
 Seat, s. *Sæde*.
 Seated, part. *siddende*.
 Second, a. *anden*.
 Secrecy, s. *Taushed*.

- Secret, s. *Hemmelighed*.
 Secretly, adv. *hemmeligen*.
 Secure, a. *sikker*; v. *sikre*.
 See, v. irr. *see*.
 Seed, v. *Sæd*; *Frø*.
 Seek, v. irr. *søge*.
 Seem, v. *synes*.
 Seize, v. *gribe, bemægtige sig*.
 Select, v. *udvælge, udsee*.
 Sell, v. irr. *sælge*.
 Sense, s. *Sands*; *Følelse*; *Mening*; senses, *Sandser*.
 Senseless, a. *bevidstløs*.
 Sensibly, adv. *føleligt*.
 Sentence, s. *Dom*.
 Sentiment, s. *Følelse*.
 Separate, v. *adskille*.
 Sequin, eller *Zechin*, s. *Zechino*, en *Venedisk Mynt*, som gjælder omtrent en *Ducat*.
 Seraglio, s. *Serail*.
 Seriously, adv. *alvorligen*.
 Serpent, s. *Slange*.
 Servant, s. *Tjener, Tjenestepige*.
 Serve up, v. *anrette, servere*.
 Service, s. *Tjeneste*.
 Sesame, s. *Indisk Korn, Sesamum*.
 Set, v. irr. *sætte*.
 Set about, *begive sig til, foretage sig* (p. 73).
 Set forward } *tage afsted*.
 Set out }
 Set off, v. *contrastere; fremstille til Fordel*.
 Set right, v. *berigtige; vise tilrette*.
 Set sail, *seile afsted*.
 Settle, v. *afgjøre*.
 Settled, part. *stadig, vedvarende*.
 Settlement, s. *Coloni*.
 Seven, num. *syv*.
 Several, a. *adskillig*.
 Severe, a. *haard, stræng*.
 Severity, s. *Strenghed, Haardhed*.
 Sew, v. *sy*.
 Sex, s. *Kjøn*.
 Shade, s. *Skygge, v. beskygge*.
 Shadow, s. *Skygge*.
 Shake, v. irr. *ryste*.
 Shall, v. def. & aux. *skal*.
 Shambles, s. *Slagter-Boder*.
 Shame, v. *Skam, Undseelse*.
 Share, s. *Andel, Part*; v. *tage Del*.
 Sharp, a. *skarp*.
 Sheath, s. *Skede*.
 Shed, v. irr. *indgyde*; (om *Tænder*) *fælde*.
 Shelter, s. *Ly, Skjul*; v. *skjule*.
 Sherbet, s. *Sharbat et arabisk Ord, som betyder Drik i Almindelighed, men her betegner et Slags Lemonade*.
 Shew & Show, v. *vise*.
 Shift, v. *forandre*.
 Shilling, s. *Engelsk Sølv-Mynt*, som gjælder omtrent 43 Rb. Sk.
 Ship, s. *Skib*.
 Shipmate, s. *Skibskammerat*.
 Shipowner, s. *Skibsreder, Skibsejer*.
 Shipwrecked, a. *som har lidt Skibbrud*.
 Shiver, v. *brække i Stykker; ryste*.
 Shoe, s. *Sko*.
 Shoot, v. irr. *skyde*.
 Shocking, a. *gyselig*.
 Shop, s. *Boutique, Bod*.
 Shore, s. *Strand, Kyst*.
 Shoulder, s. *Skulder*.
 Shout, v. *raabe, skrige; juble*.
 Shrewd, a. *listig, snu; skarpsindig*.
 Shriek, s. *Skrig*; v. *hvine*.
 Shrill, a. *skingrende*.
 Shrine, s. *Alter, Helligdom*.
 Shudder, v. *gyse*.
 Shun, v. *undgaa*.
 Shut, v. irr. *lukke; lukkes; shut up, indeslutte*.
 Sick, a. *syg*.
 Sickness, s. *Sygdom*.
 Side, s. *Side*.
 Sigh, v. *sukke*; s. *Suk*.
 Sight, s. *Syn, Sigte*.
 Sign, s. *Tegn*.
 Signal, s. *Tegn, Signal*.
 Signify, v. *betyde, tilkjendegive*.
 Silence, s. *Taushed*; v. *bringe til tie*.
 Silent, a. *taus*.
 Silently, adv. *med Taushed*.

- Silver, s. *Solv.*
 Since, conj. *siden, efterdi.*
 Sincere, a. *oprigtig.*
 Sincerely, adv. *oprigtigen.*
 Sincerity, s. *Oprighed.*
 Similar, a. *lig, lignende.*
 Sing, v. *syng.*
 Single, a. *eneste.*
 Singular, a. *besynderlig, særegen.*
 Singularity, s. *Egenhed.*
 Sink, v. irr. *synke; nedsænke.*
 Sister-in-law, s. *Svigerinde.*
 Sit, v. irr. *sidde.*
 Situation, s. *Beliggenhed.*
 Sixteen, num. *Seften.*
 Sixteenth, a. *sextende.*
 Sixth, a. *sjette.*
 Size, s. *Størrelse.*
 Skill, s. *Kløgt.*
 Skip, v. *hoppe.*
 Skin, s. *Skind, Hud.*
 Skirt, v. *begrændse.*
 Slanting, part. *tagende en skraa*
 Retning, skraanende.
 Slave, s. *Slave.*
 Slavery, s. *Slaveri.*
 Slay, v. irr. *dræbe, slaa ihjel.*
 Sleep, v. irr. *sove; s. Søvn.*
 Slight, a. *ubetydelig, ringe.*
 Slip of paper, *et lille Stykke Papir.*
 Slowly, adv. *langsomt.*
 Small, a. *lille, liden.*
 Smell, s. *Lugt.*
 Smile, v. *smile; s. Smil.*
 Smoke, v. *ryge; s. Røg.*
 Smooth, a. *glat, jevn.*
 Snatch, v. *snappe.*
 Sneer, s. *Sarkastisk Smil.*
 Snore, v. *snorke.*
 Snow-white, a. *sneehvid.*
 So, adv. *saa.*
 Sob, s. *Hulken.*
 Society, *Selskab, Samfund.*
 Soft, a. *blød, sagte.*
 Soften, v. *sagtn, formilde.*
 Softly, adv. *sagte.*
 Soil, s. *Jordsmon.*
 Sole, a. *eneste.*
 Solely, adv. *alene, kun.*
 Solemnity, s. *Højtidelighed.*
 Solemnize, v. *højtideligholde.*
 Solemnly, adv. *højtideligen.*
 Soliloquy, s. *Monolog.*
 Some, a. *nogen, nogle; een eller anden.*
 Something, s. *Noget.*
 Sometimes, adv. *undertiden.*
 Some-what, adv. *noget.*
 Son, s. *Søn.*
 Song, s. *Sang.*
 Son-in-law, s. *Svigersøn.*
 Soon, adv. *snart; no sooner, aldrig saa snart.*
 Sorrow, s. *Sorg; v. sørge.*
 Sorrowful, a. *bedrøvet, sørgelig.*
 Sorrowfully, adv. *i dyb Sorg.*
 Sorry, a. *bedrøvet; I am sorry, det gjør mig ondt.*
 Sort, s. *Slags.*
 Soul, s. *Sjæl; to the very soul, lige til Sjælen.*
 Sound, s. *Lyd; a. sund.*
 Sound sleep, *dyb Søvn, tryk Søvn.*
 Source, s. *Udsprung, Kilde.*
 Southerly, a. *syddlig.*
 Sovereign, s. *Engelsk Guld Mynt som gjælder 20 Eng. Shillings eller £ 1 = 9 Rdl.*
 Spacious, a. *rummelig.*
 Spare, v. *spare; skaane.*
 Sparrow, s. *Spurv.*
 Speak, v. irr. *tale.*
 Species, s. *Art.*
 Spectacle, s. *Skue.*
 Spectator, s. *Tilskuer.*
 Speculations, s. pl. *Handels-Speculation.*
 Speedily, adv. *hurtigt.*
 Speedy, a. *hurtig, snart.*
 Spend, v. irr. *øde, bekoste, udgive; tilbringe (om Tid).*
 Spices, s. pl. *Krydrier.*
 Spike, s. *Lancet.*
 Spill, v. *spilde, udgyde.*
 Spirits, s. pl. *Lune; out of spirits, i slet Lune.*
 Spiritual, a. *geistlig.*
 Spit, s. *Spid.*

- Splendidly, adv. *prægtigt; kosteligen*.
 Split, v. irr. *splitte*.
 Spoil, v. *fordærve; forkjæle*.
 Spoils, s. pl. *Bytte*.
 Spot, s. *Sted (nøje betegnet)*.
 Spotless, a. *uplettet*.
 Spread, v. irr. *udsprede*.
 Spring, v. *springe*.
 Spring up, *reise sig (om Vind)*.
 Sprinkle, v. *bestænke*.
 Squabble, v. *skjændes*.
 Squall, s. *Kastvind; Byge*.
 Squander, v. *bortødsle*.
 Square, s. *firkantet Torv; en Firkant*.
 Spy, s. *Spion*.
 Stab, v. *stikke ihjel, gjennembore*.
 Stable, s. *Stald*.
 Stagger, v. *tumle*.
 Stale, a. *forældt*.
 Stall, s. *ussel Bod eller Værksted; Sælgeplads paa Torvet*.
 Stammer on, *fremstamme*.
 Stand, v. irr. *staa*.
 Star, s. *Stjerne*.
 Staring, part. *stirrende*.
 Stark-mad, a. *bindegal*.
 Start, v. *gyse; tage afsted*.
 Startle, v. *overraske, bestyrte*.
 Starve, v. *hungre; døe af Hunger eller Kulde*.
 State, s. *Tilstand; v. anføre, angive, sige*.
 Stately, a. *stadselig, prægtig, herlig*.
 Statement, s. *Angivelse*.
 Station, s. *Stilling*.
 Stay, s. *Ophold; v. forblive, tøve*.
 Steadfastly, adv. *vist*.
 Steal, v. irr. *stjæle, stjæle sig*.
 Steed, s. *Ganger, Hest*.
 Steep, a. *steil, brat*.
 Steepness, s. *Steilhed*.
 Steersman, s. *Den som staaer ved Roret, Styrmand*.
 Step, s. *Trin*.
 Stern, a. *barsk, stræng*.
 Sternly, adv. *strængt*.
 Stick, v. irr. *stikke; stick to, hænge ved, klæbe ved*.
 Stick out, *rage frem*.
 Stifle, v. *betvinge, undertrykke, dæmpe*.
 Still, conj. *alligevel; endnu*.
 Stimulate, v. *pirre*.
 Sting, v. irr. *stikke, gjennembore; plage*.
 Stir, v. *bevæge sig, bevæge*.
 Stitch, v. *sy, rie*.
 St. Nicholas, *en Skytshelgen for Fiskere og Jægere*.
 Stock, s. *Forraad, Vare-Oplag*.
 Stomach, s. *Mave*.
 Stone, s. *Steen*.
 Stony, a. *stenet*.
 Stoop, v. *bøje sig, bukke; nedlade sig*.
 Stop, v. *standse; tilstoppe*.
 Store, v. *lægge op, gemme; s. Forraad; Oplag*.
 Storehouse, s. *Pakhuus, Vare-Lager*.
 Story, s. *Historie, Fortælling*.
 Stout, a. *stærk, kraftig*.
 Straitly, } adv. *tæt, snævert, trangt*.
 Streightly, }
 Stranger, s. *Fremmed*.
 Strangle, s. *quæle*.
 Stratagem, s. *Kunstgreb*.
 Stream, s. *Strøm*.
 Streaming, part. *strømmende; (om Lys) brydende*.
 Street, s. *Gade*.
 Strength, s. *Styrke, Kraft*.
 Strenuously, adv. *kraftigen*.
 Stretch, v. *strække*.
 Strew, v. *bestrø*.
 Strike, v. *slaa*.
 Stringy, *træolet*.
 Stripe, s. *Prygl, Slag*.
 Strive, v. *stræbe*.
 Stroke, s. *Slag, Hug*.
 Stroll, v. *slæntre*.
 Strong, a. *stærk*.
 Strongly, adv. *stærkt, fast*.
 Struggle, v. *kjempe, stride, anstrænge sig; s. Kamp*.
 Stuff, s. *Tøj; v. udstoppe*.
 Stun, v. *bedøve; overvælde*.
 Stupendous, a. *forbausende*.
 Stupify, v. *bedøve*.
 Subdue, v. *betvinge*.

- Subject, s. *Gjenstand*; *Undersaat*; v. *underkaste*.
 Submit, v. *underkaste sig*.
 Subside, s. *formindskes*, p. 152 *sagtné*.
 Subsist, v. *opholde sig, næres*; *bestaae*.
 Subsistence, s. *Livsophold*.
 Substantial, a. *væsentlig, betydelig*.
 Subterfuge, s. *Udflugt*.
 Subterranean, a. *underjordisk*.
 Succeed, v. *følge efter*; *være heldig*; *lykkes*.
 Success, s. *Held*.
 Successive, a. *paa hinanden følgende*.
 Successor, s. *Efterfølger*.
 Such, a. & adv. *saadan*; *saa*.
 Sudden, a. *pludselig*; suddenly, adv. *pludseligen*.
 Suet, v. *Smørefidt*; *Nyretrælle*.
 Suffer, v. *taale, lide, tillade*; *lade*.
 Suffice, v. *være nok, være tilstrækkelig*.
 Sufficient, a. *tilstrækkelig*.
 Suitable, a. *passende*.
 Sultry, a. *lummer*.
 Sum, s. *Sum*.
 Summer-house, s. *Lysthus*.
 Summon, v. *kalde sammen, sterne*.
 Sumptuous, a. *kostelig*.
 Sun, s. *Soel*.
 Sunrise, s. *Solens Opgang*.
 Sunset, s. *Solens Nedgang*.
 Sup, v. *spise til Aften*.
 Superadded, part. *føiet til*.
 Superior, a. *overlegen*; *højere, fornem*.
 Superstitious, a. *overtroisk*.
 Supper, s. *Aftensmaaltid, Nadvere*.
 Supply, v. *forsyne*; *erstatte, træde isteden for*; s. *Forsyning*.
 Support one's self, *holde sig oppe (over Vandet)*.
 Supportable, a. *taalelig*.
 Suppose, v. *antage, formode*.
 Suppress, v. *undertrykke*.
 Sure, a. *sikker, vis*; to be sure, *det forstaaer sig*.
 Surface, s. *Overflade*.
 Surmise, s. *Formodning*.
 Surpass, v. *overgaa*.
 Surprise, v. *overraske, forbause*; s. *Overraskelse*.
 Surround, v. *omgive*.
 Survey, s. *Overskuen, Betragtning*.
 Survey, v. *betragte, overveje*.
 Survive, v. *overleve*.
 Suspect, v. *ane, have Mistanke om*.
 Suspicion, s. *Mistanke*.
 Sustain, v. *vedligeholde*; *taale, lide*.
 Swallow, s. *Swale*; v. *sluge, opsluge*.
 Sway, s. *Magt*.
 Swear, v. *sværge*.
 Sweet, a. *sød*.
 Swim, v. irr. *svømme*.
 Swimming, s. *Svømmen*.
 Swoon, s. *Besvimelse*; v. *besvime*.
 Symbolize, v. *fremstille ved Tegn, fremstille typisk, betegne*.
 Sympathy, s. *Medfølelse*.
- T.
- Table, s. *Bord*.
 Tabooed, part. *sat i Ban (et Indisk eller Australisk Ord)*.
 Tackling, s. *Takkelads*.
 Take, v. irr. *tage*; taken ill, *bleven syg*.
 Take in, *svige, bedrage, narre*.
 Take leave, *tage Afsked*.
 Taken with, *indtaget i*.
 Tale, s. *Fortælling*.
 Talk, v. *tale, snakke*.
 Tall, a. *høj*.
 Tally, v. *stemme overeens*.
 Talon, s. *Klo*.
 Tambarine, { *Haandtromme, Tam-*
 Tambourine, } *bourine*.
 Tapestry, s. *Tapetseri*.
 Tardy, a. *seen*.
 Task, s. *Opgave, Arbejde*.
 Taste, s. *Smag*.
 Taste, v. *smage*.
 Tasteful, a. *smagfuld*.
 Tastefully, adv. *smagfuldt*.
 Tattered, part. *lurvet, pjaltert*.
 Teach, v. irr. *lære*.

- Teacher, s. *Lærer*.
 Tear, s. *Taaere*; v. irr. *rive* (*rykke*).
 Tedious, a. *kjædelig*.
 Tell, v. irr. *fortælle*, *sige*; *tælle*,
 tælle ud.
 Tell ont money, *tælle Penge*.
 Temperance, s. *Maadehold*.
 Tempest, s. *Storm*.
 Temporal, a. *verdslig*.
 Temporary, a. *midlertidig*.
 Tempt, v. *friste*, *forsøge*.
 Temptation, s. *Fristelse*.
 Ten, num. *ti*.
 Tend, v. *pleje*.
 Tendance, s. *Pleje*.
 Tenderly, adv. *ømt*.
 Tent, s. *Telt*.
 Tenth, ordin. *tiende*.
 Terminate, v. *begrændse*.
 Terms, s. pl. *Vilkaar*, *Betingelser*.
 Terrible, a. *frygtelig*.
 Terrific, a. *forfærdelig*.
 Terrify, v. *skrække*, *afskrække*.
 Terror, s. *Forfærdelse*.
 Testator, s. *Testator*.
 Testify, v. *bevidne*, *tilkjendegive*.
 Than, conj. *end*.
 Thank, s. *Tak*; v. *takke*.
 Thankful, a. *taknemmelig*.
 Thankfulness, s. *Taknemmelighed*.
 That, pron. *som*, *den*; conj. *at*.
 The, def. art.
 Then, adv. *da*.
 Thence, adv. *derfra*.
 There, adv. *der*.
 Therefore, conj. *derfor*.
 Thick, a. *tyk*.
 Thickly, adv. *tæt*, *tykt*.
 Thickness, s. *Tykkelse*.
 Thief, s. *Tyv*.
 Thing, s. *Ting*.
 Think, v. irr. *tenke*, *tro*.
 Third, ordin. *tredje*.
 Thirty, num. *tredive*.
 This, pron. *denne*, *dette*; pl. *These*.
 Thither, adv. *derhen*.
 Though, conj. *skjønt*.
 Thought, s. *Tanke*.
 Thoughtlessly, adv. *ubetænksomt*.
 Thorough, prp. *igjennem*; a. *fuld-*
 kommen, *fuldstændig*.
 Thousand, num. *Tusinde*.
 Thread, s. *Traad*.
 Threaten, v. *true*.
 Three, num. *tre*.
 Threshold, s. *Dørtærskel*.
 Throat, *Hals*.
 Through, prp. *igjennem*, *imellem*.
 Throughout, prp. *over*, *heelt igjennem*.
 Throne, s. *Trone*.
 Throw, v. irr. *kaste*; s. *Kast*.
 Thrust, v. irr. *støde*, *jage*; v. *stikke*,
 jage.
 Thunder, s. *Torden*; v. *tordne*.
 Thus, adv. *saaledes*.
 Tide, s. *Strøm*; *Havstrøm*.
 Tidings, s. pl. *Tidender*.
 Tie, v. *binde*.
 Tie up, *binde sammen*; *sammenbinde*.
 Tiger, s. *Tiger*.
 Tightly, adv. *tæt*.
 Till, adv. *indtil*.
 Timber, s. *Tømmer*.
 Time, s. *Tid*; *Gang*.
 Timidly, adv. *med Frygt*.
 Timorous, a. *frygtsom*.
 Tired, a. *træt*.
 Title, s. *Berettigelse*.
 To, prp. *at*, *til*.
 Together, adv. *sammen*, *tilsammen*.
 Toil, s. *Møje*, *Besværlighed*; *Ar-*
 bejde, *Slid*.
 Token, s. *Tegn*.
 To-morrow, adv. *imorgen*.
 Tone, s. *Tone*.
 To-night, adv. *inat*; *iaften*.
 Too, adv. *alt for*; too great, *for*
 stor; *ogsaa*.
 Tooth, s. *Tand*; pl. *teeth*.
 Top, s. *Toppen*, *det Øverste*.
 Topaz, s. *Topas*.
 Tormentor, s. *Plager*.
 Torpour, s. *Dorskhed*.
 Torture, v. *plage*.
 Toss, v. *kaste*, *tumle*.
 Totally, adv. *ganske*.
 Touch, v. *berøre*; *lande*.
 Touched, part. *rørt*.

Towards, *prp. imod.*
 Town, *s. By, Stad.*
 Trace, *v. komme paa Spor efter.*
 Trade, *v. handle; s. Handel, Profession.*
 Tradesman, *s. Haandværksmand, Handelsmand.*
 Tragic, *a. tragisk.*
 Train, *s. Række; Gang.*
 Trampling, *s. Trampen.*
 Tranquillity, *s. Ro.*
 Translation, *s. Oversættelse.*
 Transmit, *v. overlevere.*
 Transport, *v. bringe, føre.*
 Transported, *part. henrykt; rasende.*
 Travel, *v. reise.*
 Traveller, *s. Reisende.*
 Traverse, *v. streife igjennem.*
 Treacherous, *a. forrædersk.*
 Tread, *v. irr. træde; s. Træden, Trampen.*
 Treasure, *s. Skat.*
 Treasurer, *s. Skatmester, Casserer.*
 Treasury, *Skattekammer.*
 Treat, *v. behandle, begegne; underhandle.*
 Treatment, *s. Behandling, Medfart.*
 Tree, *s. Træ.*
 Tremble, *v. skjælve, ryste.*
 Tremendous, *a. forfærdelig stor.*
 Tremulous, *a. skjælvende.*
 Trench, *s. Grøft, Grav.*
 Tribe, *s. Stamme.*
 Trick, *s. Streg, Kneb.*
 Trifle, *s. Ubetydelighed.*
 Trip, *v. gaa med lette Skridt.*
 Trivial, *a. ubetydelig.*
 Troop, *r. Trop.*
 Trouble, *s. Uøjelighed.*
 Troubled, *a. forurolijet.*
 Troubles, *s. pl. Ulykker, Sorger.*
 True, *a. sand.*
 Trunk, *s. Koffert; Stamme (af et Træ); Elephantsnabel.*
 Trust, *v. betro; forlade sig paa; tro, sætte Lid til.*
 Trust-worthy, *a. som færtjener Tiltro, trofast.*
 Truth, *s. Sandhed.*

Try, *v. forsøge, stræbe.*
 Tumble, *v. falde; tumble; gjøre Taskenspiller-Kunster.*
 Turn, *s. Vending; by turns, vekselsvis; Retning (som man tager hvor flere Veje støde sammen); Tour; v. vende, dreje.*
 Turn about, *vende om.*
 Turn to account, *gjøre god Brug af, have Nytte af.*
 Turn out to be, *befindes at være.*
 Turning, *s. Omdrejning ved et Gadehjørne.*
 Turnpike, *s. Bom.*
 Turnpike-gate, *s. Bom-Port.*
 Tusk, *s. Huggetand.*
 Tutor, *s. Højmester.*
 Twelve, *num. Tolv.*
 Twelve-month, *s. Tolv Maaneder (eller et Aar).*
 Twenty, *num. tyve.*
 Twice, *adv. to Gange.*
 Two, *num. to.*

U.

Ugly, *a. hæslig.*
 Unable, *a. ikke istand til.*
 Unaccountable, *a. uberegnelig, ubegribelig,*
 Unacquainted, *ubekjendt.*
 Unanimously, *adv. eenstemmigen.*
 Unattended, *a. uledsaget.*
 Unbelief, *s. Vantro.*
 Unbounded, *part. ubegrændset.*
 Unbroken, *part. ubrudt, ukænket.*
 Uncertain, *a. uvis.*
 Uncertainty, *s. Uvished.*
 Uncle, *s. Farbroder; Morbroder,*
 Unclose, *v. aabne, aabnes.*
 Uncomfortable, *a. ubehagelig.*
 Uncommon, *a. ualmindelig.*
 Unconsciously, *adv. ubevidst, uvidende.*
 Uncover, *v. afdække, borttage Slør eller Indhyldning.*
 Union, *s. Salvelse, Salve.*
 Undeceive, *v. bringe ud af Vildfarelse.*

- Under, *prp. under.*
 Undergo, *v. irr. understaae.*
 Under-ground, *adv. underjorden.*
 Under-lip, *s. Underlæbe.*
 Understand, *v. forstaa.*
 Undertake, *v. paatage sig, foretage.*
 Undertaking, *s. Foretagende.*
 Under voice, *dæmpet Stemme.*
 Undo, *v. ødelægge, opløse.*
 Uneasy, *a. urolig, ubehagelig.*
 Uneducated, *a. uopdragen.*
 Unexpected, *a. uvæntet.*
 Unfastened, *a. ulukket.*
 Unfeigned, *a. uforstilt.*
 Unfold, *v. udfolde.*
 Unfortunate, *a. ulykkelig.*
 Ungovernable, *a. uregjerlig, ustyrig.*
 Unhappy, *a. ulykkelig.*
 Uninformed, *a. uunderrettet, uvidende.*
 Uninhabited, *a. ubeboet.*
 Union, *s. Forening.*
 Universally, *adv. almindeligen.*
 Universe, *s. Universet, hele Verden.*
 Unjust, *a. uretfærdig.*
 Unkind, *a. ukjærlig.*
 Unknown, *a. ukjendt.*
 Unless, *conj. med mindre.*
 Unload, *v. aflæsse.*
 Unmixed, *a. ublandet.*
 Unnatural, *a. unaturlig, ukjærlig mod Paarørende.*
 Unnecessary, *a. unødvendig.*
 Unreasonable, *a. ufornuftig, ubillig.*
 Unrefreshed, *a. uvederqvæget.*
 Unspotted, *a. uplettet.*
 Unsuccessessful, *a. uhældig.*
 Untie, *v. løse.*
 Unutterable, *a. uudsigelig.*
 Unwilling, *a. uwillig.*
 Unworthy, *a. uærdig.*
 Unthinkingly, *adv. tankeløst.*
 Untimely, *ubetimelig.*
 Untruth, *s. Usandhed.*
 Up, *prp. op; oppe; to be up, at være oppe.*
 Upbraid, *v. bebrejde.*
 Upper, *a. øvre (overst).*
 Upright, *a. retskaffen.*
 Upwards, *adv. over, mere end.*
 Urge, *v. fremføre, anføre (med Iver og Eftertryk).*
 Use, *s. Brug; v. bruge, anvende; behandle; pleje.*
 Useless, *a. unyttig.*
 Usual, *a. sædvanlig.*
 Usurer, *s. Aagerkarl.*
 Utmost, *a. yderste.*
 Utter, *v. yttre, udtale.*
 Utterance, *s. Tale, Kraft til at tale (p. 75).*
- V.
- Vain, *a. forgjæves; in vain, forgjæves.*
 Vale of tears, *Taaere-Dal.*
 Valley, *s. Dal.*
 Valuable, *a. kostbar (vigtig).*
 Value, *s. Værdi; v. sætte Pris paa.*
 Vanish, *v. forsvinde.*
 Variety, *s. Forskjellighed; a great variety, en hel Del.*
 Various, *a. forskjellig.*
 Vase, *s. Vase.*
 Vast, *a. meget stor.*
 Vehemence, *s. Hæftighed.*
 Venomous, *a. giftig.*
 Vengeance, *a. Hævn.*
 Vent, *s. Udløb, frit Løb.*
 Venture, *v. vove sig.*
 Veracity, *s. Sandruhed.*
 Verily, *adv. sandeligen.*
 Very, *adv. meget, saare.*
 Vessel, *s. Fartøj; Kar.*
 Vestige, *s. Spor.*
 Vex, *v. bekymre, plage.*
 Viands, *s. Spiser.*
 Vice, *s. Last.*
 Vicinity, *s. Nabolag.*
 Vicious, *a. lastefuld.*
 Victim, *t. Offer.*
 Victory, *s. Sejer.*
 View, *s. Syn; Udsigt; in view of my garden, med Udsigt til min Have (p. 111); Anskuelse; v. betragte.*
 Vile, *a. nedrig, slet.*

Village, s. *Landsby*.
 Violate, v. *kraenke*.
 Violence, s. *Voldsomhed*.
 Violent, a. *hæftig*.
 Virgin, s. *Jomfru (den Hellige)*.
 Virtue, s. *Dyd*.
 Virtuous, a. *dydig*.
 Visible, a. *synlig; kjendelig*.
 Vision, s. *Syn*.
 Visit, v. *besøge, søge; s. Besøg*.
 Vivid, a. *levende*.
 Vocation, s. *Kald*.
 Voice, s. *Stemme*.
 Voracious, a. *graadig*.
 Voyage, s. *Sørejse, Reise tilvands*.
 Voyager, s. *Søfarer*.
 Vow, v. *love, gjøre et højtideligt Løfte*.
 Vulture, s. *Grib*.

W.

Wager, s. *Væddemaal*.
 Waist, s. *Liv, Midje*.
 Wait, v. *vænte, bie paa*.
 Waiter, s. *Opvarter*.
 Wait for, *vænte paa*.
 Wait upon, *opvarte*.
 Walk, v. *gaa; spadserere*.
 Walk, s. *Spadseretur*.
 Wall, s. *Væg; Muur*.
 Wander, v. *vandre, gaae*.
 Wandering, s. *Omflakken*.
 Want, s. *Mangel; Nødtørft; v. mangle, behøve, ønske*.
 Wantonly, adv. *med Kaadhed; let-sindigen*.
 Ward, s. *Myndling; Sygestue i et Hospital*.
 Warehouse, s. *Pakhus*.
 Wares, s. pl. *Varer*.
 Warm, a. *varm*.
 Warmth, s. *Varme*.
 Warn, v. *advare*.
 Was, pl. were, imperf. *af to be*.
 Wash, v. *vaske*.
 Waste, v. *ødelegge; bortødsle*.
 Watch, v. *berogte, passe paa, folje*.
 Watchful, *paapasselig, aarvaagen*.

Watching, s. *Paapassenhed*.
 Water, s. *Vand; v. vande*.
 Wave, s. *Bølge*.
 Waver, v. *vakle*.
 Way, s. *Vej; by way of, til, som, istedenfor*.
 Weak, a. *stag*.
 Wealth, s. *Rigdom*.
 Wealthy, a. *rig, meget rig*.
 Weary, a. *træt, udmattet; v. trætte*.
 Weather, s. *Veir*.
 Weave, v. *væve, flette*.
 Wedge through, *kile igjennem*.
 Wedding, s. *Bryllup*.
 Wedlock, s. *Ægteskab*.
 Week, s. *Uge*.
 Weep, v. *græde*.
 Weight, s. *Vægt*.
 Welcomed, part. *imodtaget*.
 Well, adv. *vel, godt; fuldkomment*.
 Western, a. *vestlig*.
 Wet, a. *vaad*.
 Whale, s. *Hvalfisk*.
 What, pron. *hvilken? hvad? adv. deels*.
 When, adv. *da; naar*.
 Whence, adv. *hvorfra*.
 Whenever, adv. *naar som helst*.
 Where, adv. *hvor*.
 Whereabouts, *hvor paa Lag*.
 Wherefore, adv. *hvorfor*.
 Whether, adv. *om*.
 Which, pron. *hvilken, som, den*.
 While, adv. *imedens*.
 Whisper, v. *hviske; s. Hvisken*.
 White, a. *hvid*.
 Who, pron. *der, som; hvilken? hvo?*
 Whole, a. *heel; s. Hele*.
 Whole sale, s. *Handel i det Store*.
 Wholesome, a. *sund, gavnlig*.
 Whose, pron. *hvis*.
 Whosoever, pron. *hvosomhelst*.
 Why, interj. *o! ih!*
 Why, adv. *hvorfor*.
 Wicked, a. *ondskabsfuld, ugudelig, slem, ond*.
 Wider, a. *videre*.
 Wide open, *aaben paa vid Gab*.
 Wide-spreading, a. *vidt-udbredt*.

- Widow, s. *Enke*.
 Widower, v. *Enkemand*.
 Wife, s. *Hustru, Kone*.
 Wild, a. *vild*.
 Will, v. def. & aux. *vil*; s. *Vilje*; *Testamente*.
 Willing, a. *villig, tilbøjelig*; *tilsinds*.
 Willingly, adv. *gjærne*.
 Win, a. irr. *vinde*; winning, part. *tiltrækkende*.
 Winding, s. *Bugtning*.
 Winding sheet, s. *Liglagen, Ligdug*.
 Window, s. *Vindue*.
 Wind, s. *Vind*.
 Wine, s. *Vin*.
 Wing, s. *Vinge*; *Fløi* (paa en Bygning).
 Wish, v. *ønske*.
 Wit, s. *Vid*.
 With, prp. *med*.
 Withal, adv. *dermed*.
 Withdraw, v. *trække sig tilbage, fjerne sig*.
 Wither, v. *visne*.
 Within, prp. *inden for*; inde i, adv. *inde* (*hjemme*).
 Without, prp. *uden*; *udenfor*.
 Witness, s. *Vidne*; v. *bevidne*; være *Vidne til*.
 Witticism, s. *Vittighed*.
 Witty, v. *vittig*.
 Woe, s. *Kummer*; tale of woe, en *sørgelig Fortælling*.
 Woman, s. *Qvinde, Fruentimmer*.
 Wonder, s. *Forundring*; v. *forundre*.
 Wonderful, a. *førunderlig*.
 Wood, s. *Tømmer, Træ; Skov; Brænde*.
 Wood-cutter, s. *Bræudehugger*.
 Wooden, a. *som er af Træ*.
 Woollen, s. *uldent Tøi*.
 Word, s. *Ord; Budskab; Efterretning*.
 Work, s. *Arbejde; v. arbejde*.
 World, s. *Verden*; a. world, en *hel Del*.
 Worm, s. *Orm*.
 Worn out, udslettet.
 Worse, a. *værre, slettere faren*.
 Worship, s. (Titel) *Velbyrdighed*.
 Worst, a. *værst*.
 Worth, a. *værd, som koster*.
 Worthy, a. *værdig, som fortjener*.
 Wound, v. *saare*; s. *Saar*.
 Wrap, v. *indhylle, indvikle, indsvøbe*; *folde, lægge i Læg*.
 Wrapped, part. *indsvøbt*.
 Wrath, s. *heftig Vrede*.
 Wreck, *Skibsvrag*.
 Wrecked, part. *som har lidt Skibbrud*.
 Wretch, s. *Usling. Afskum*.
 Wretched, a. *elendig*.
 Wretchedness, s. *Elendighed*.
 Write, v. irr. *skrive*.
 Wrong, a. *vrang, fejlagtig*.
 Wrong, s. *Uret*.
 Wrongfully, adv. *med Uret, uretligt*.

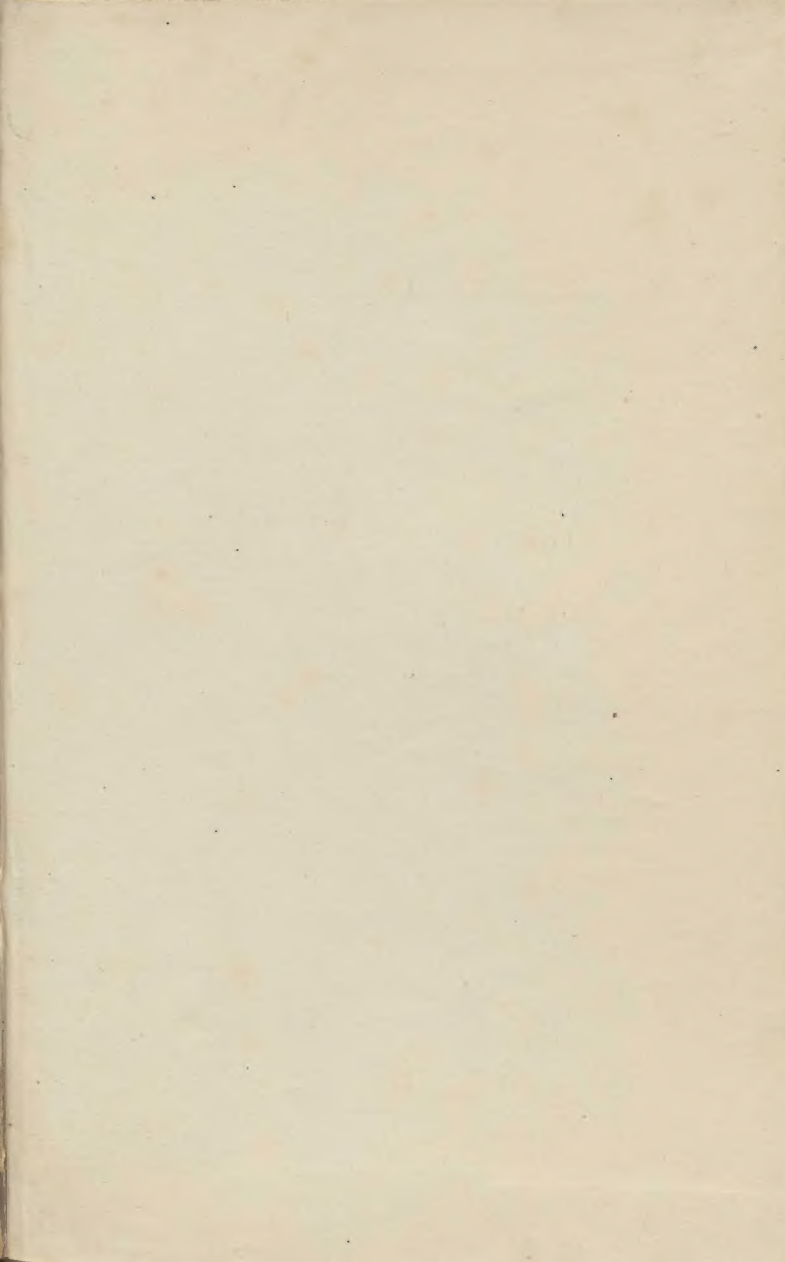
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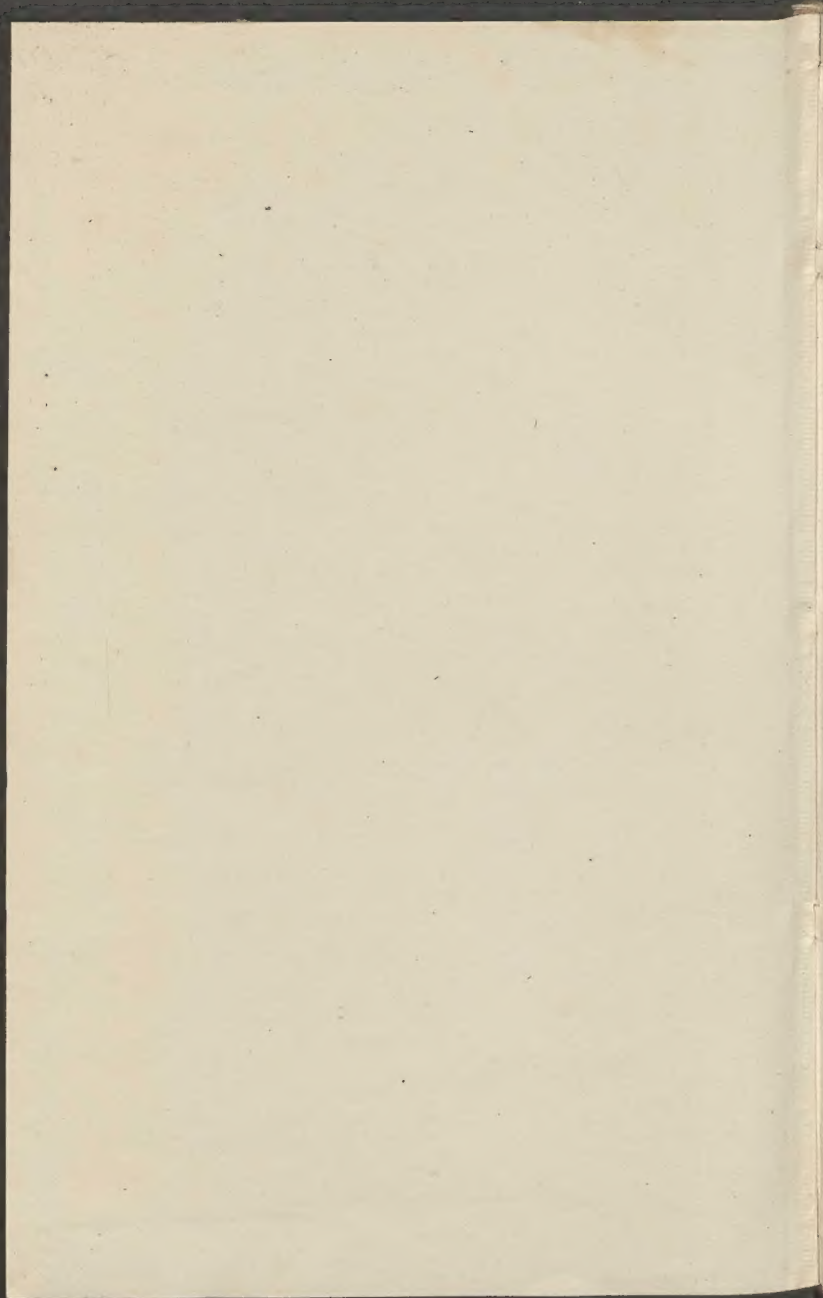
- Yard, s. *Gård; et Maal af 3 Fods Længde, næsten 1½ Alen*.
 Year, s. *Aar*.
 Yes, adv. *ja*.
 Yesterday, adv. *igaar*.
 Yet, conj. *dog, alligevel*; adv. *endnu*.
 Yield, v. *yde, give efter*.
 Yonder, adv. *derhenne*.
 You, pron. *I*.
 Young, a. *ung*; s. *Unge*.
 Yourself, pron. *Ederselv, Eder, Dig, Digselv*.
 Youth, s. *Ungdom*.
 Youthful, a. *ung*.

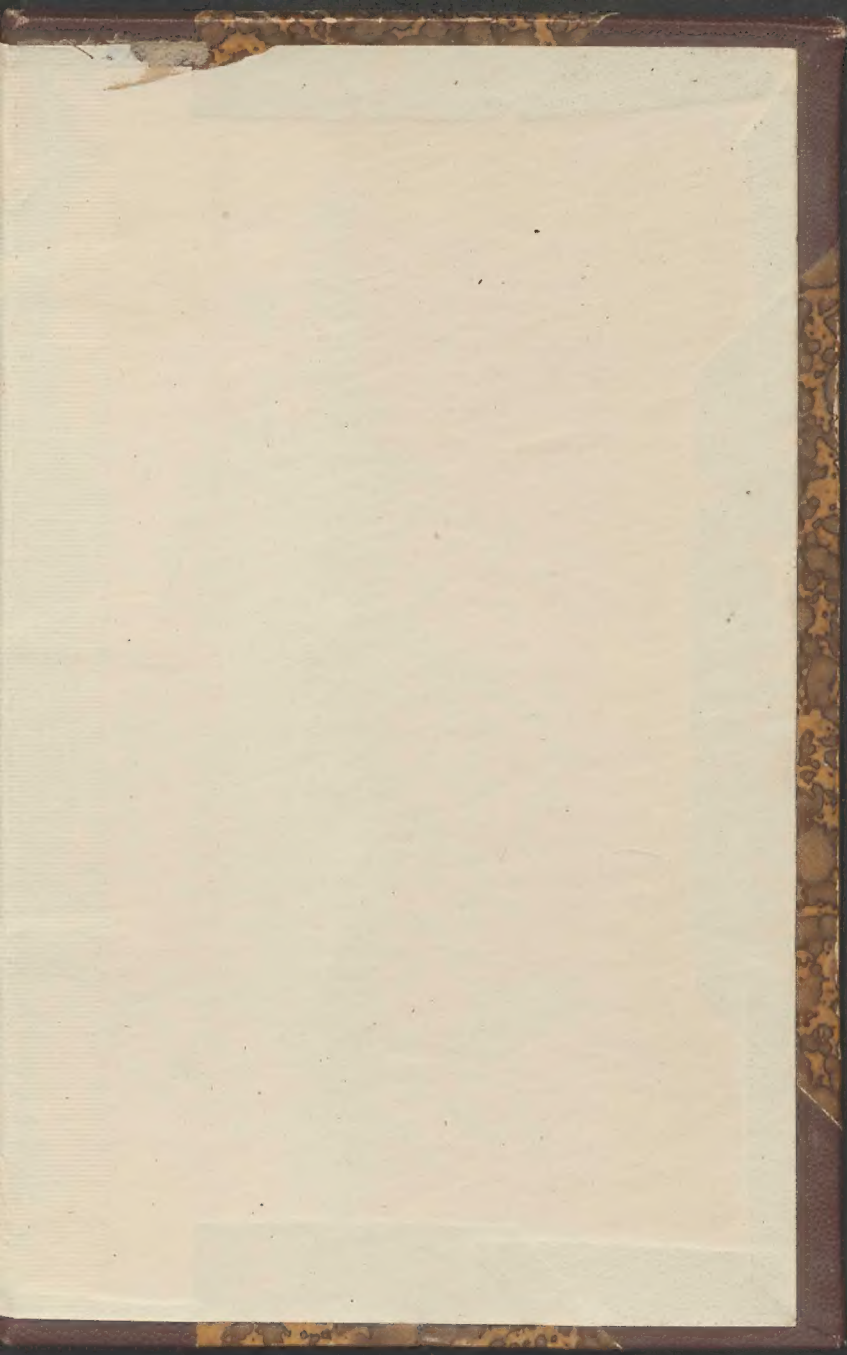
Z.

- Zeal, s. s. *Iver*.









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English stories

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1857



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